

GOLD



10041-407

JULY

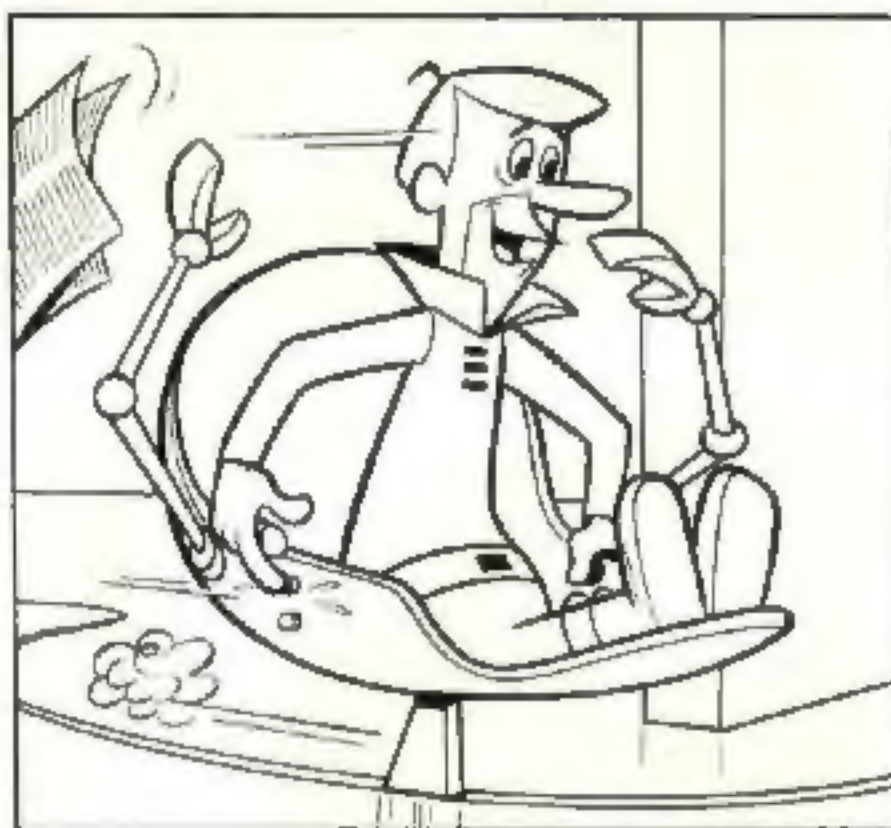
THE JETSONS

STILL ONLY 12c

HANNA-BARBERA

The JETSONS





Hanna-Barbera

The **JETSONS**

GETTING the LAST LAUGH



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HOWEVER,
AN HOUR
LATER...

THE VISITOR'S BELL! I
WONDER WHO IT IS?

BING-
BONG!

I'M NOT
EXPECTING
COMPANY!



CLYDE! I SHOULD'VE KNOWN! WE DIDN'T
EXPECT YOU FOR TWO MORE DAYS!

HAR! HAR! I ALWAYS
TRY TO CATCH PEOPLE
WHEN THEIR GUARD IS
DOWN! WHERE'S COUSIN
GEORGE?

YOU JUST MISSED
HIM! HE TOOK
ELROY ON A TWO-
DAY CAMPING TRIP
ON URANUS!

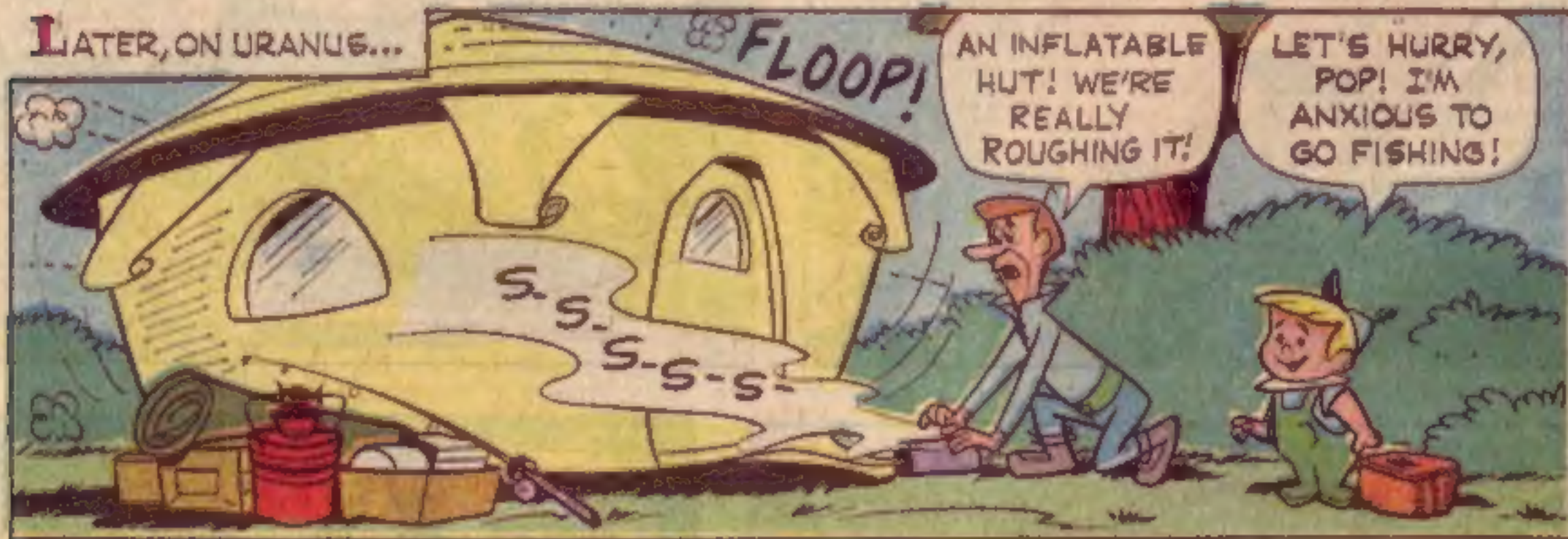
SAY, HE'D NEVER
EXPECT TO SEE
ME ON URANUS! I'M
GOING UP THERE
AND CATCH HIM
OFF GUARD!

LATER, ON URANUS...

FLOOP!

AN INFLATABLE
HUT! WE'RE
REALLY
ROUGHING IT!

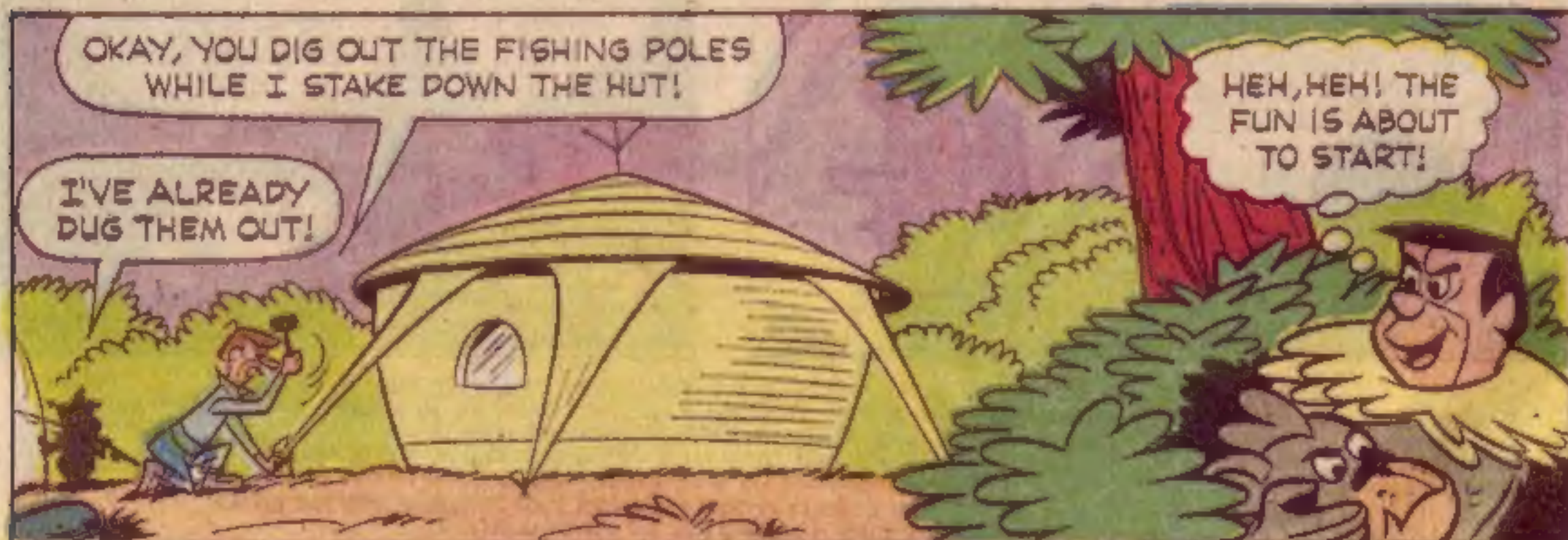
LET'S HURRY,
POP! I'M
ANXIOUS TO
GO FISHING!



OKAY, YOU DIG OUT THE FISHING POLES
WHILE I STAKE DOWN THE HUT!

I'VE ALREADY
DUG THEM OUT!

HEH, HEH! THE
FUN IS ABOUT
TO START!





SIZZLING SOLAR SUNS,
WE PICKED A GREAT PLACE
TO CAMP! RIGHT NEXT
TO THE RIVER!

BEFORE I ANNOUNCE MYSELF, I'M
GOING TO BORROW SOME THINGS FROM
THEIR CAMP! IN FACT, I MAY BORROW
THEIR *ENTIRE* CAMP!



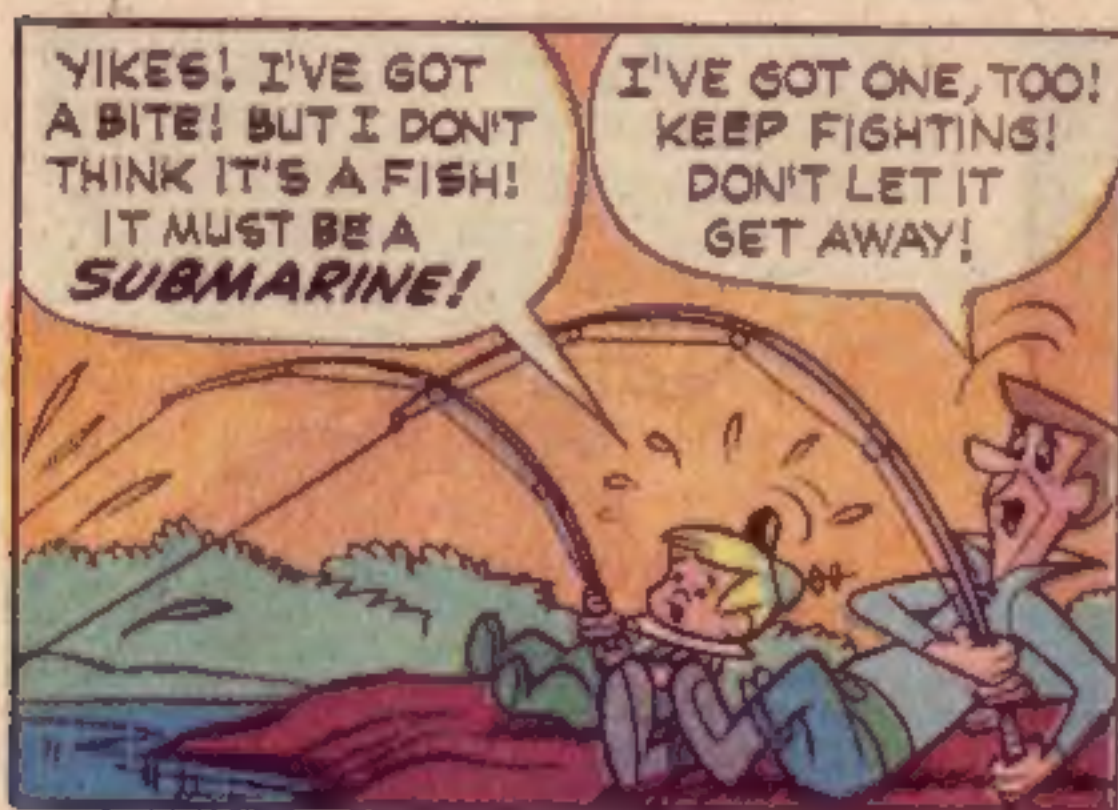
THIS IS THE LIFE... NICE AND PEACEFUL!

I JUST HOPE I CATCH
A NICE, BIG FISH!



I'LL BE HAPPY
IF I CATCH
ANYTHING!
HEH, HEH!

YOU'LL CATCH SOME-
THING, ALL RIGHT! I'LL
MAKE SURE OF THAT!



YIKES! I'VE GOT
A BITE! BUT I DON'T
THINK IT'S A FISH!
IT MUST BE A
SUBMARINE!

I'VE GOT ONE, TOO!
KEEP FIGHTING!
DON'T LET IT
GET AWAY!



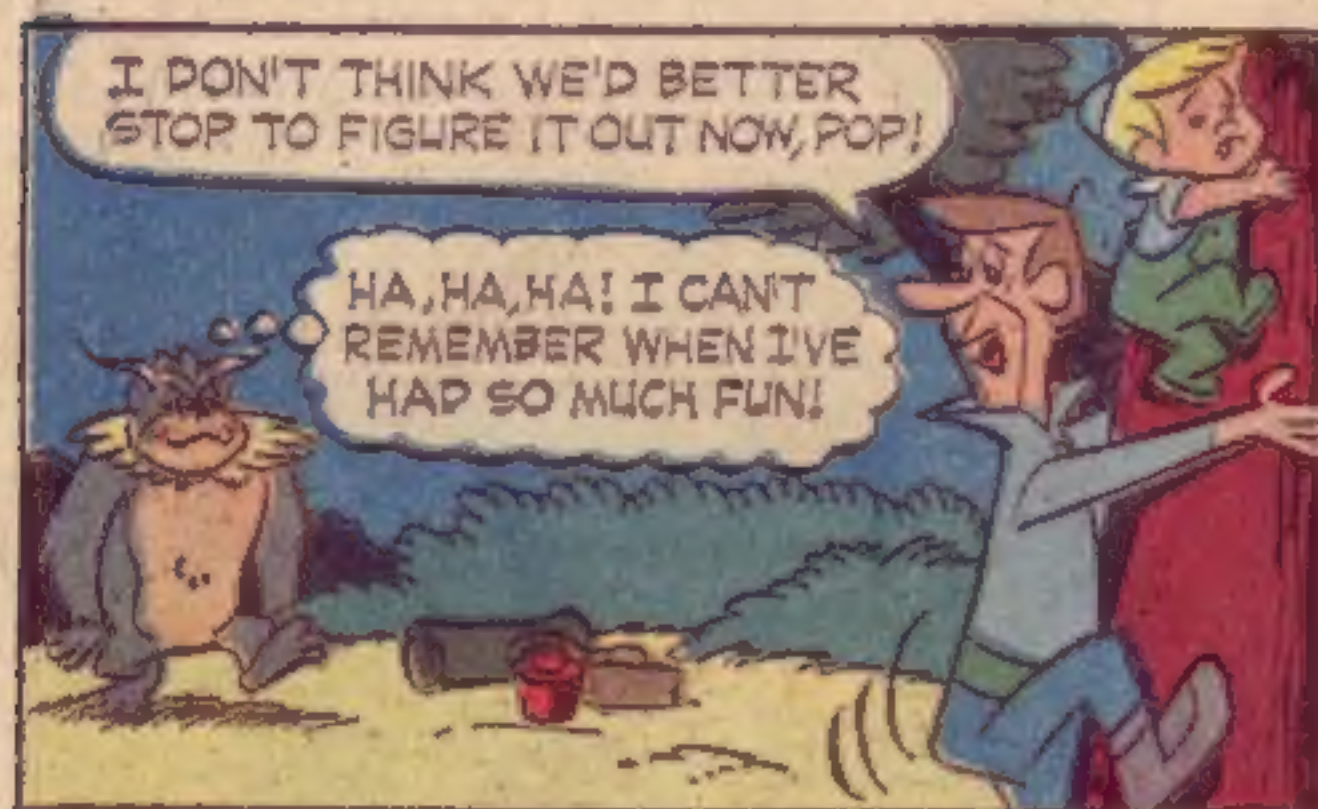
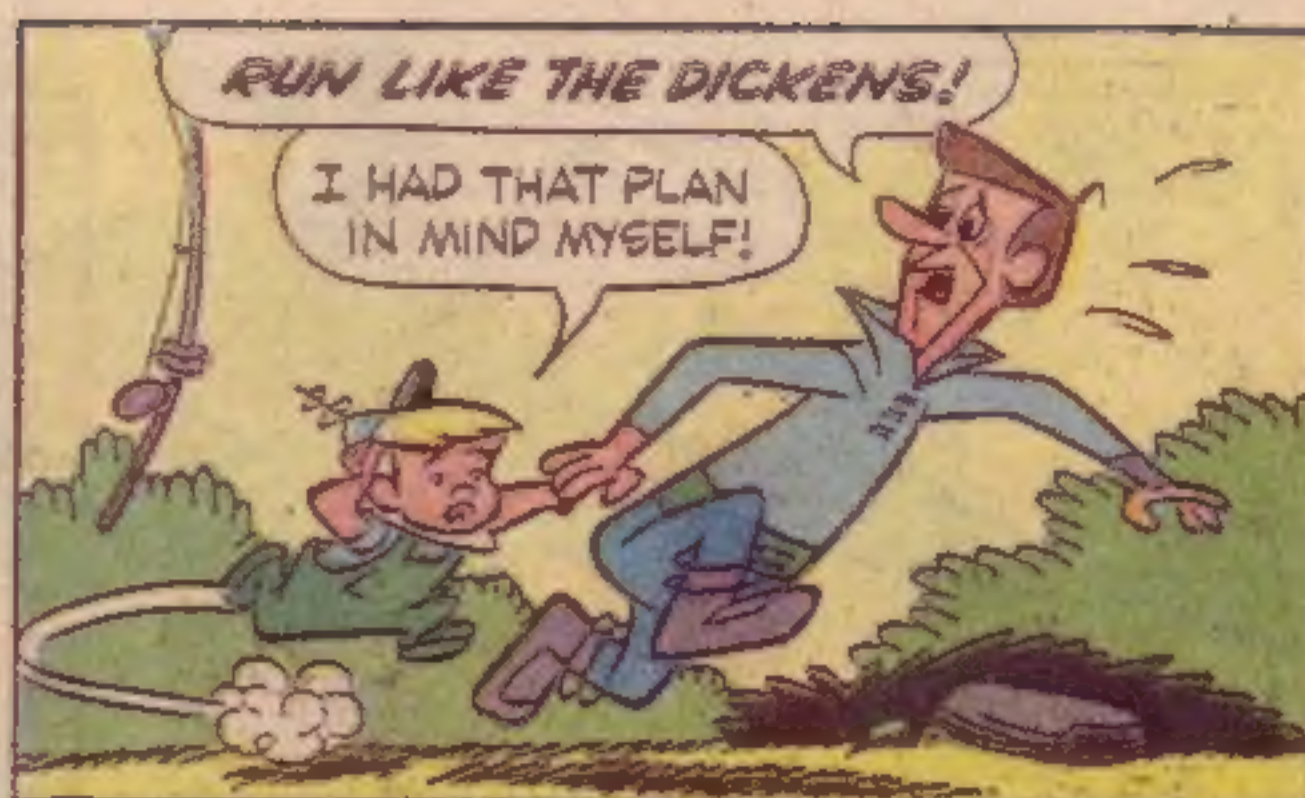
(ULP!) SUDDENLY I WISH
IT *HAD* GOTTEN AWAY!

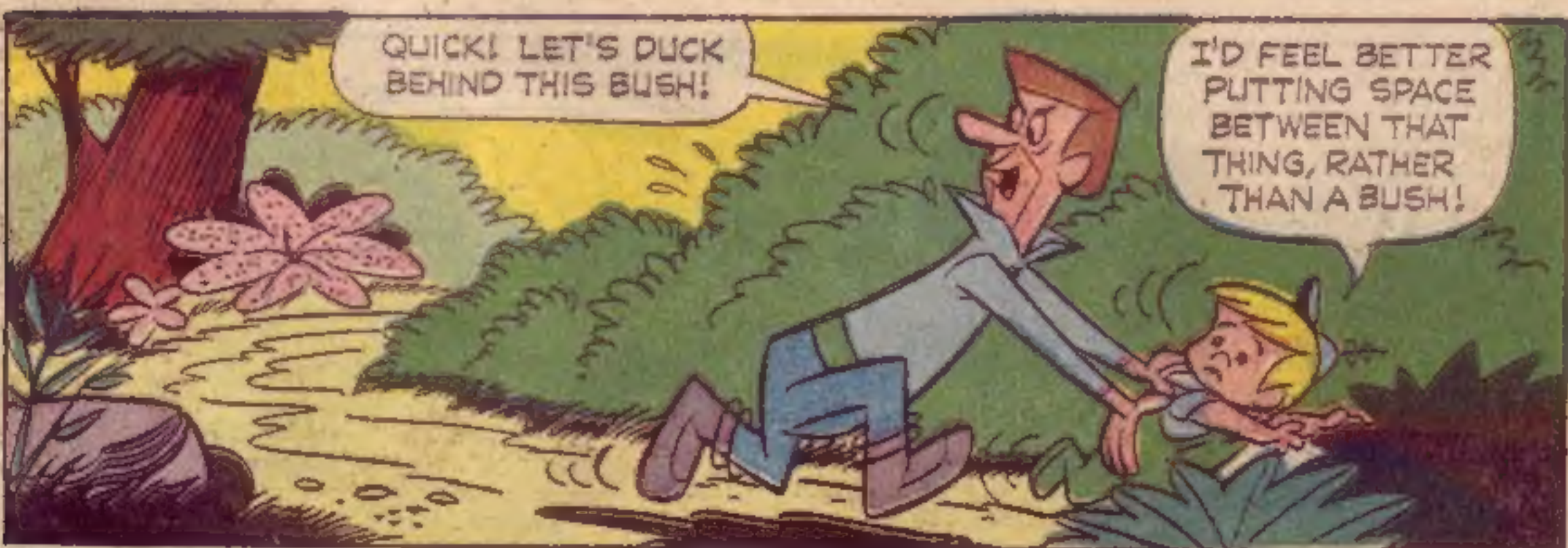
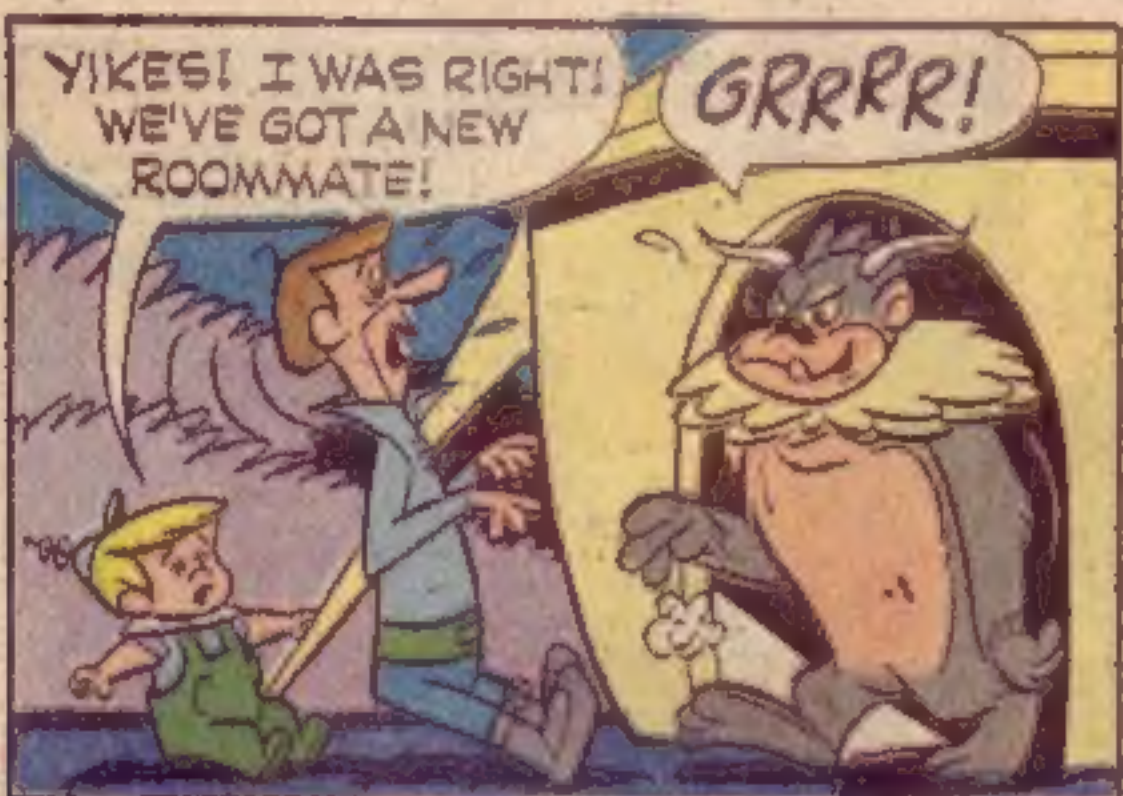
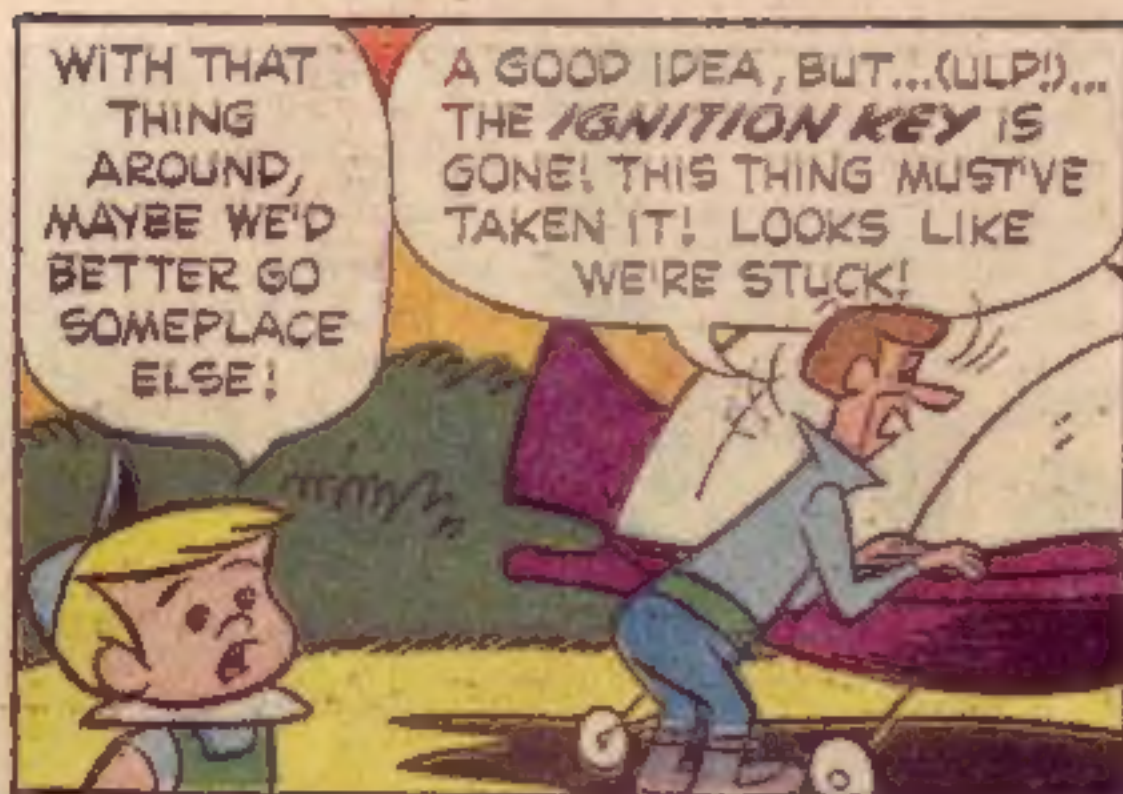
WH-WHY DON'T
WE THROW IT
B-BACK, POP? IT'S
TOO SMALL!



DON'T S-SHOW SIGNS OF FEAR!
IF IT THINKS WE'RE NOT AFRAID,
IT MAY GO AWAY!

FIRST, WE
CATCH IT,
AND NOW
IT'S TRYING
TO CATCH
US!

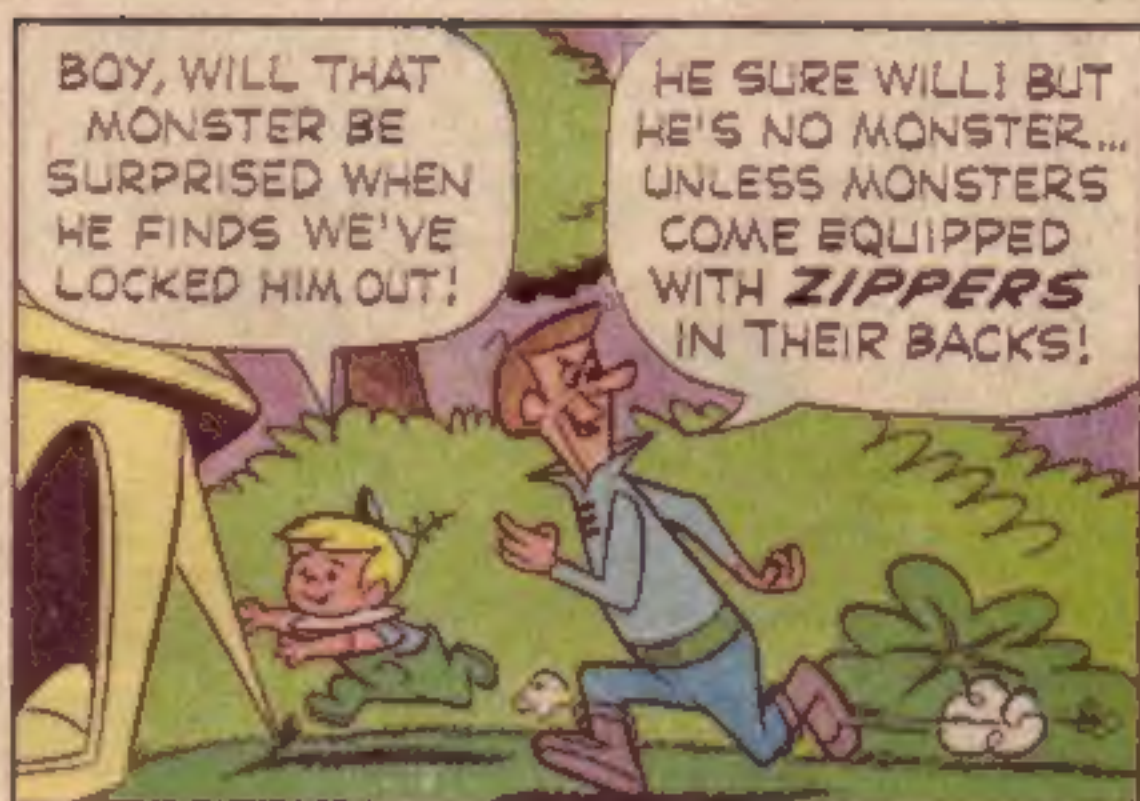






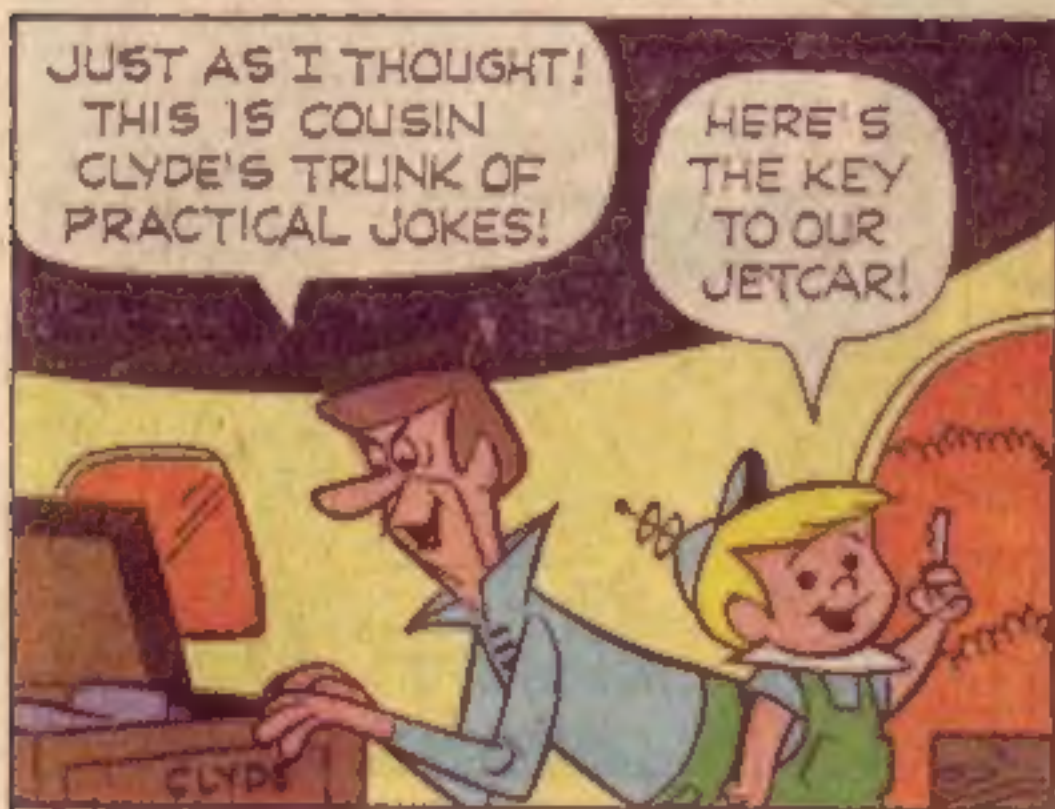
AHA!
JUST AS
I THOUGHT!

NOW'S OUR
CHANCE TO
GET BACK
TO OUR
HUT!



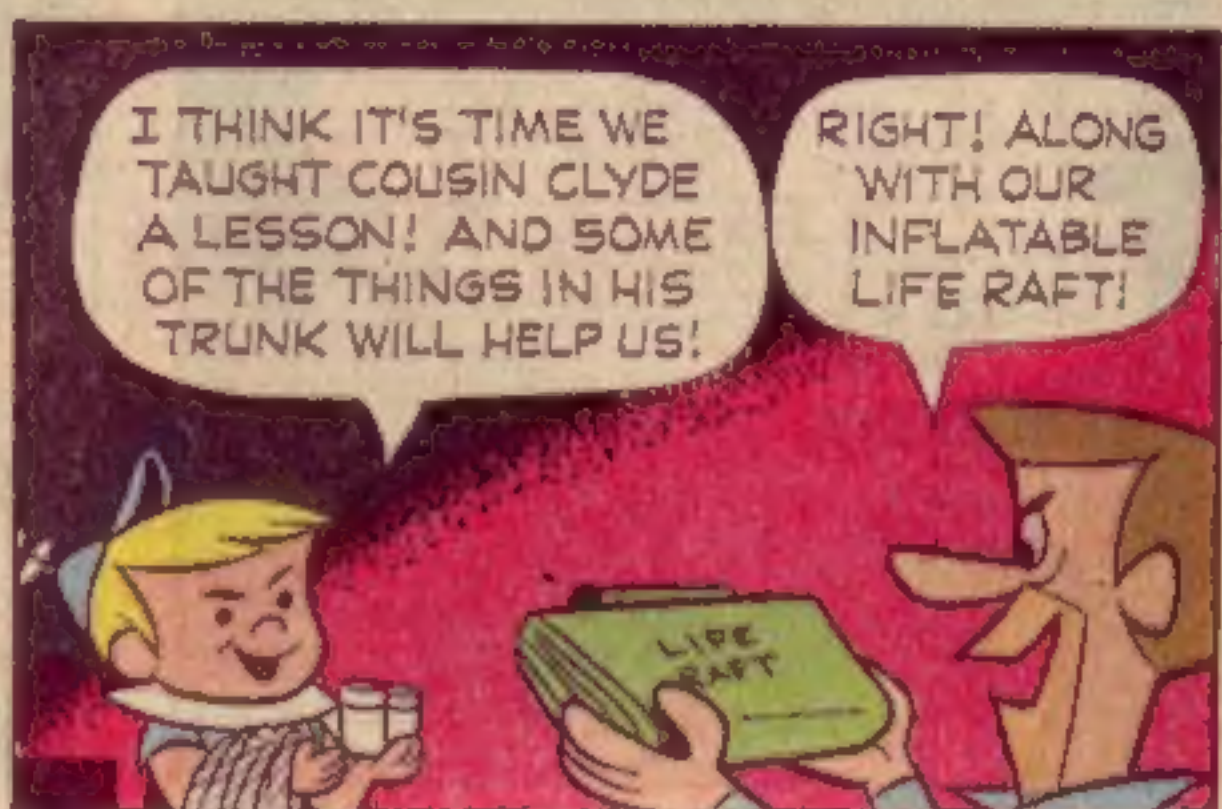
BOY, WILL THAT
MONSTER BE
SURPRISED WHEN
HE FINDS WE'VE
LOCKED HIM OUT!

HE SURE WILL! BUT
HE'S NO MONSTER...
UNLESS MONSTERS
COME EQUIPPED
WITH **ZIPPER**
IN THEIR BACKS!



JUST AS I THOUGHT!
THIS IS COUSIN
CLYDE'S TRUNK OF
PRACTICAL JOKES!

HERE'S
THE KEY
TO OUR
JETCAR!



I THINK IT'S TIME WE
TAUGHT COUSIN CLYDE
A LESSON! AND SOME
OF THE THINGS IN HIS
TRUNK WILL HELP US!

RIGHT! ALONG
WITH OUR
INFLATABLE
LIFE RAFT!



AND SO...

I LOST THEIR TRAIL,
BUT I'LL FIND THEM
AGAIN LATER!

PSSST!
GET READY,
ELROY! YOU
KNOW WHAT
TO DO!



CLYDE'S PRACTICAL
JOKES ARE GOING
TO BE HIS DOWNFALL!

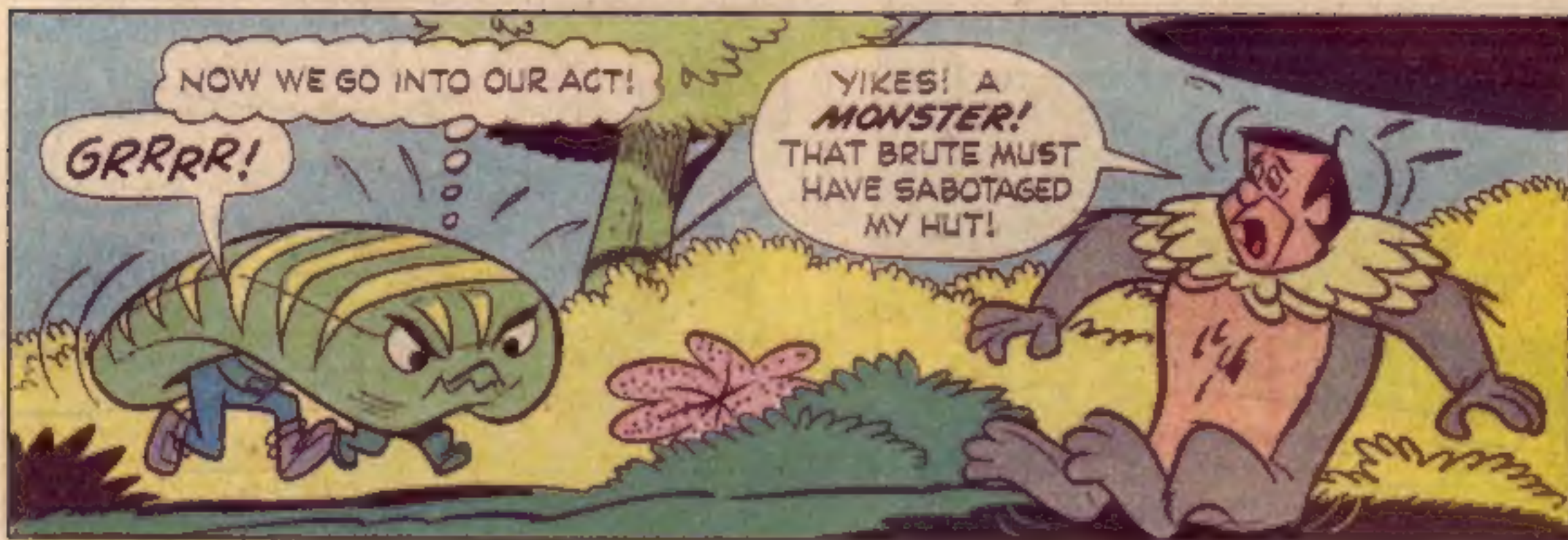
HEY! THE HUT
IS MOVING!
WHAT'S
GOING ON?

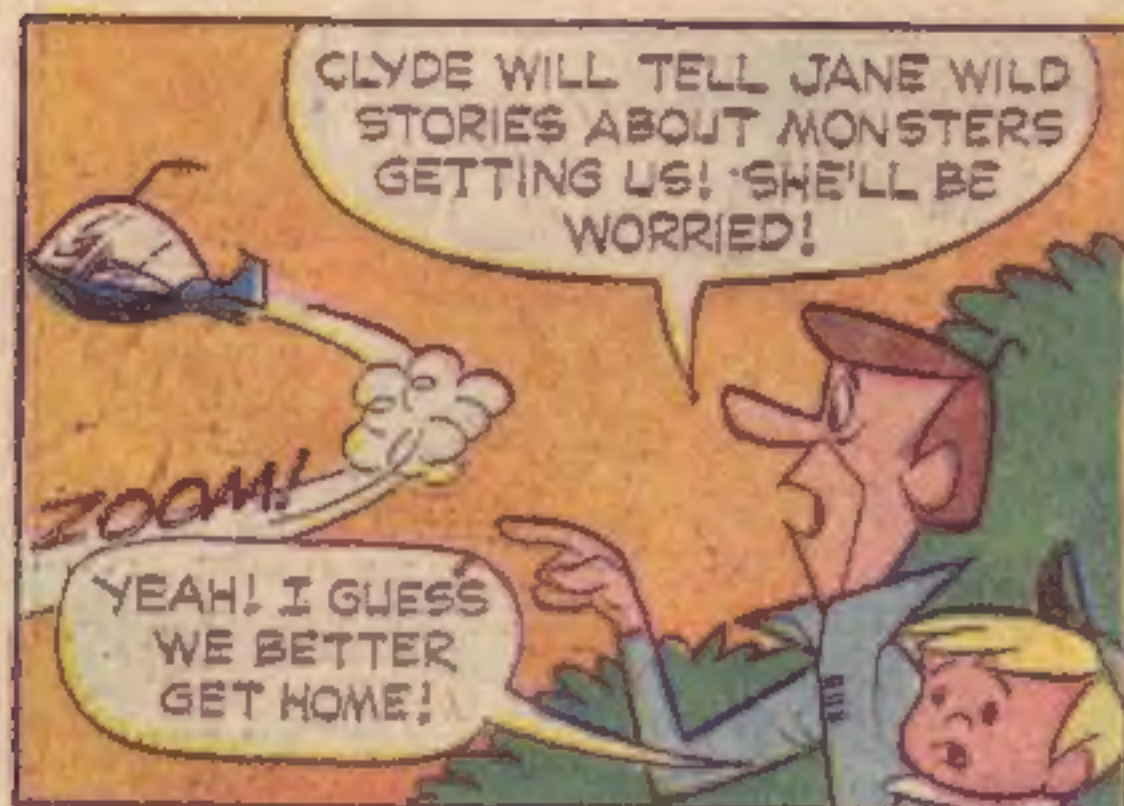
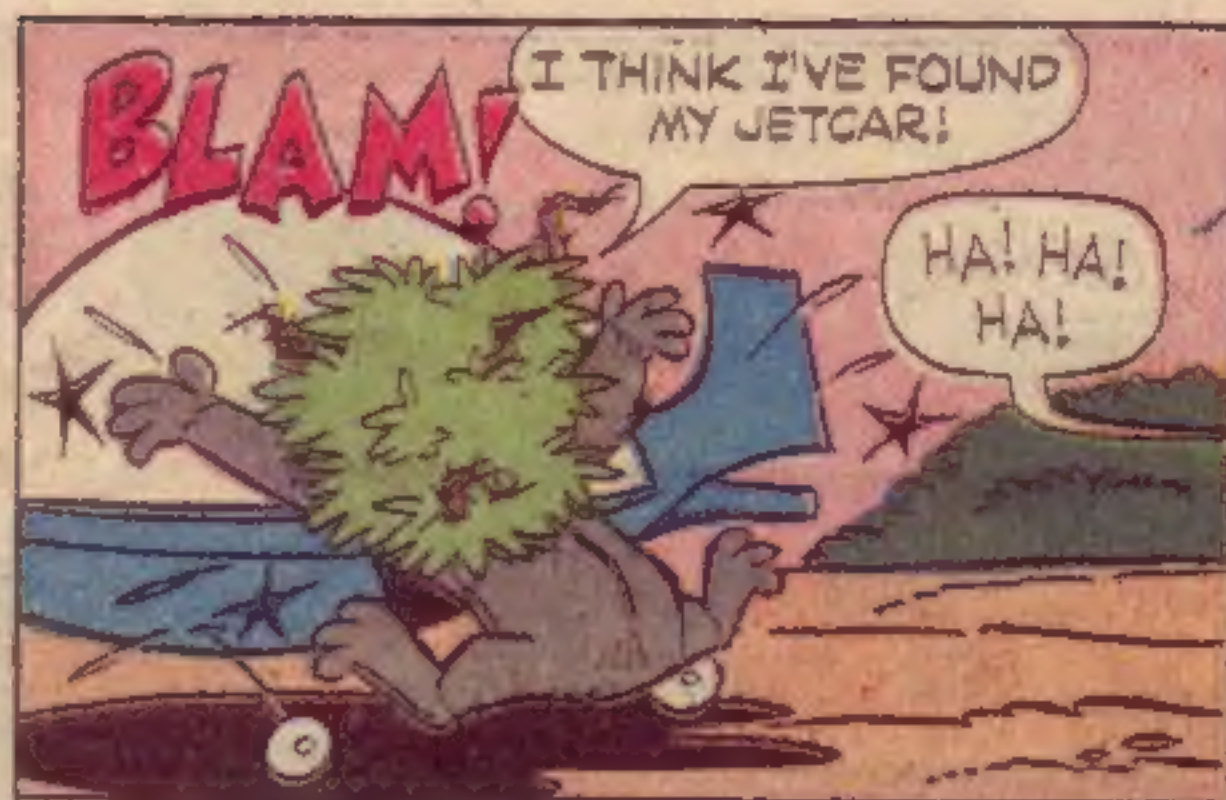
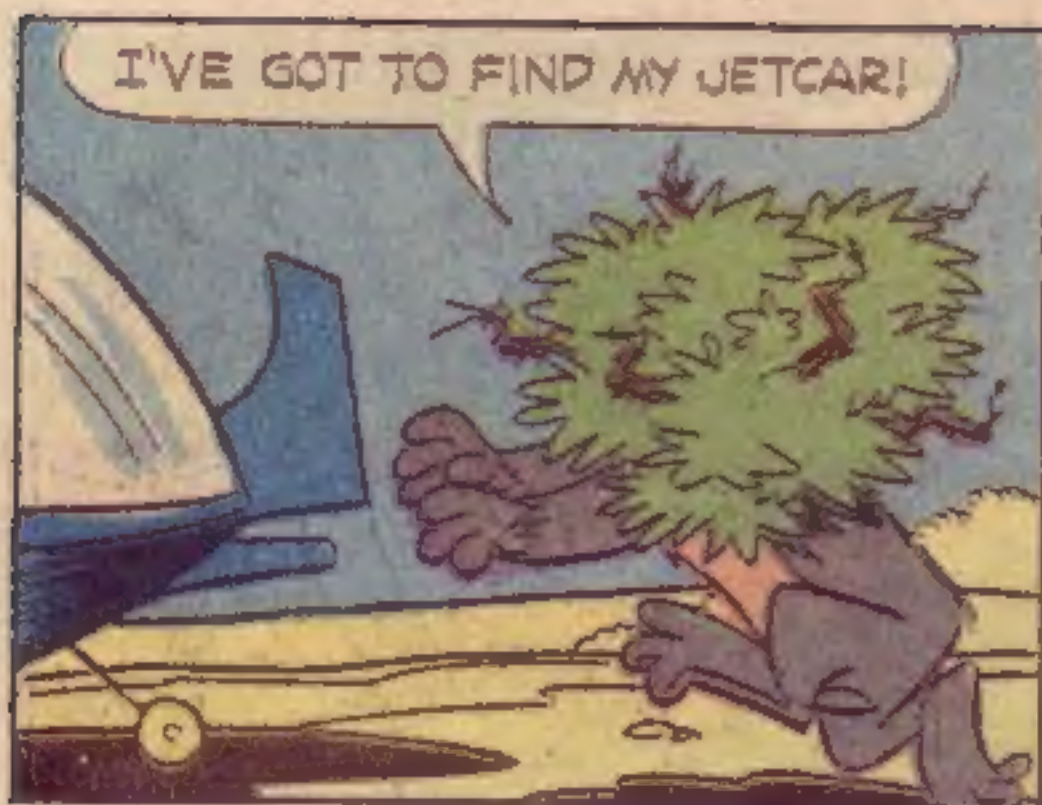


HIS BIGGEST
DOWNFALL WAS
STEPPING OUT
OF THE HUT!
HA, HA!

HE'S GOT A REAL
CASTLE IN THE SKY!

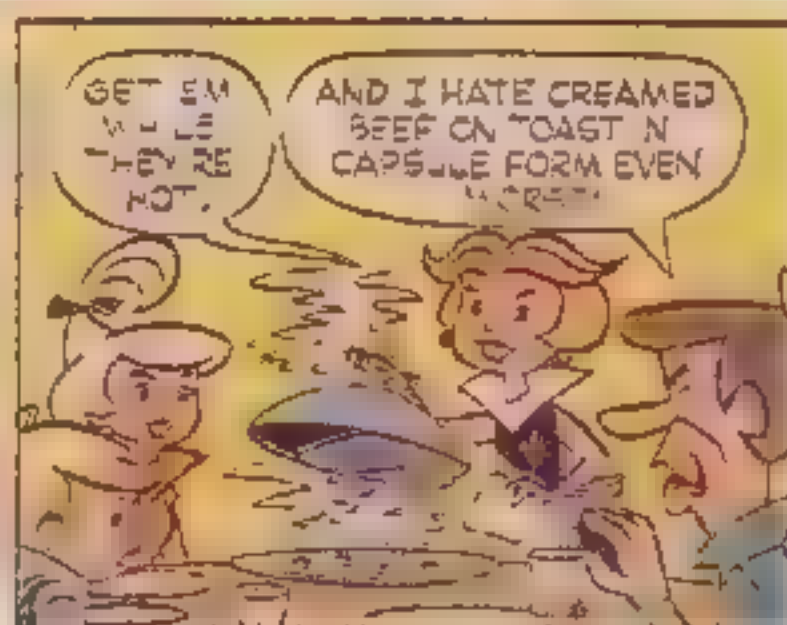
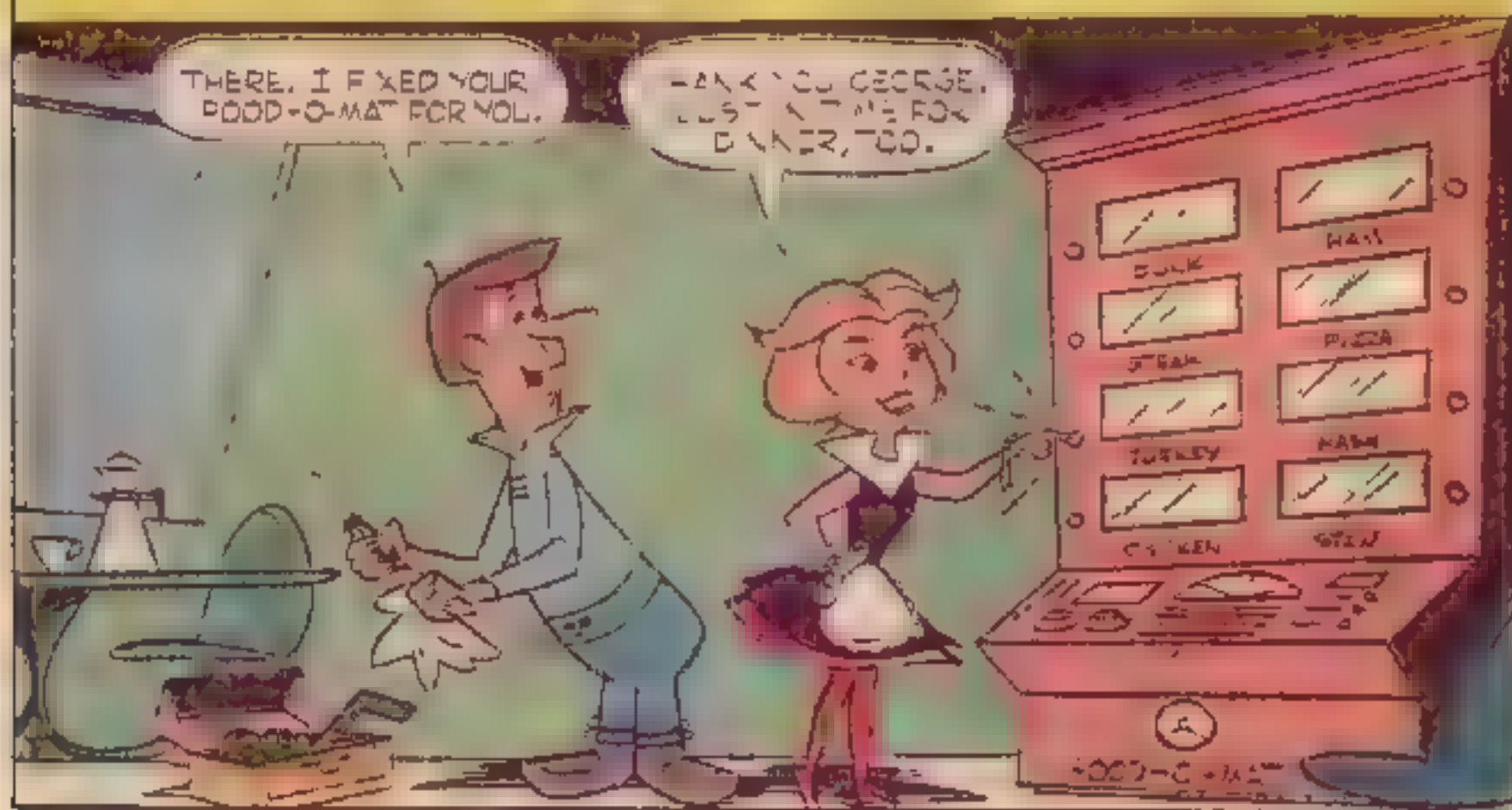
OWW!
THAT FIRST
STEP WAS
A BEAUT!

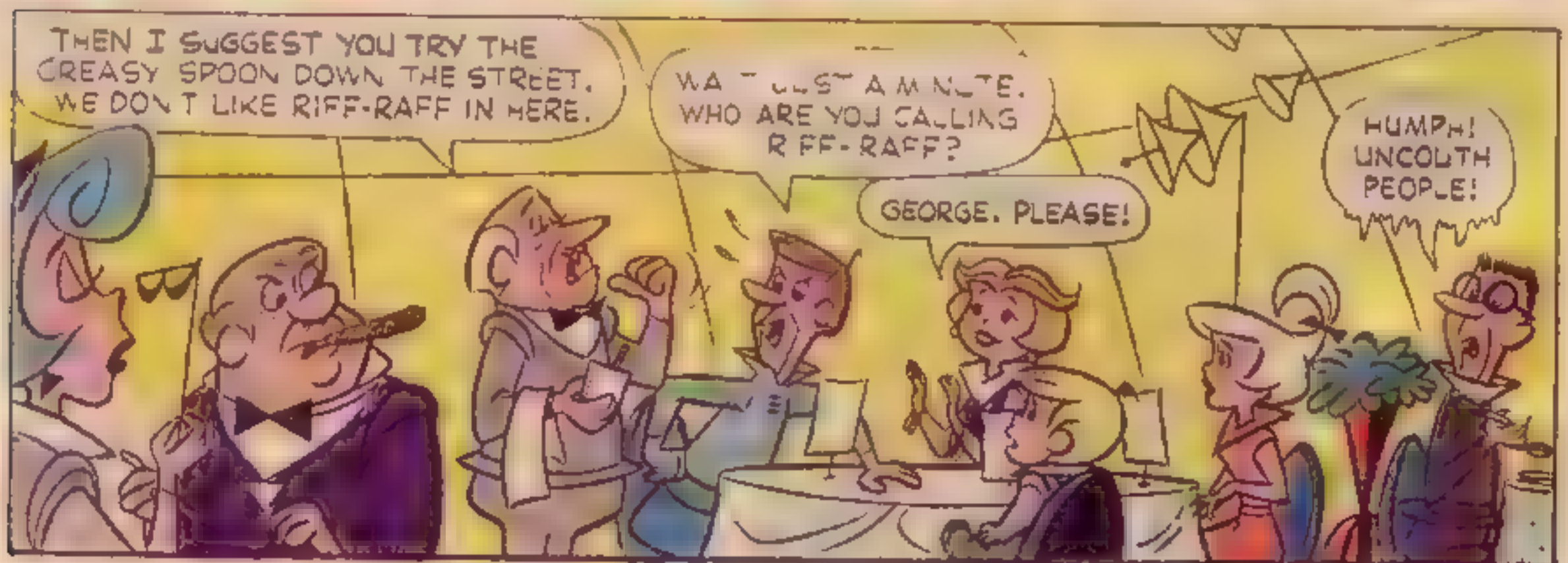
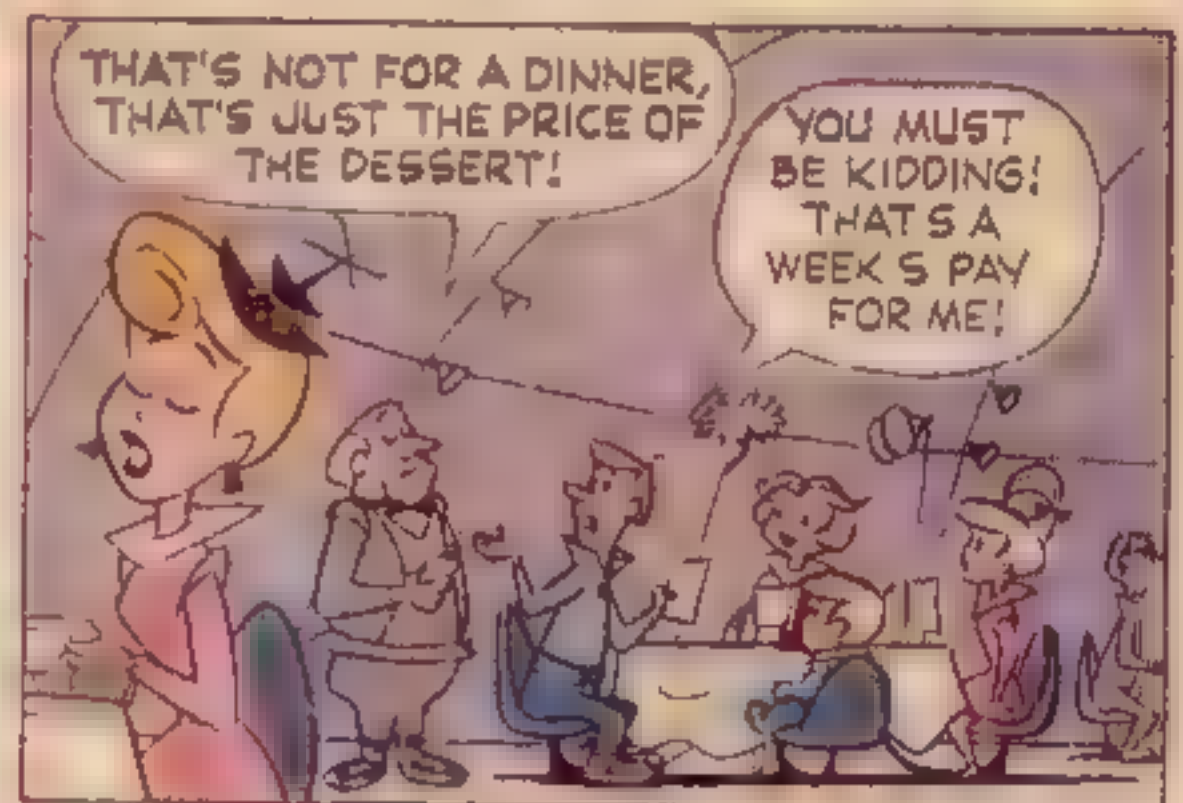
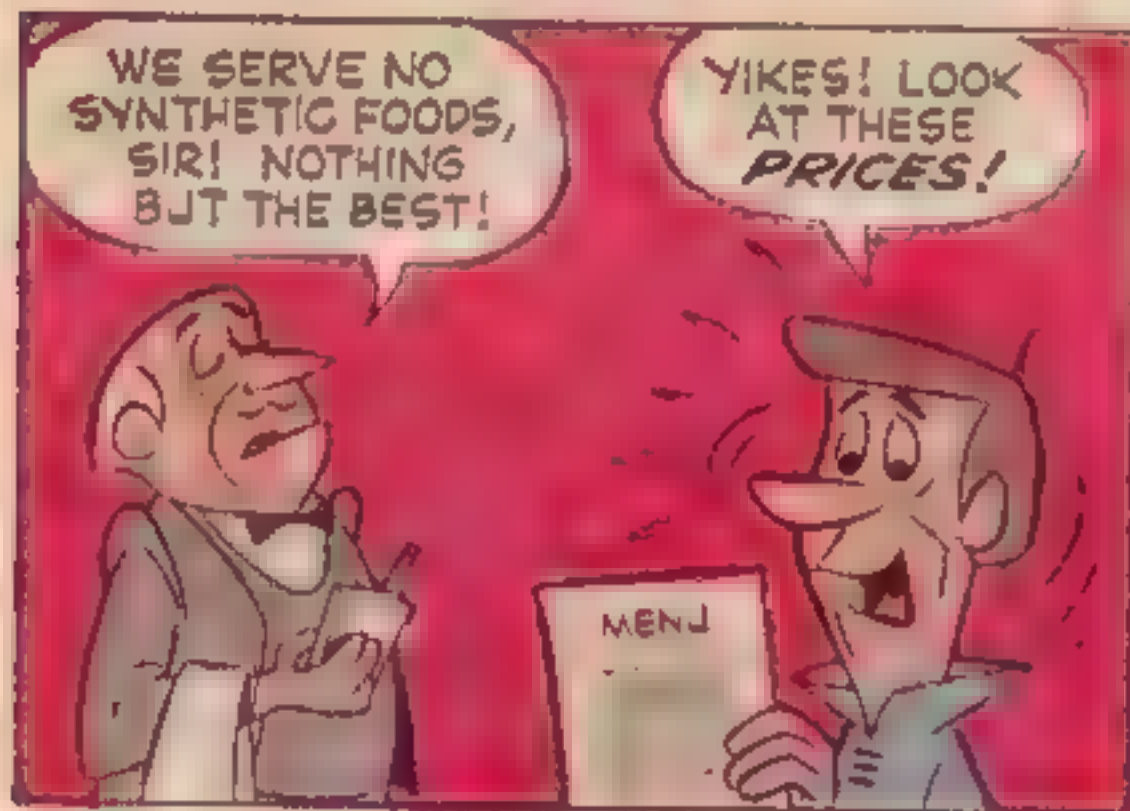
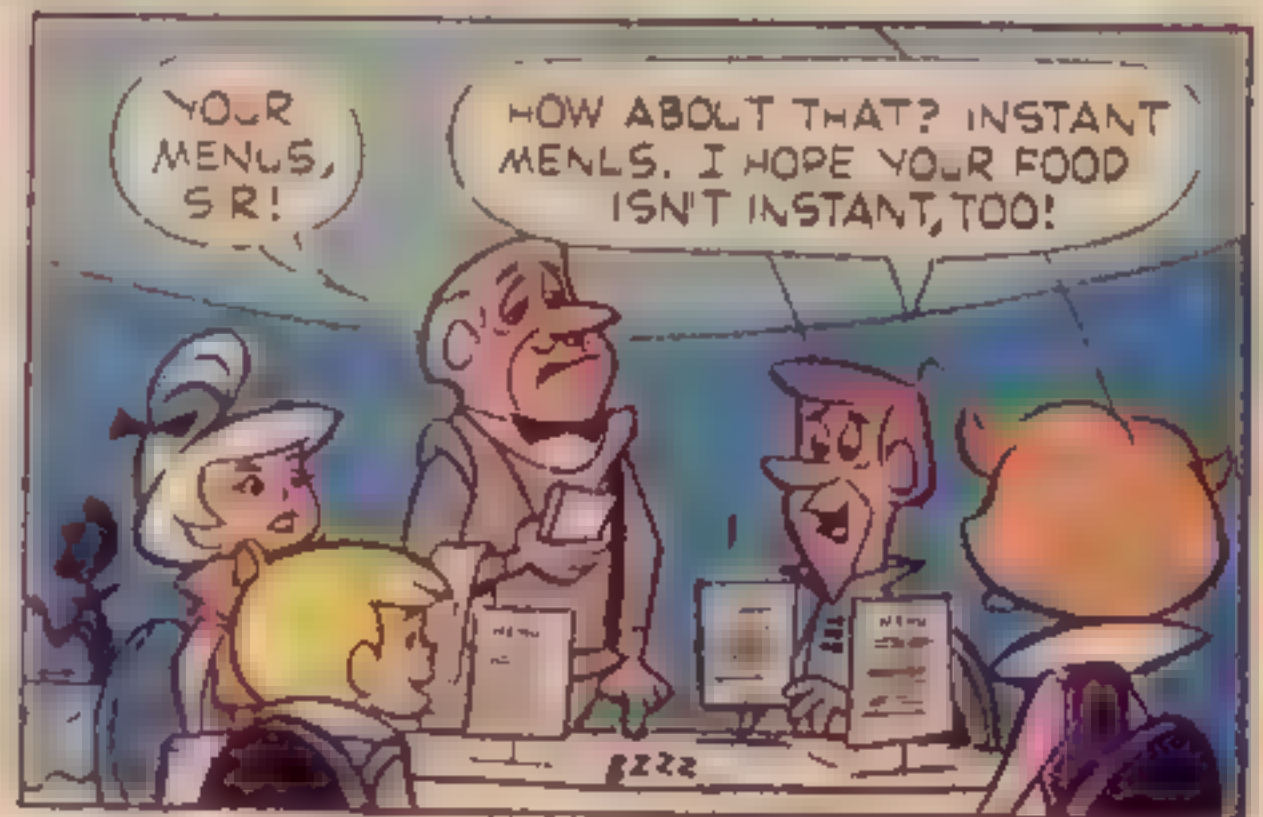
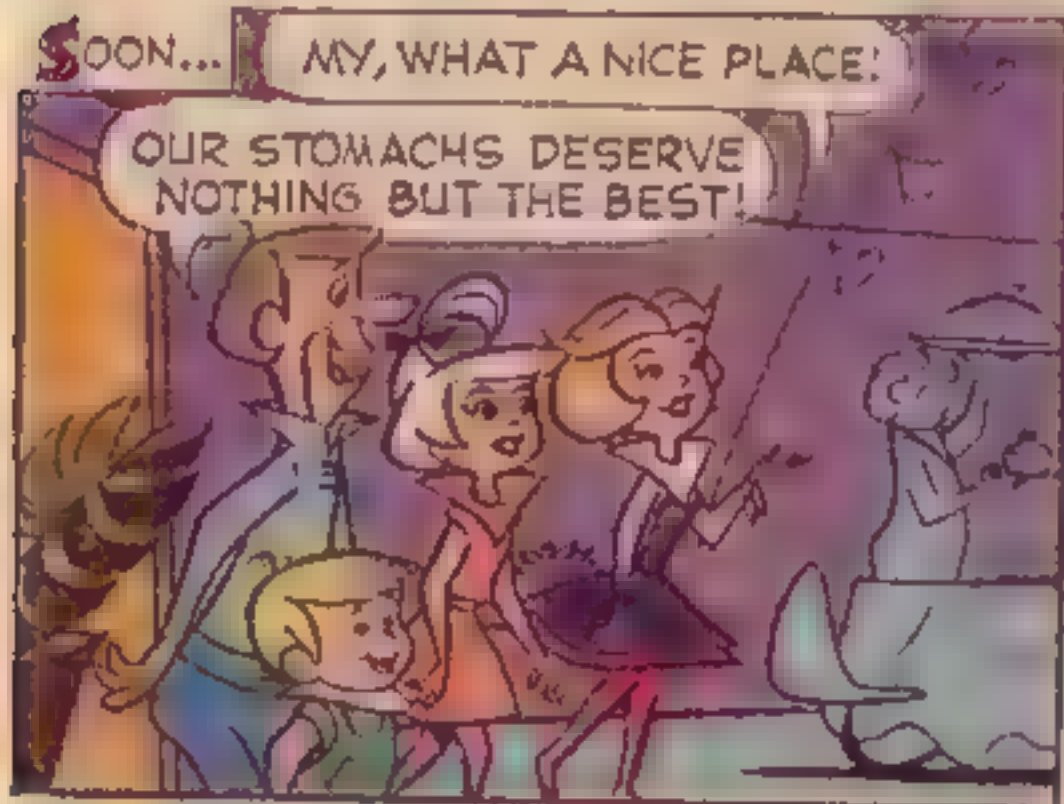
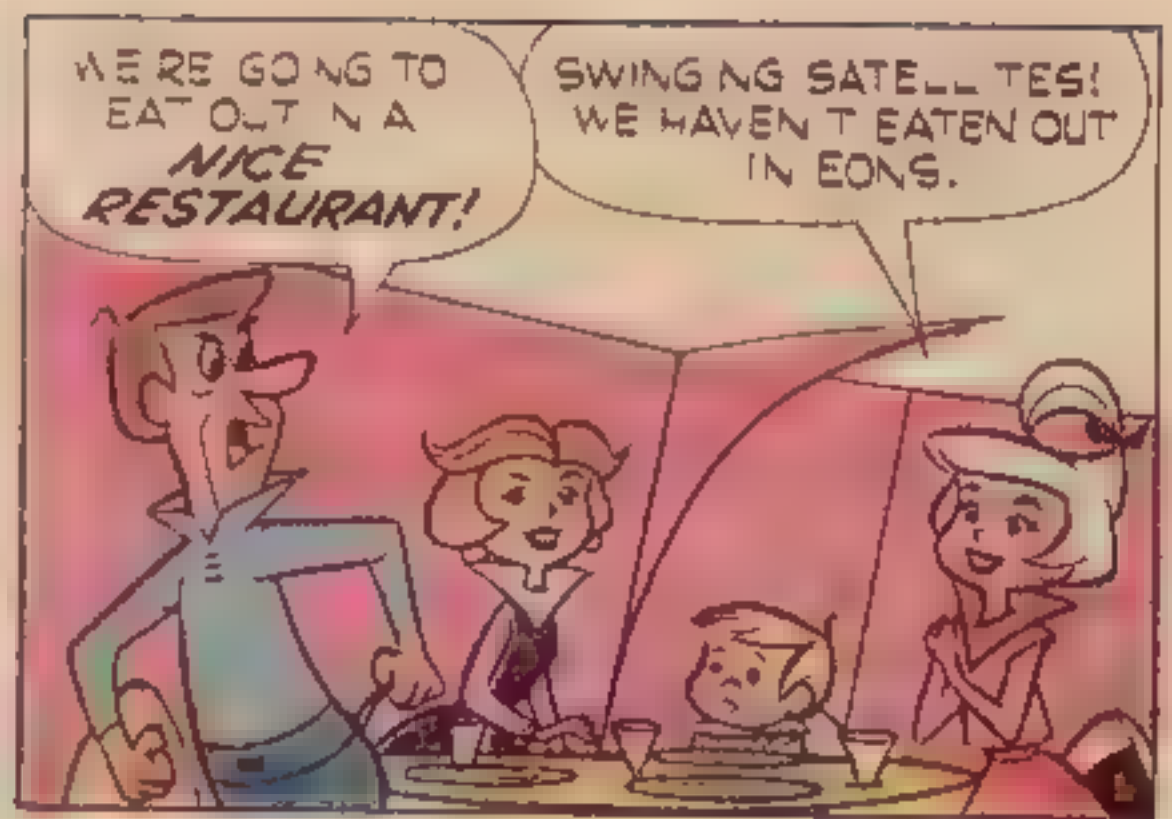
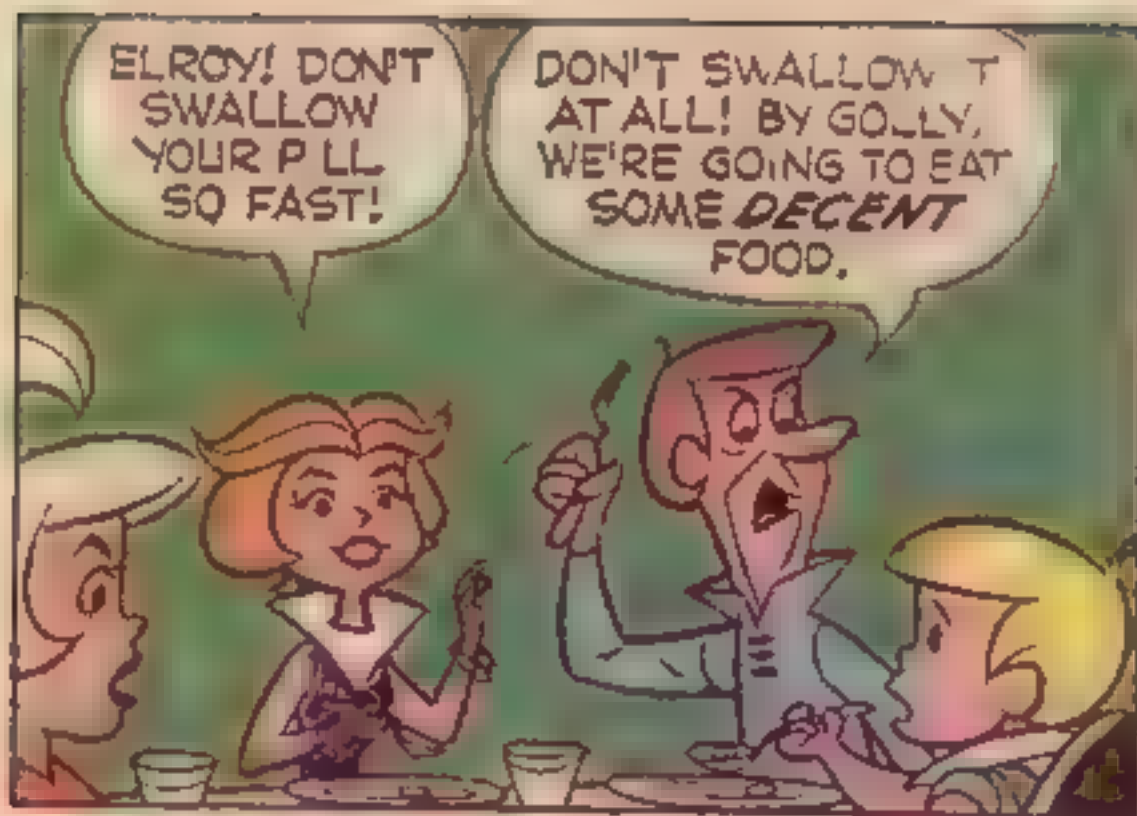


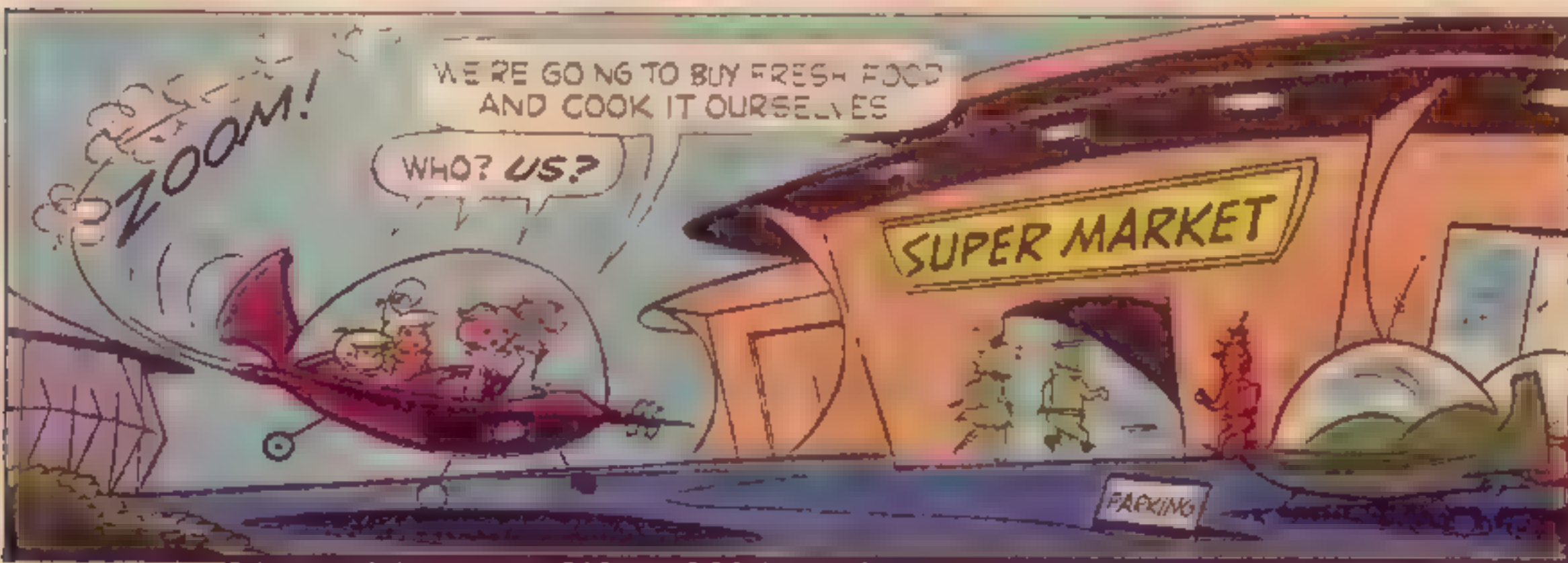
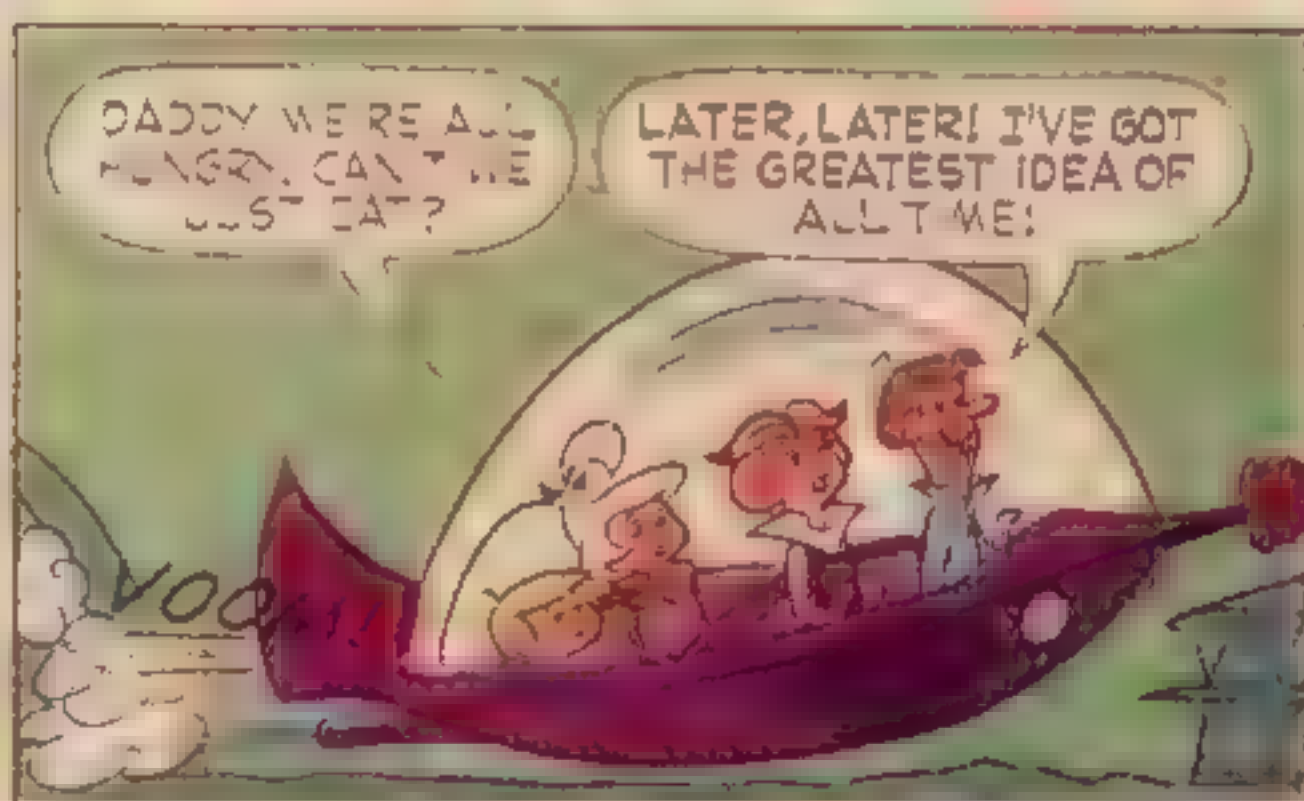
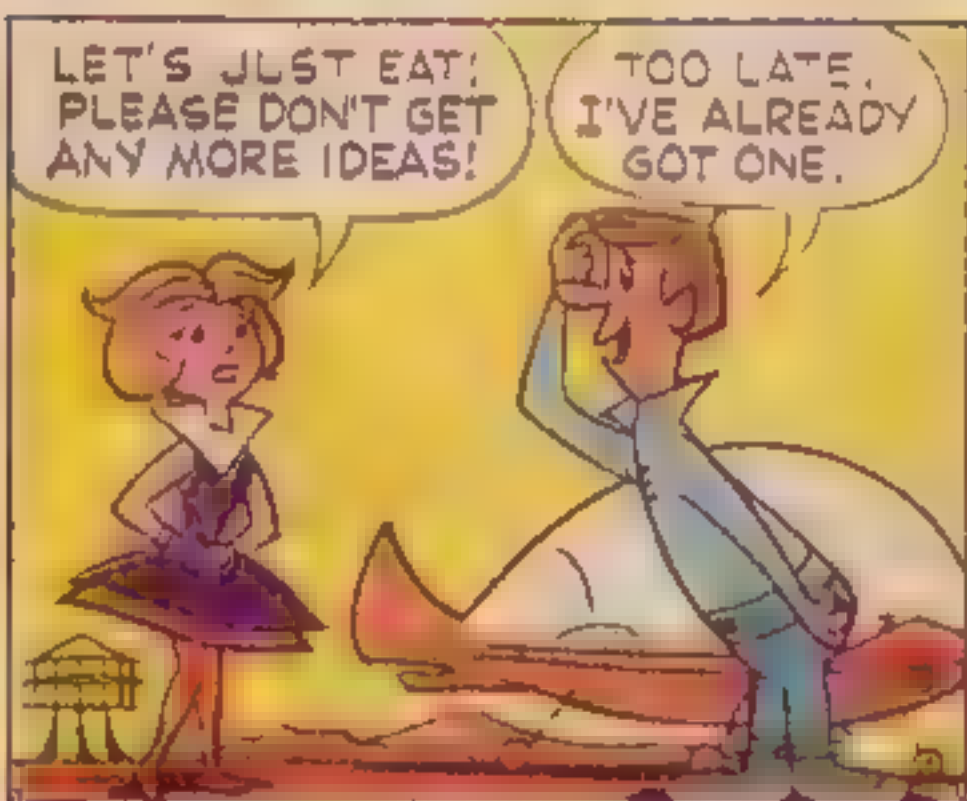
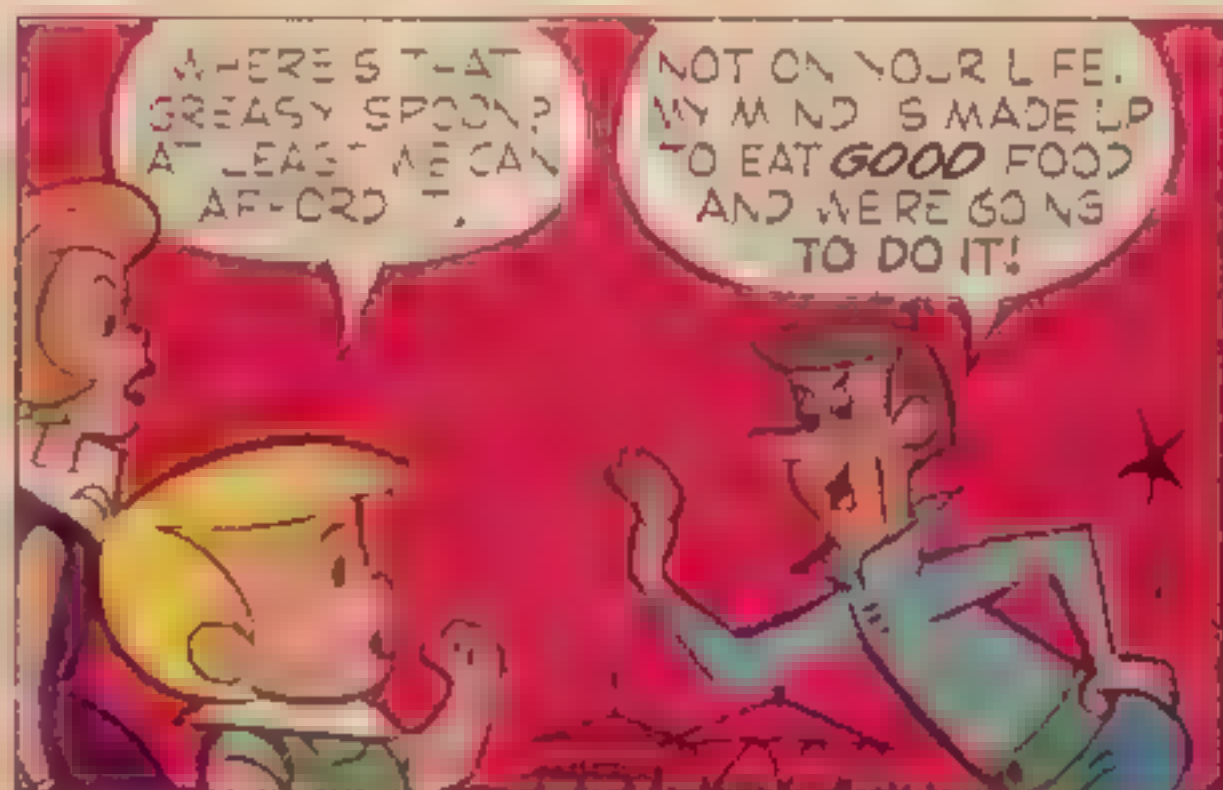
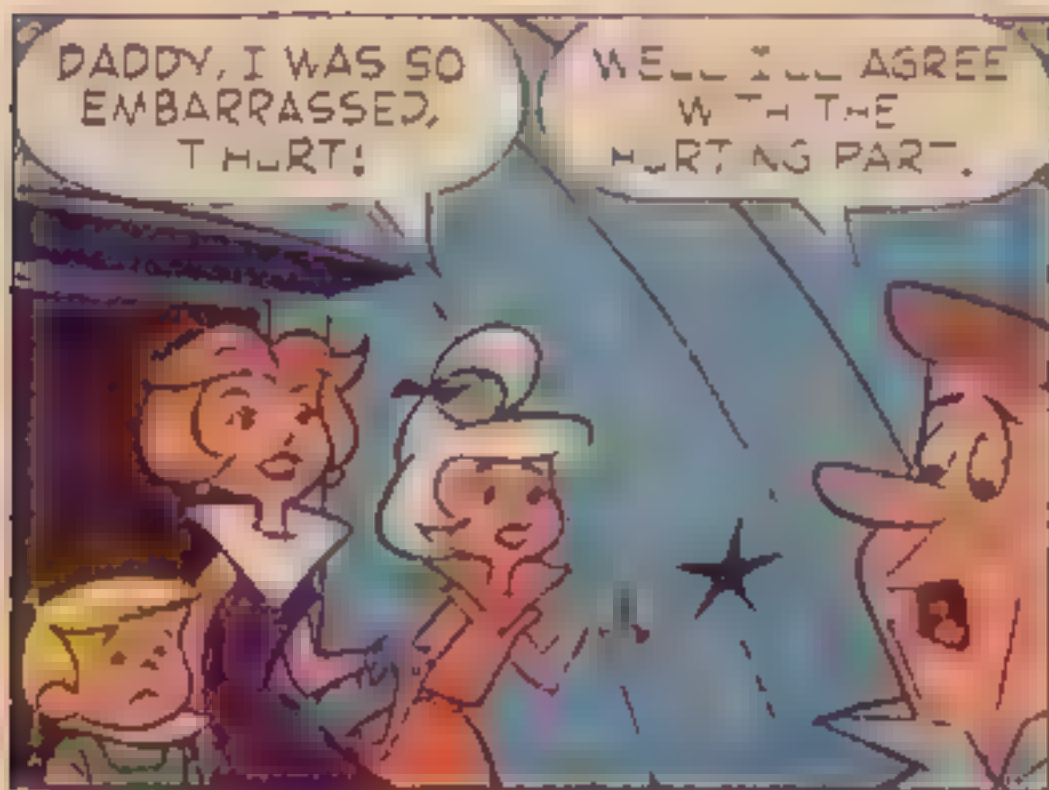
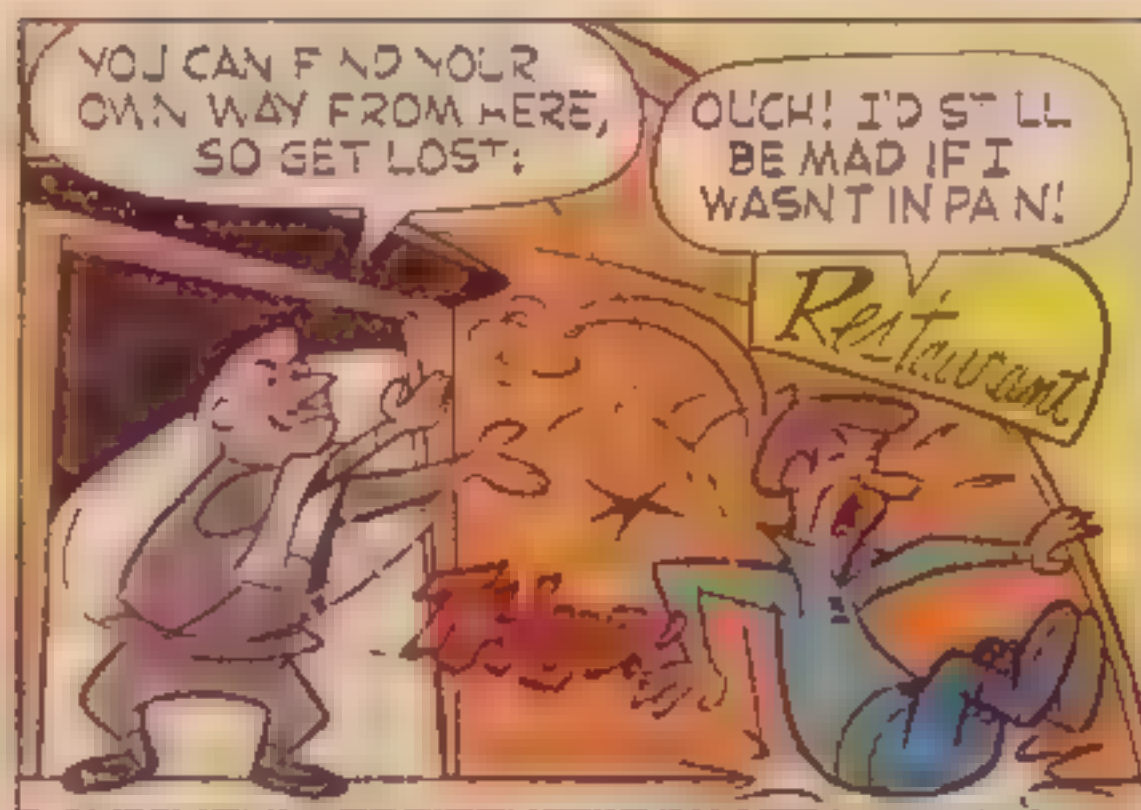
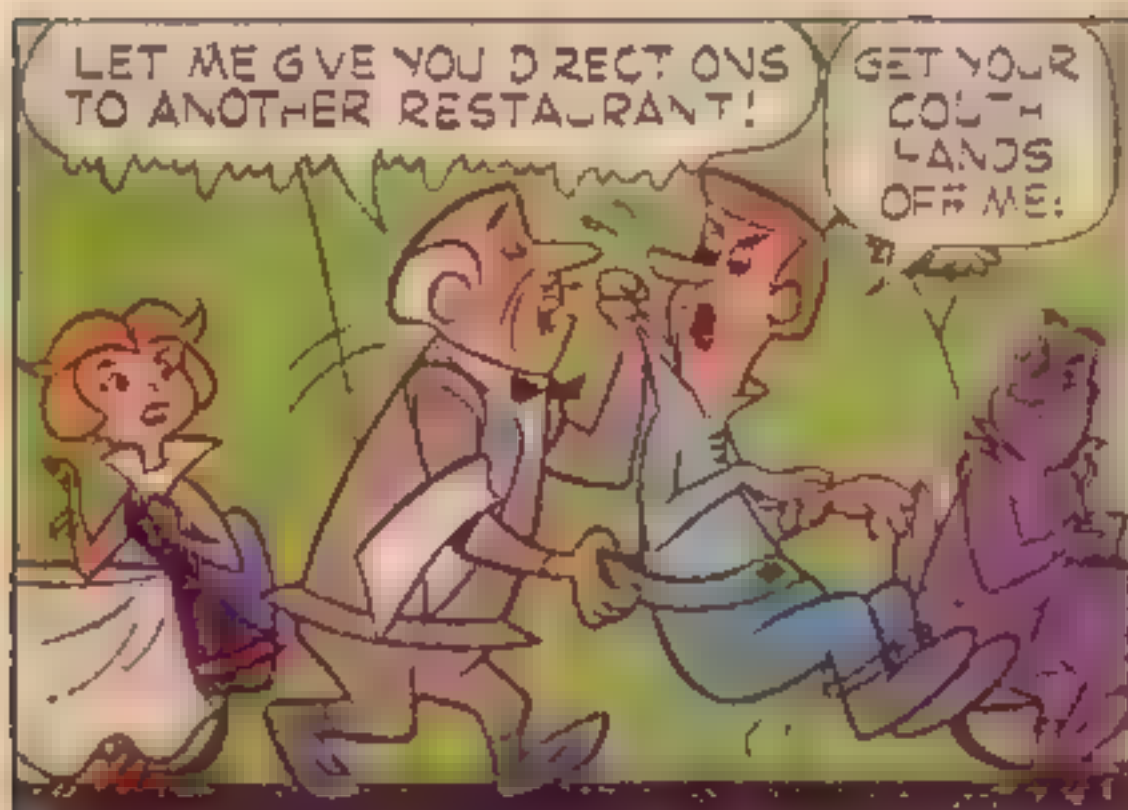


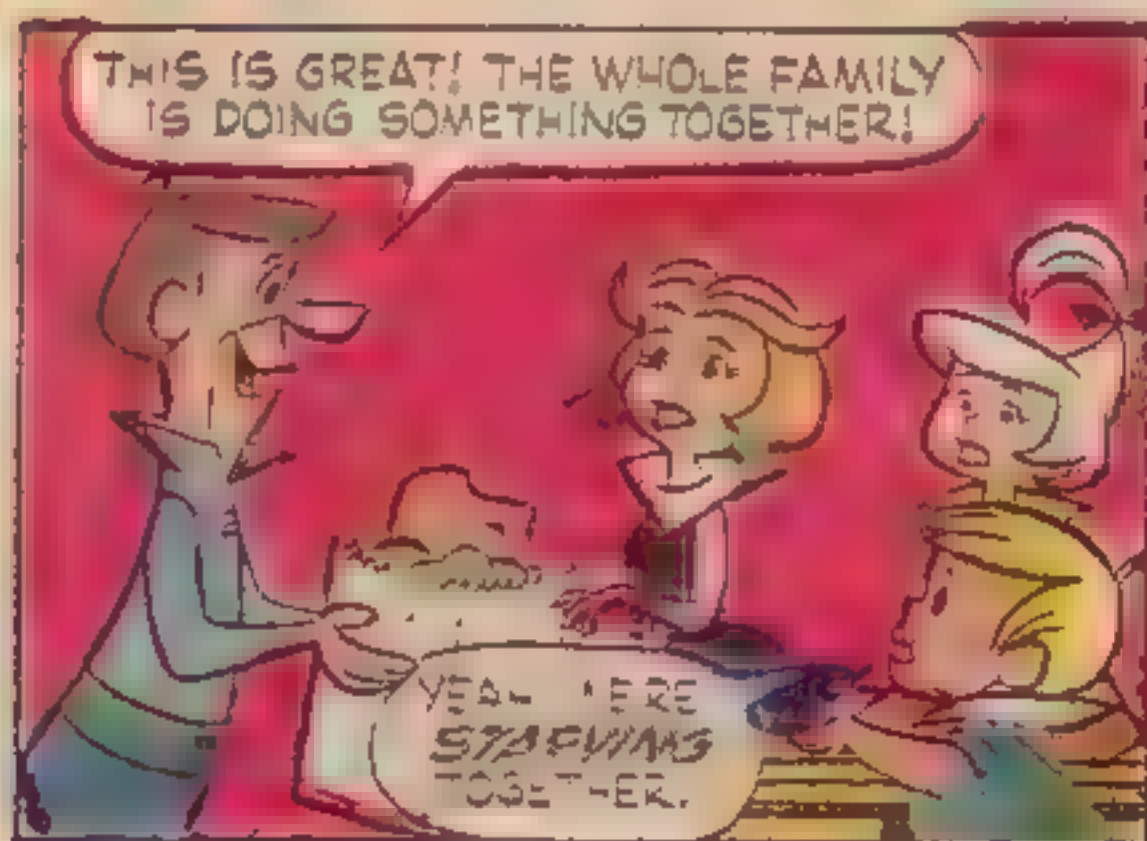
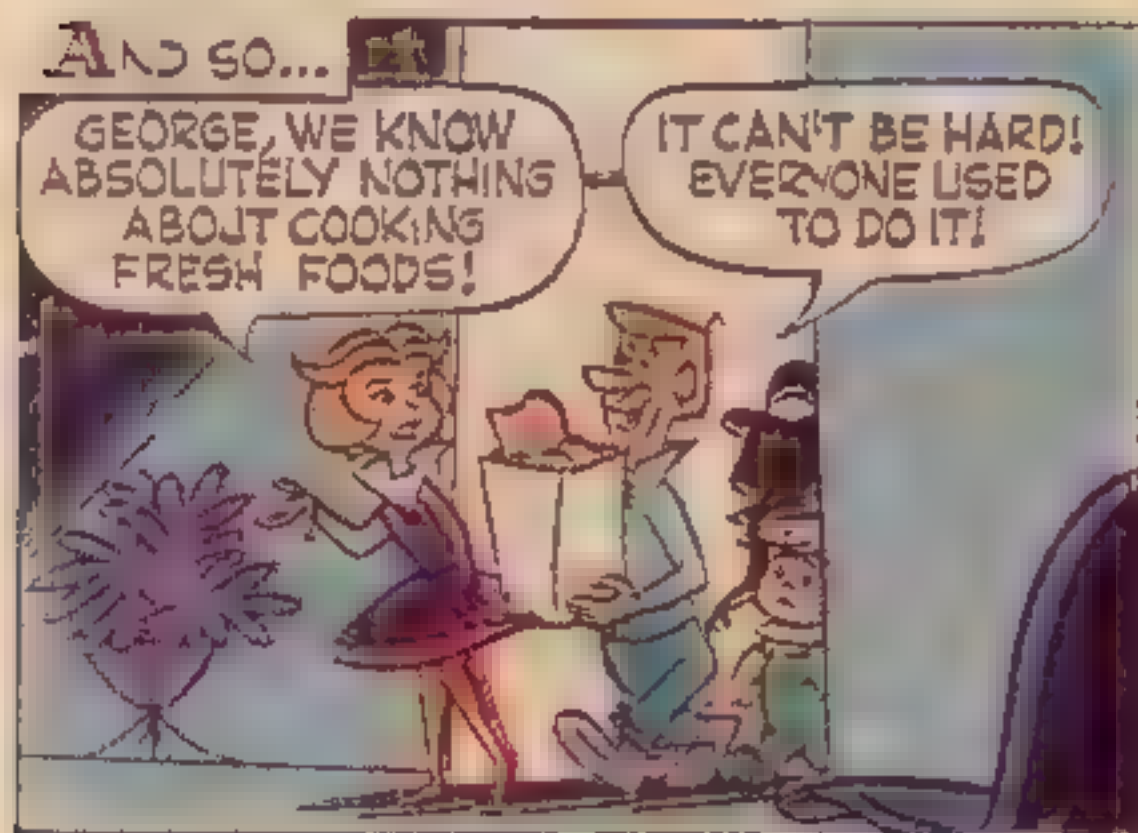
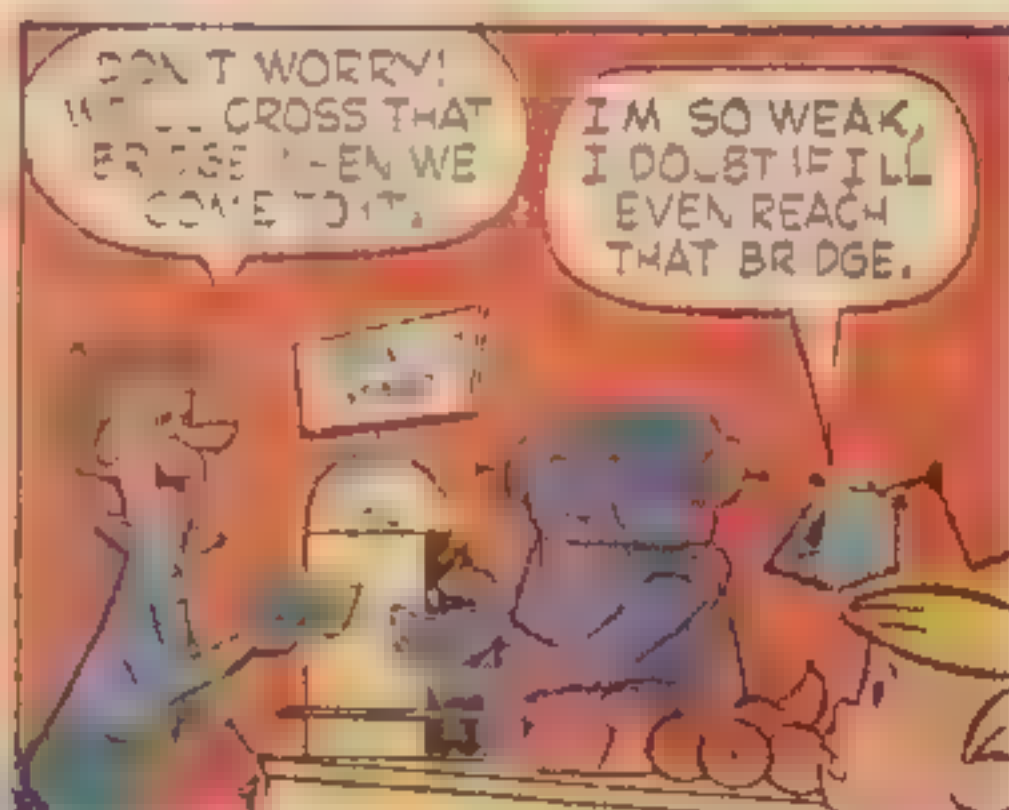
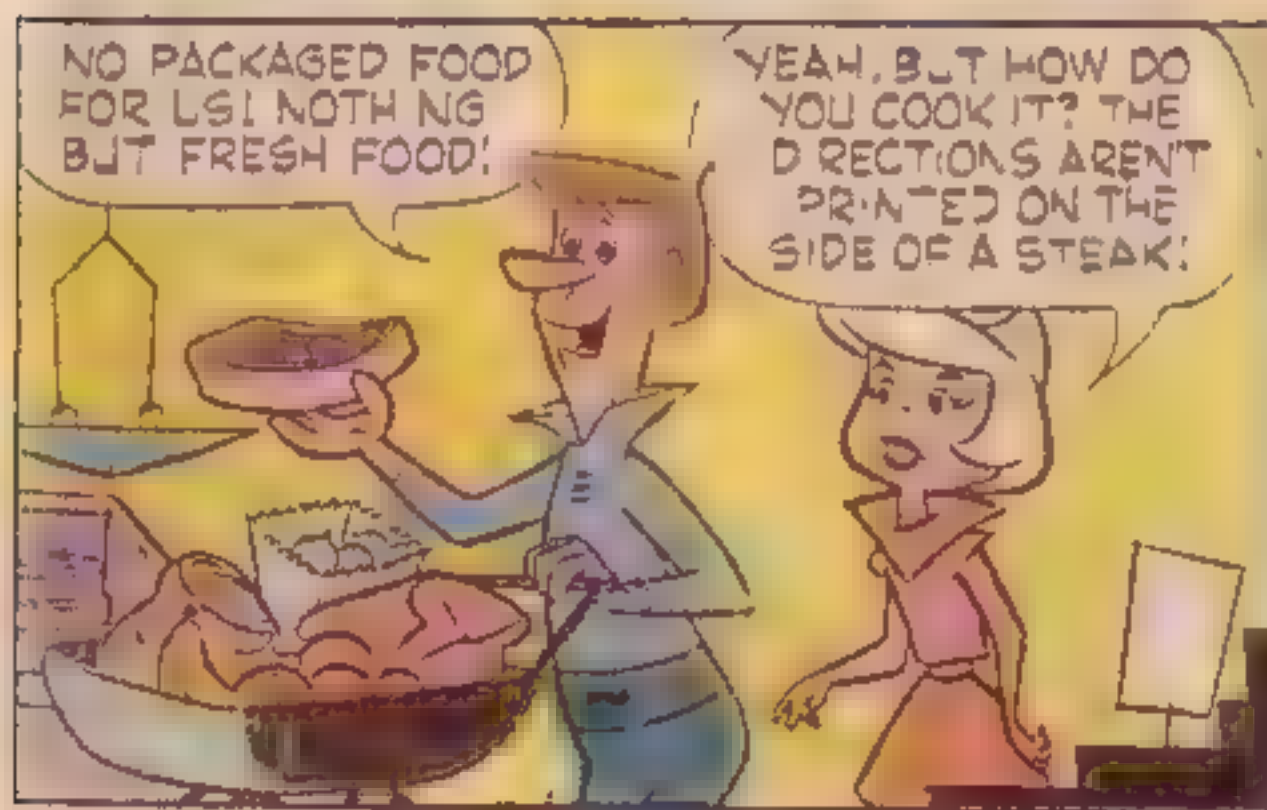
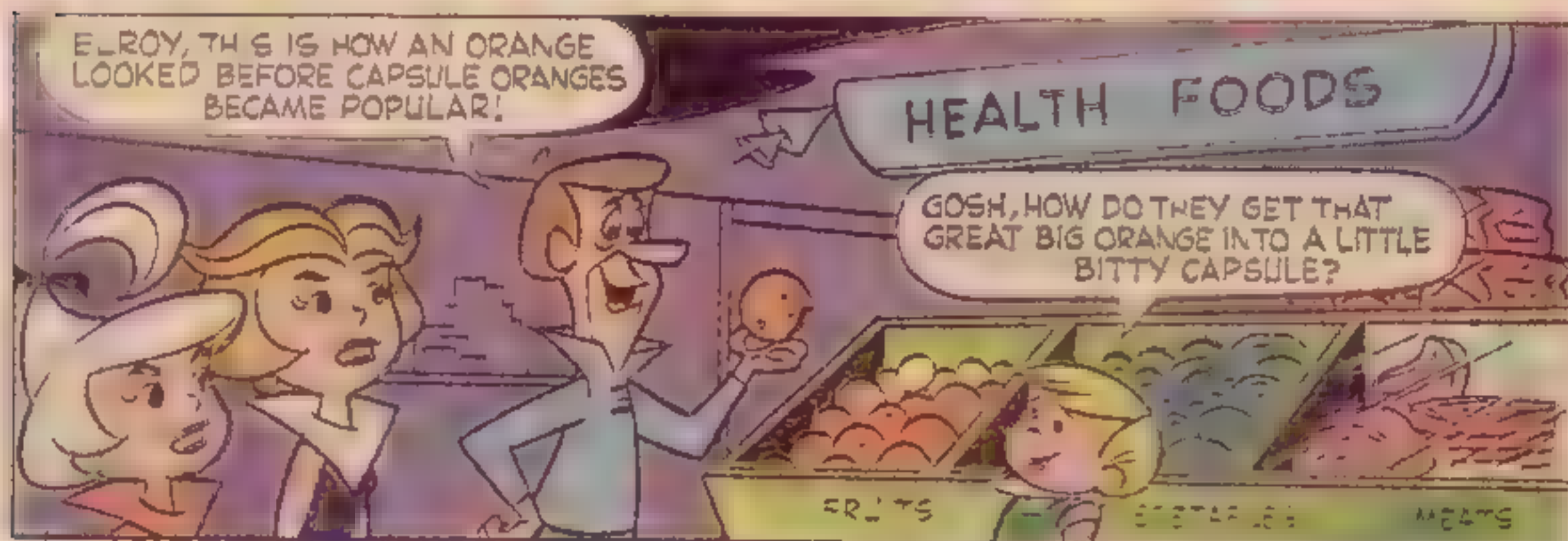
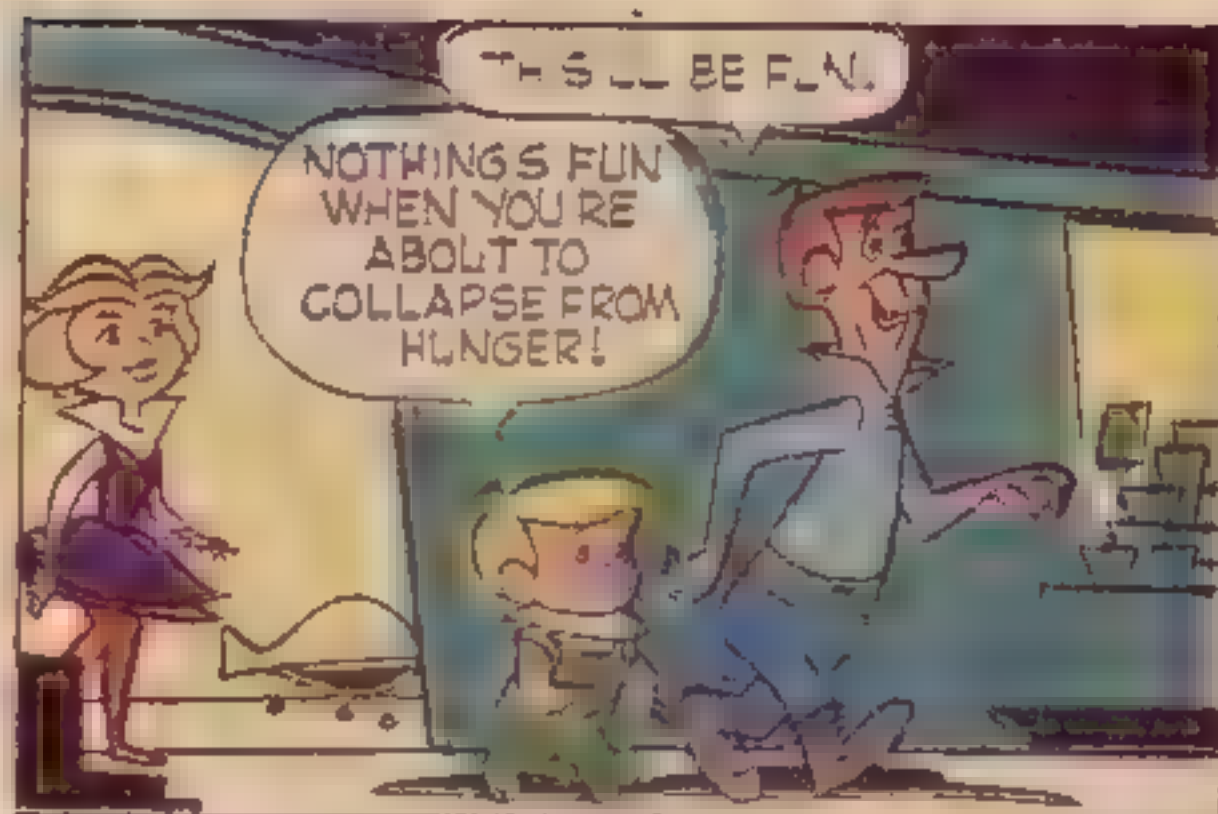
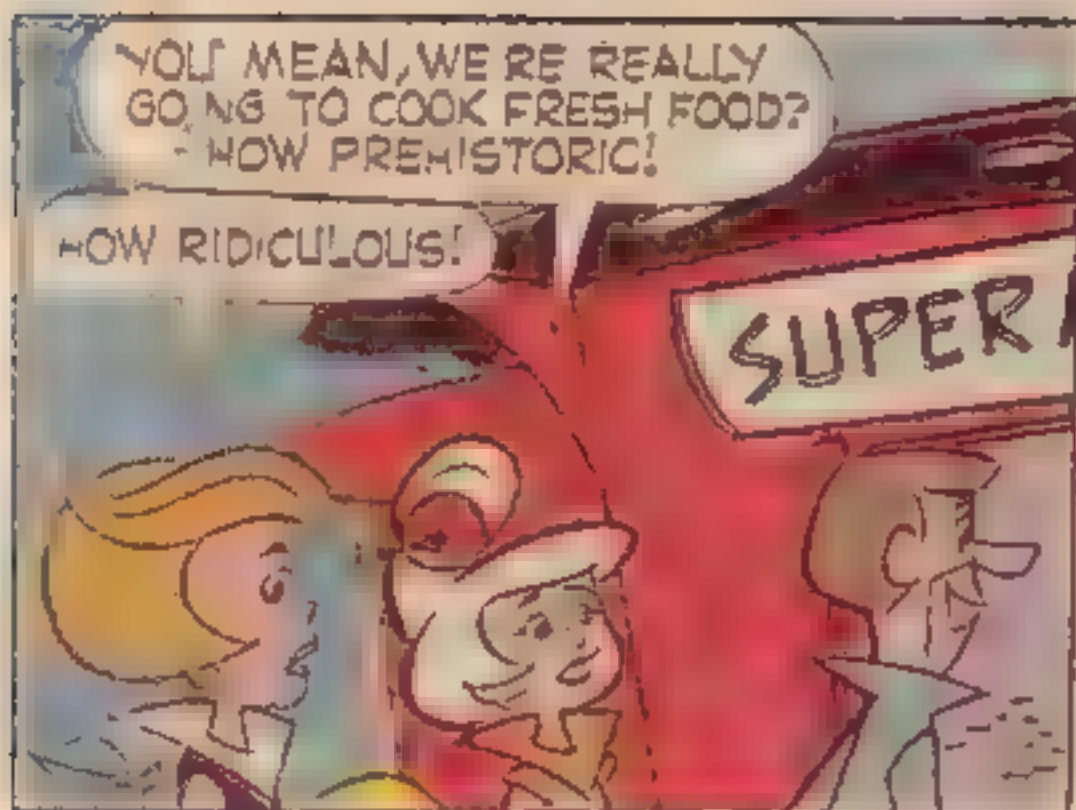
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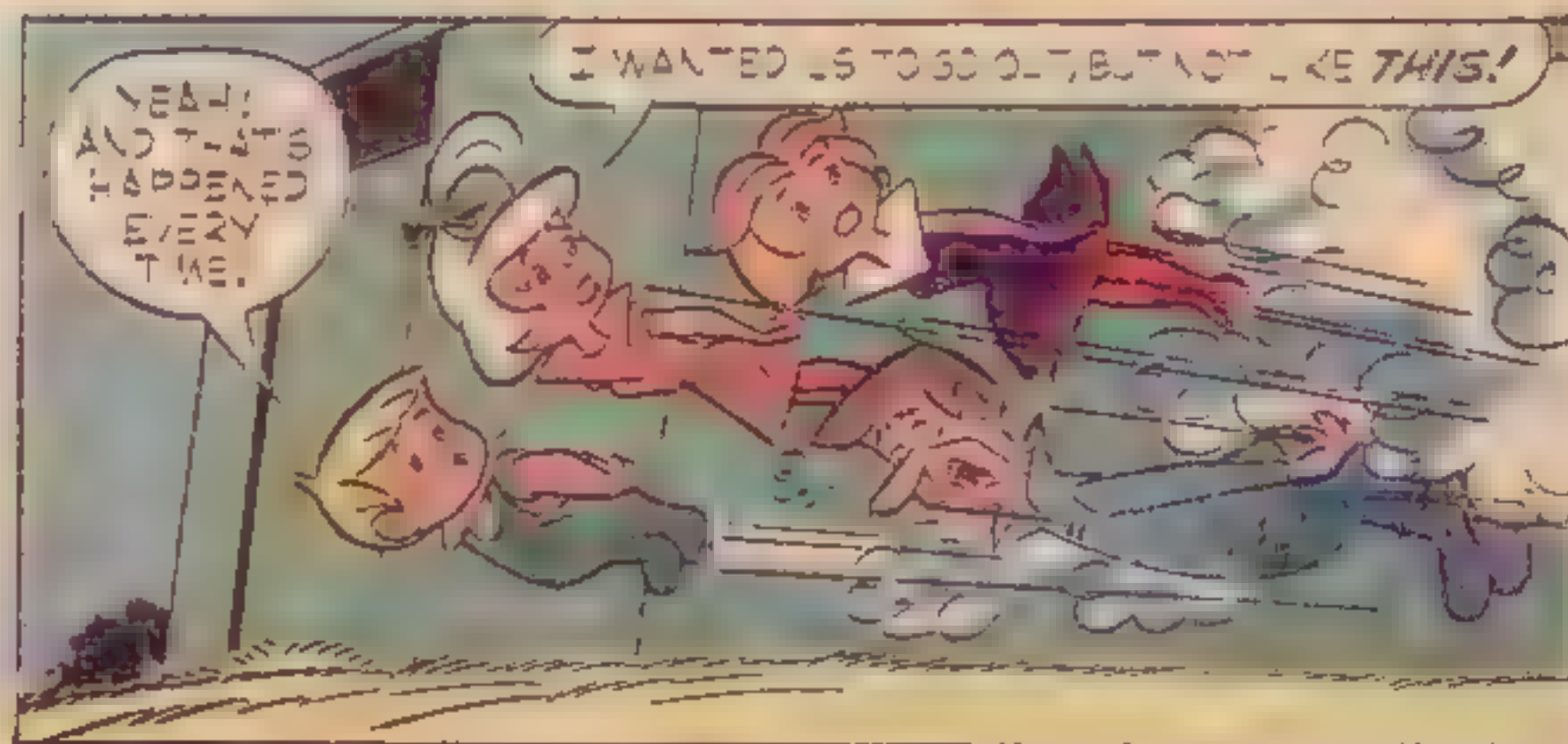
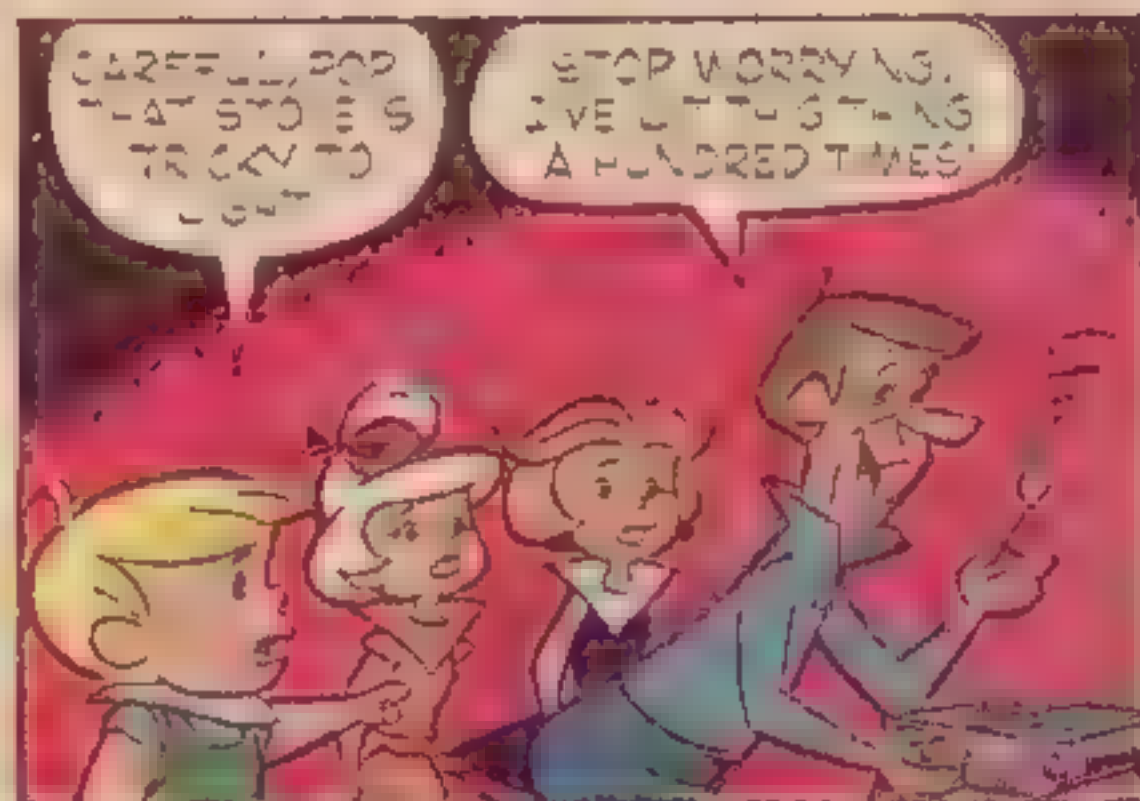
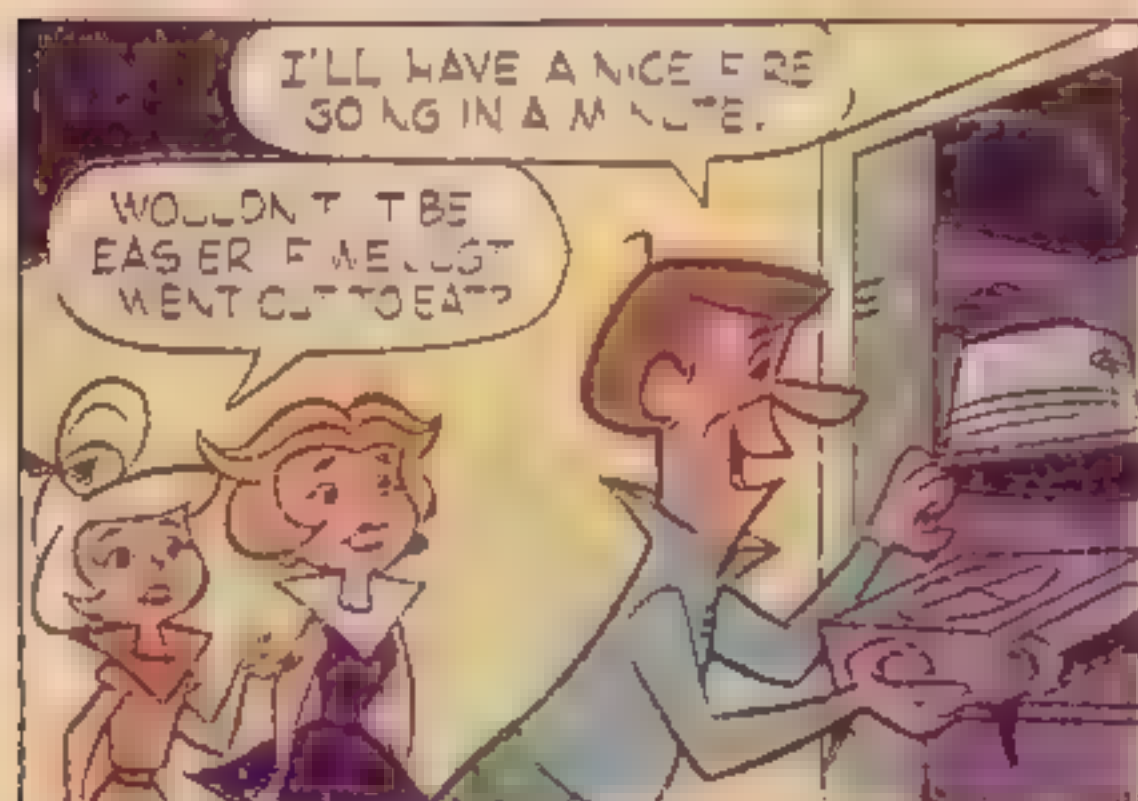
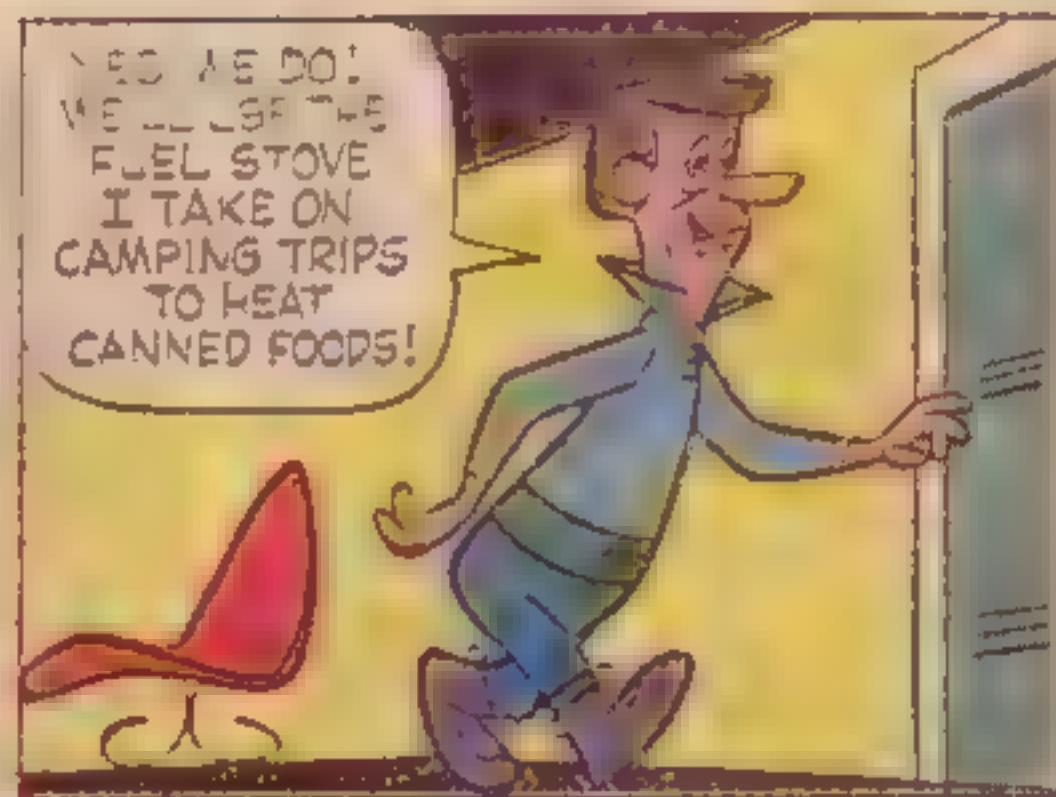
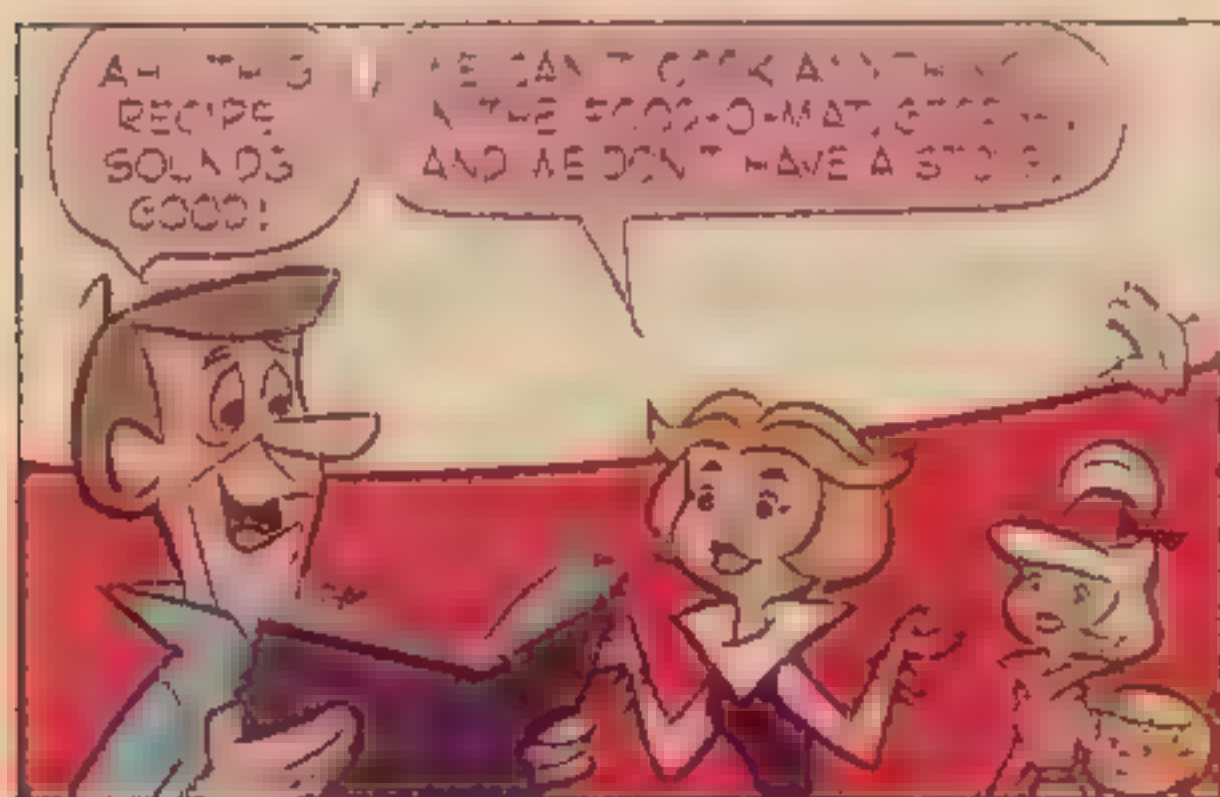
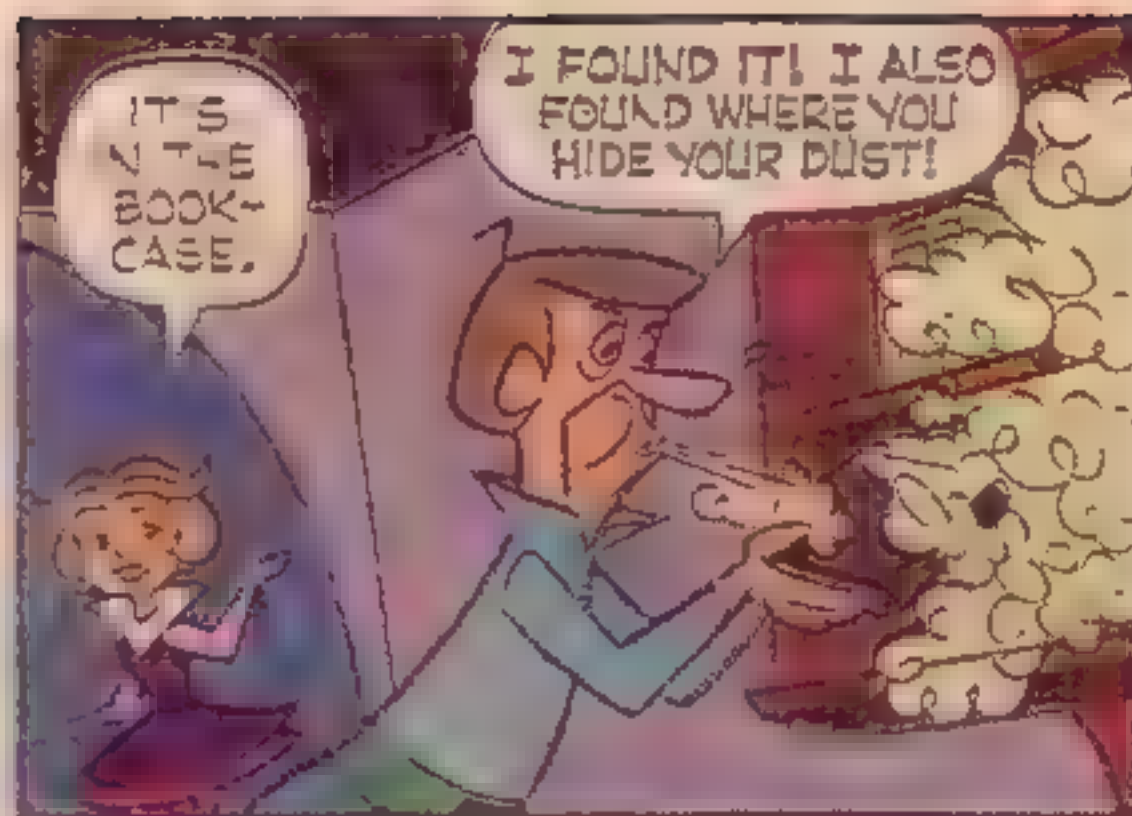
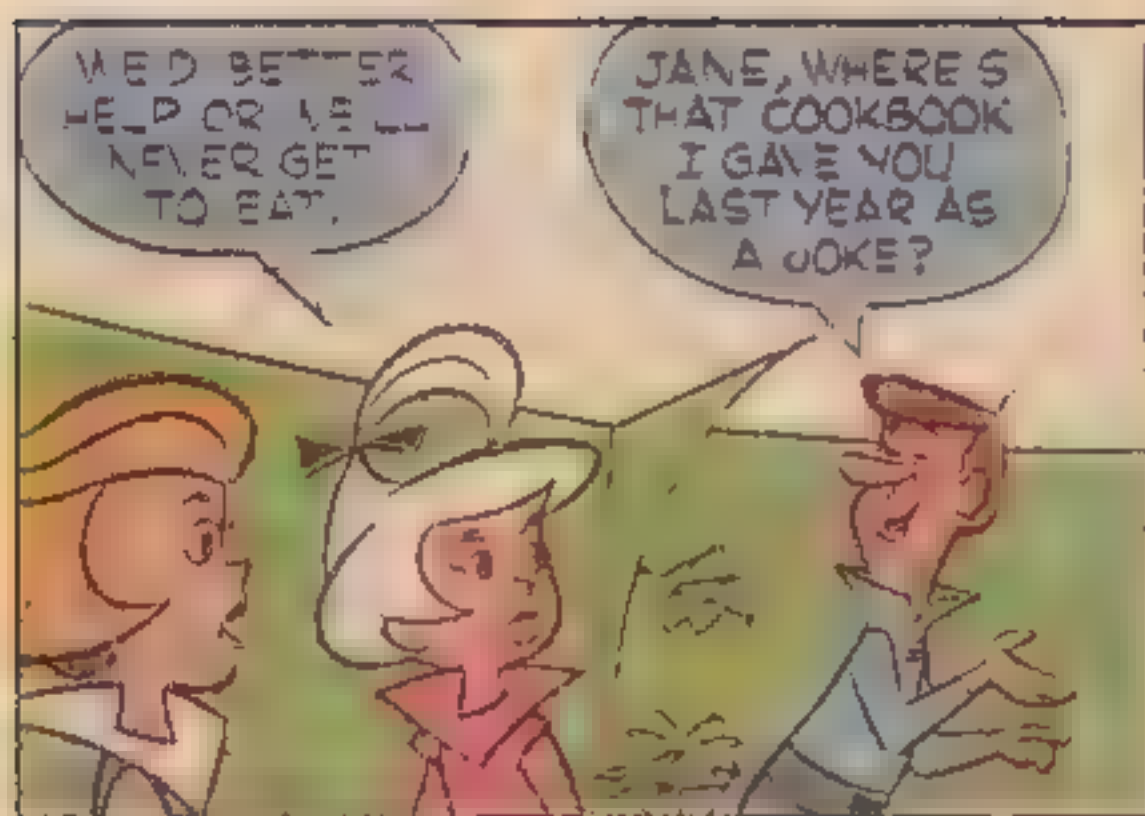
IN THE MOOD FOR FOOD

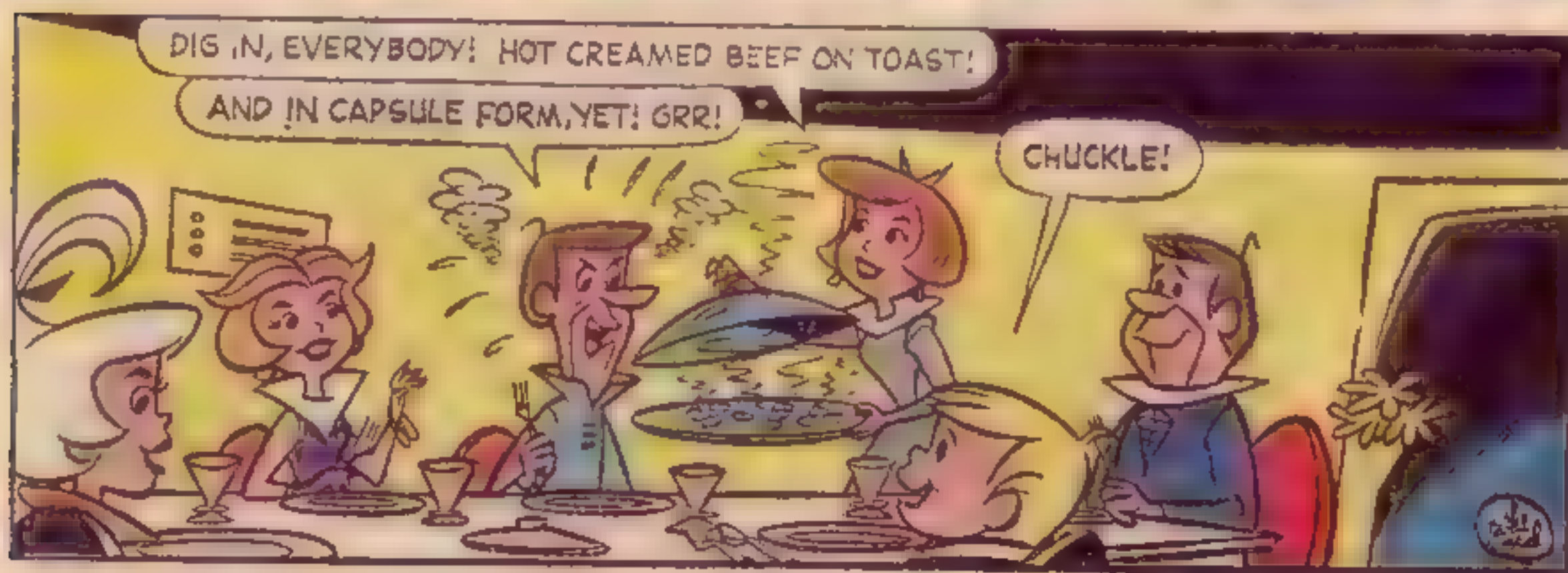
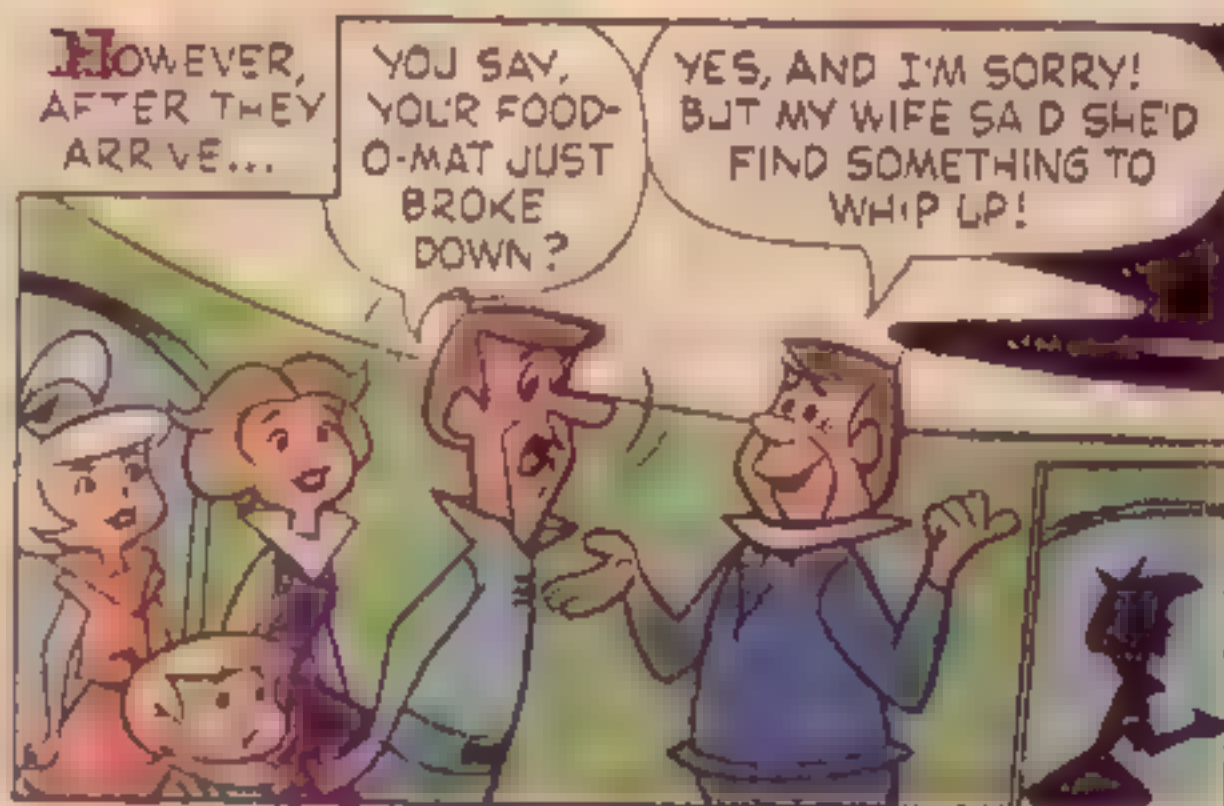
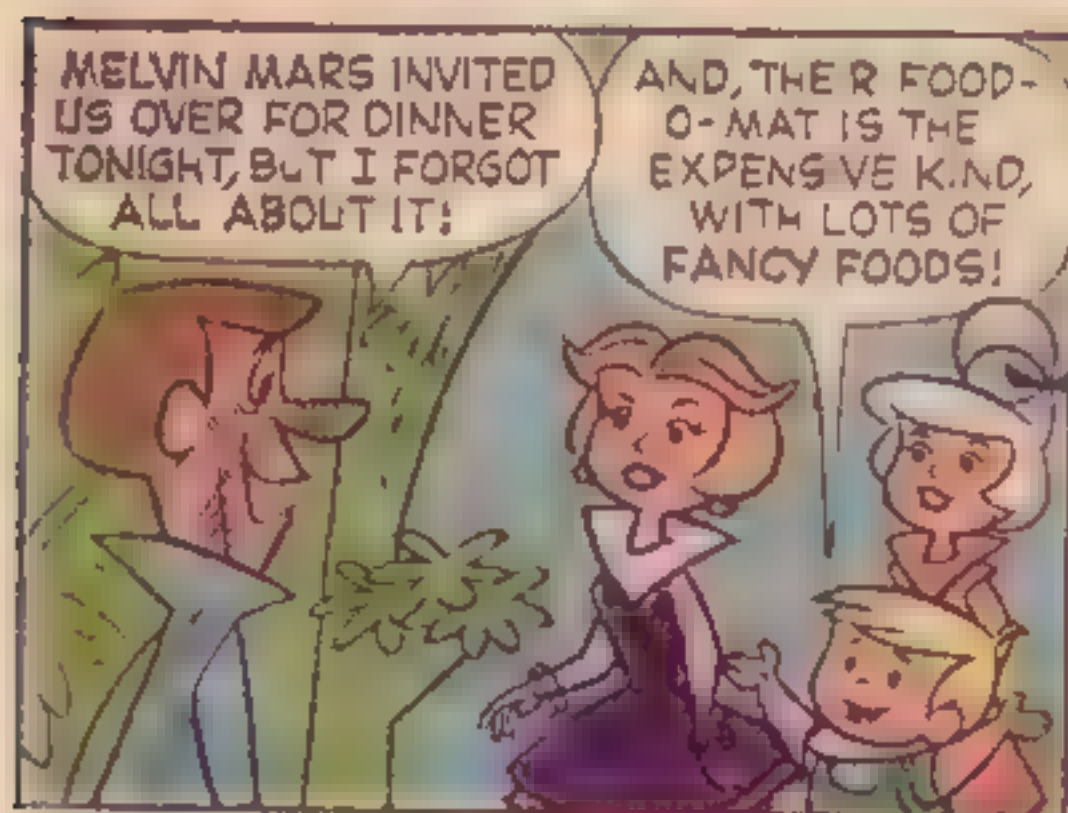
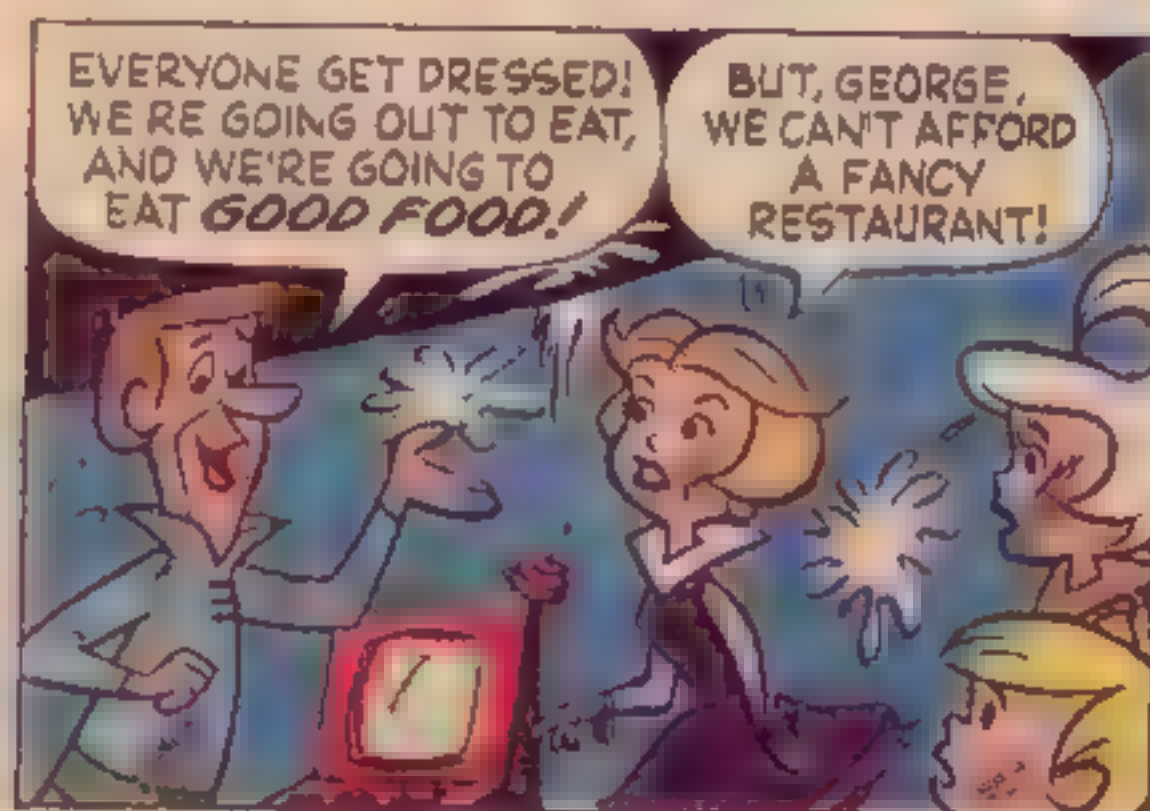
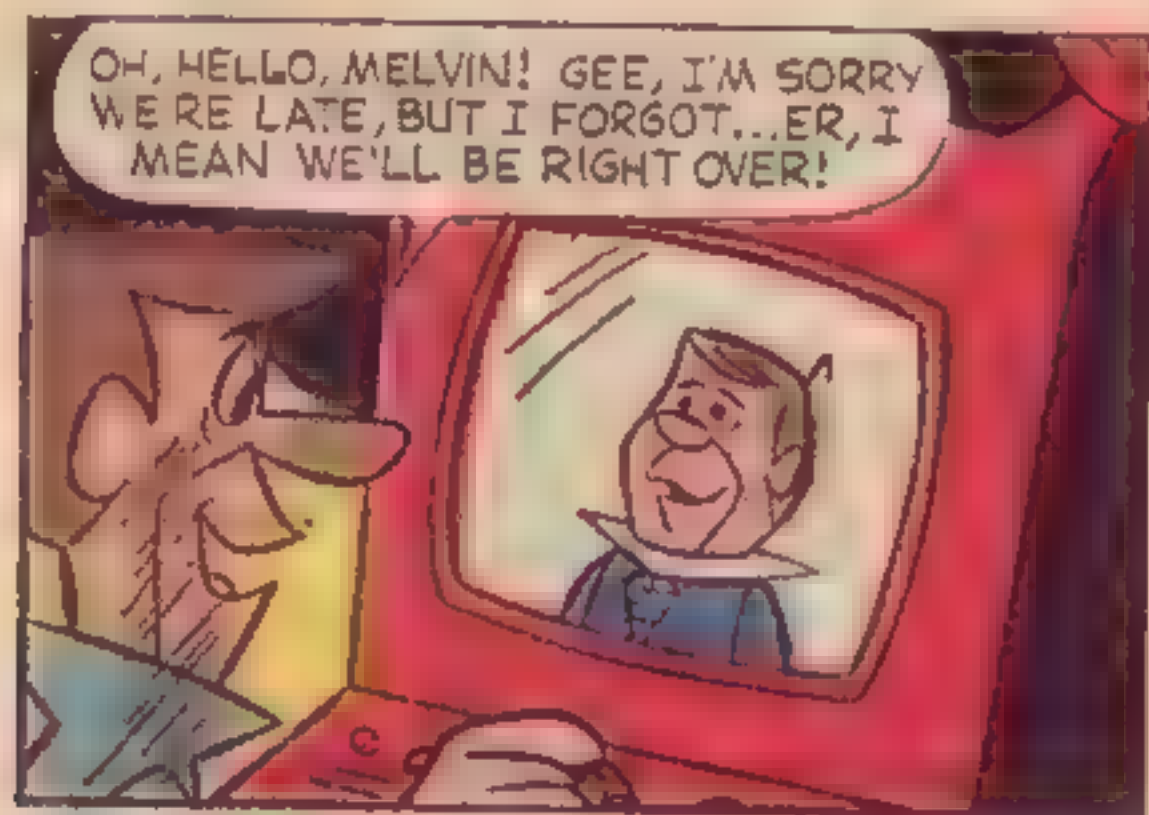
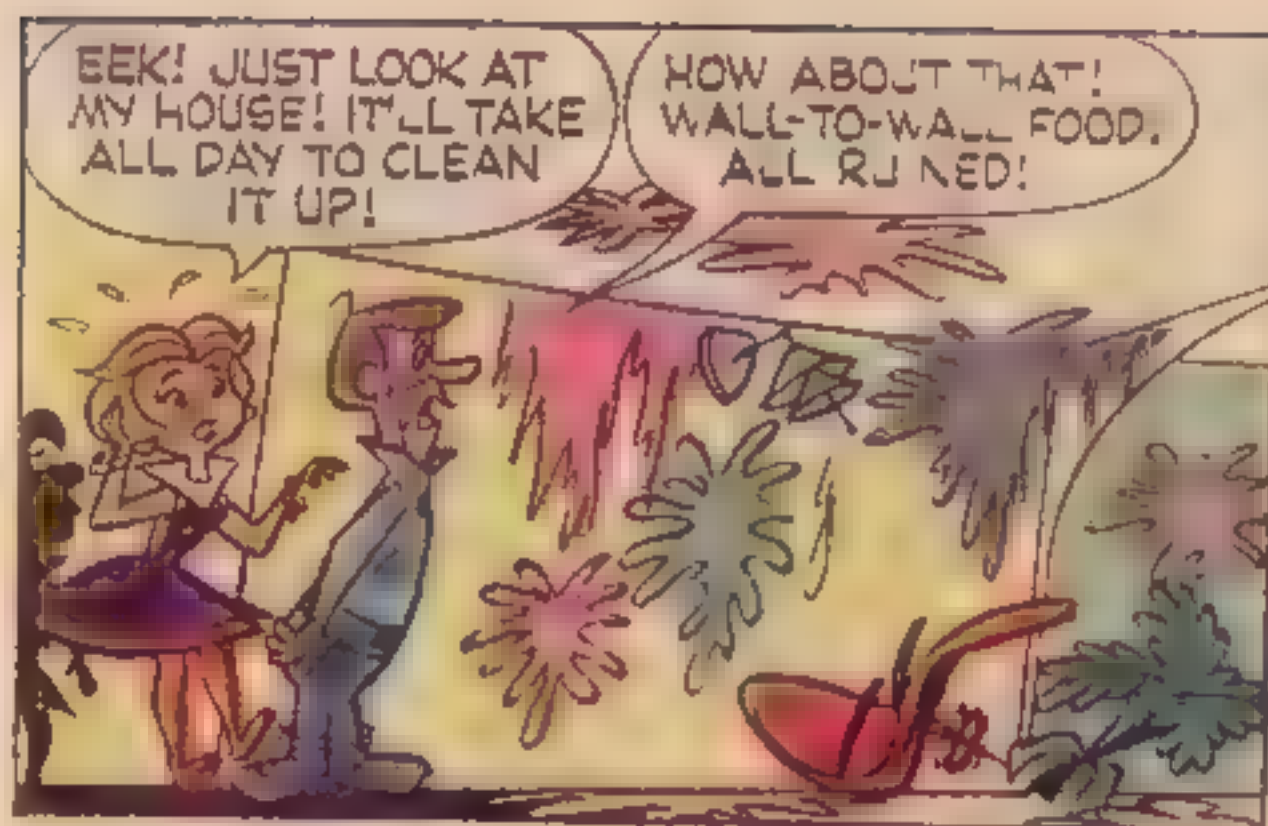




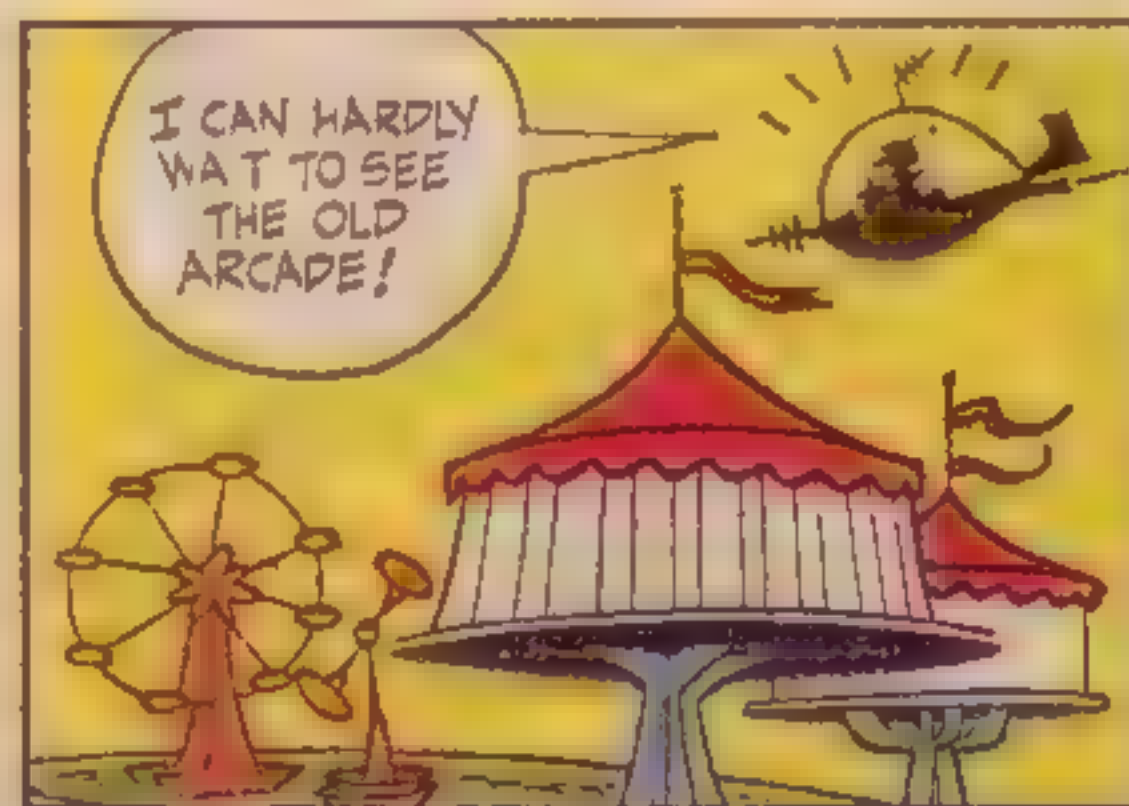
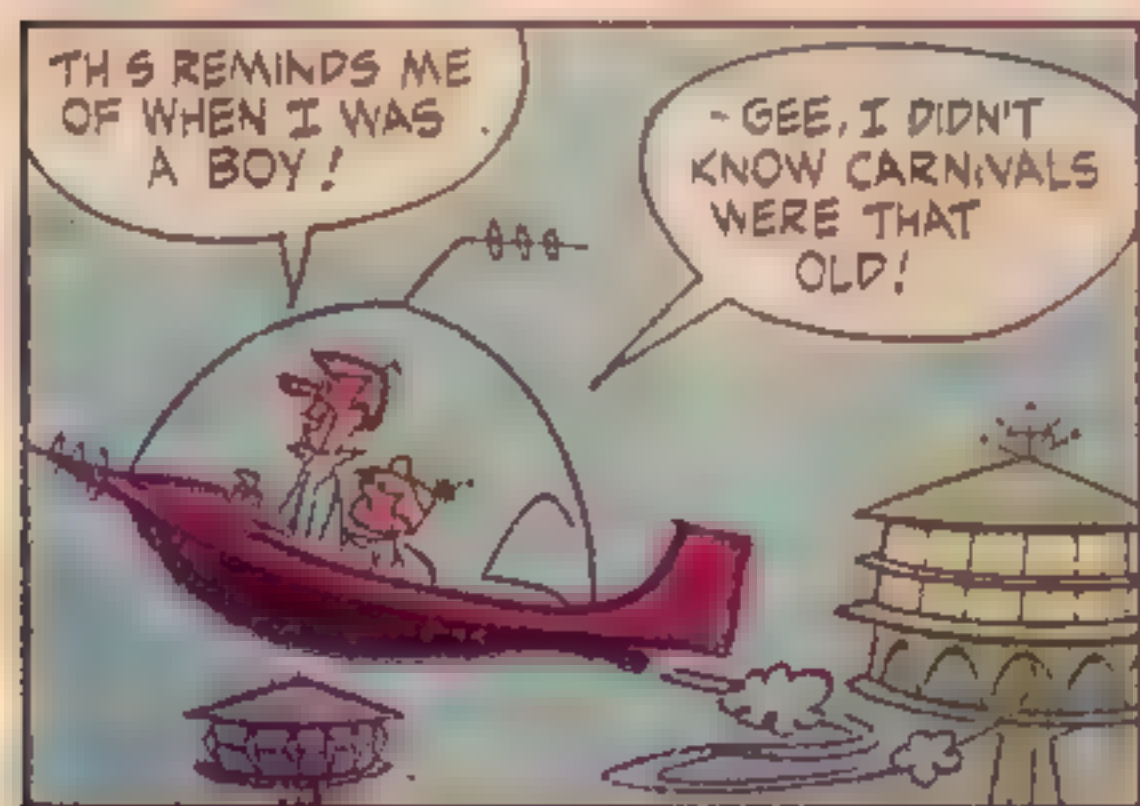
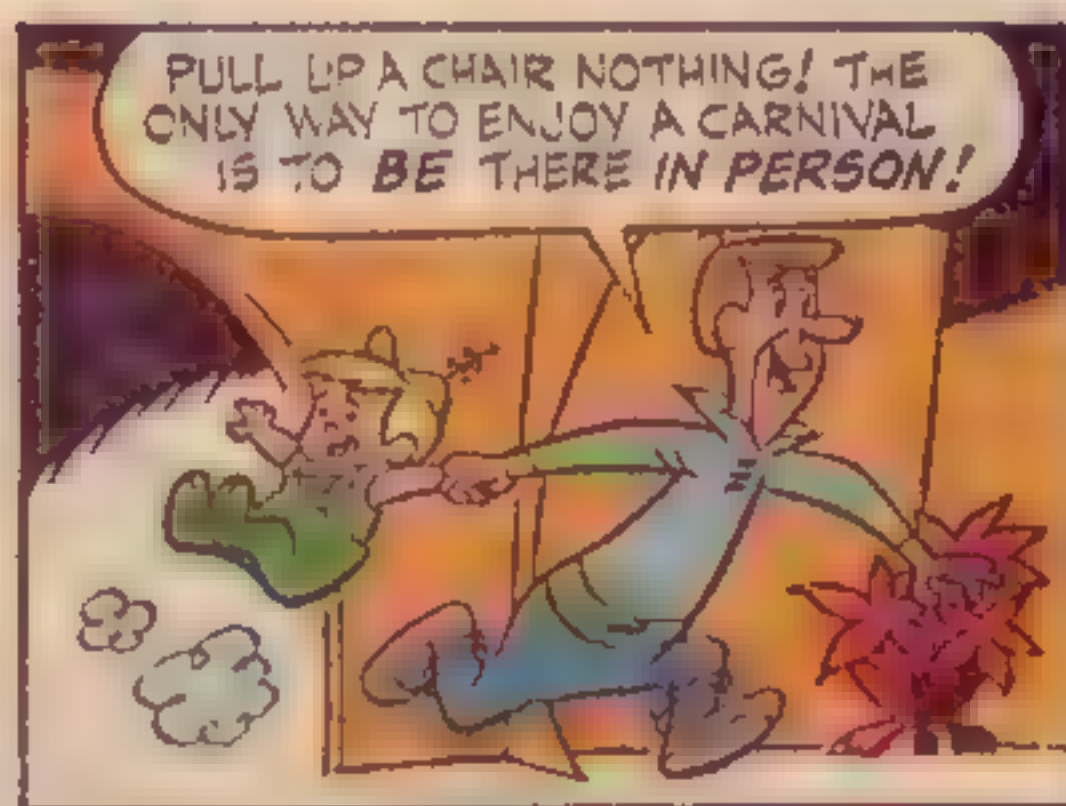
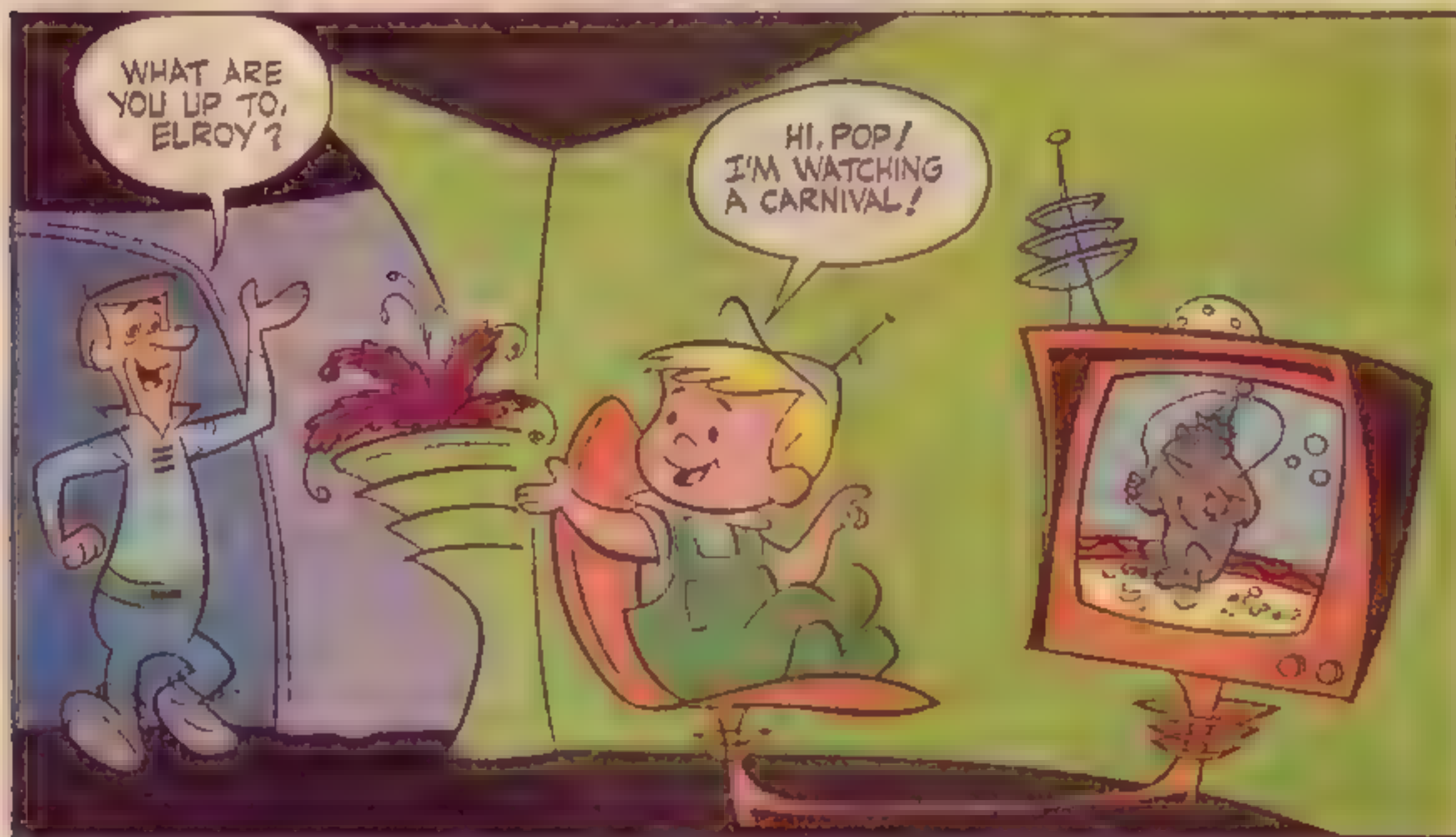


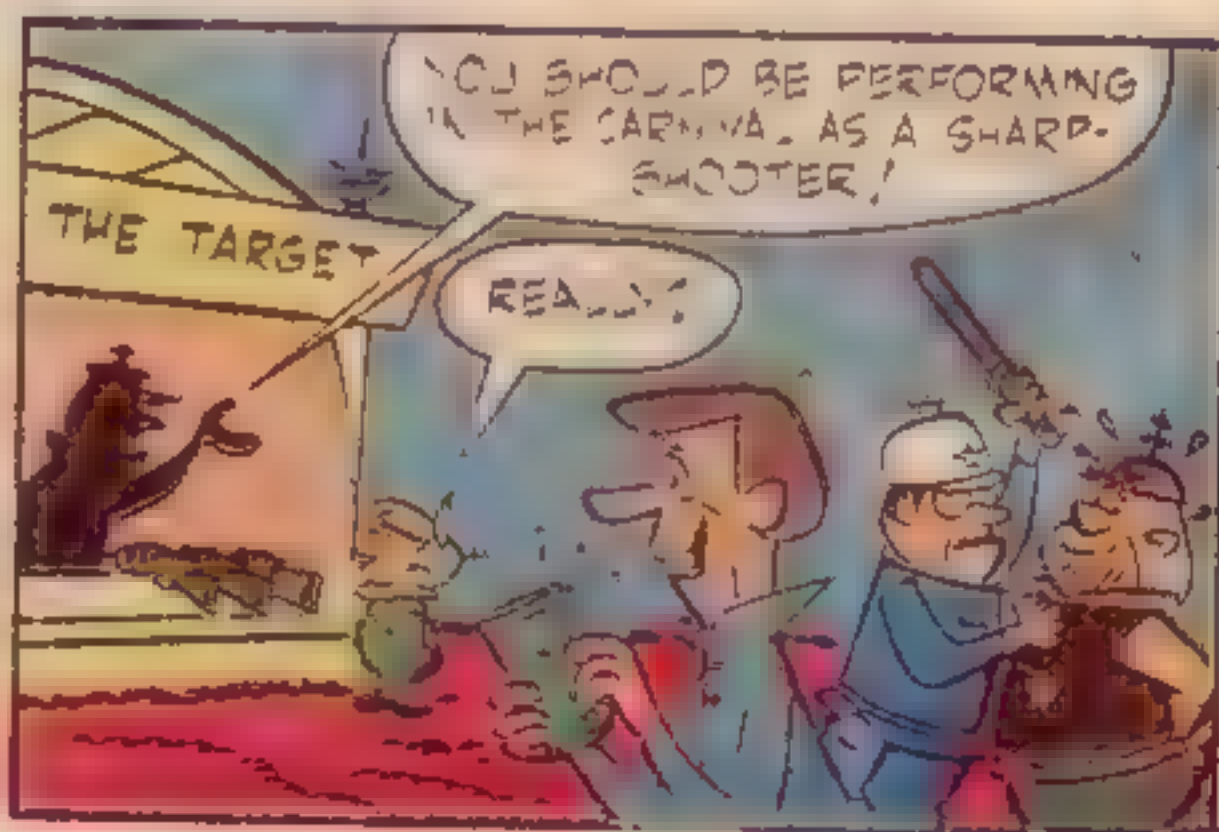
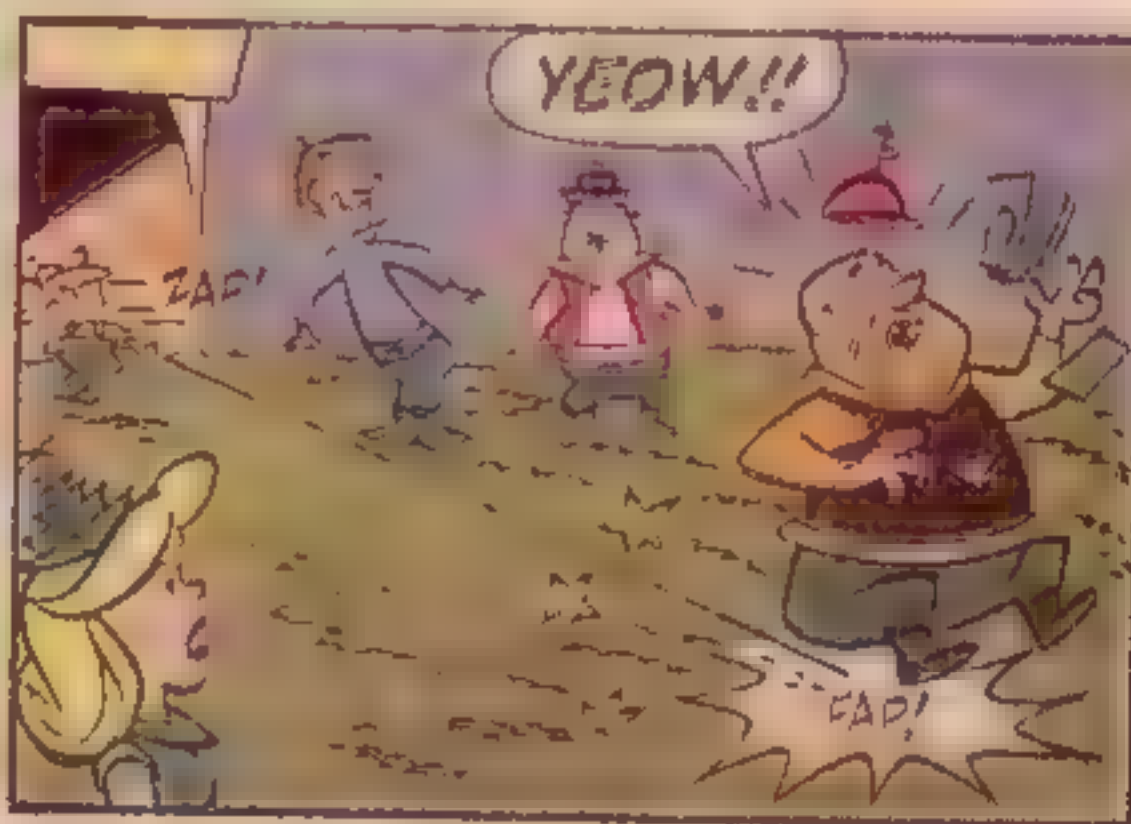
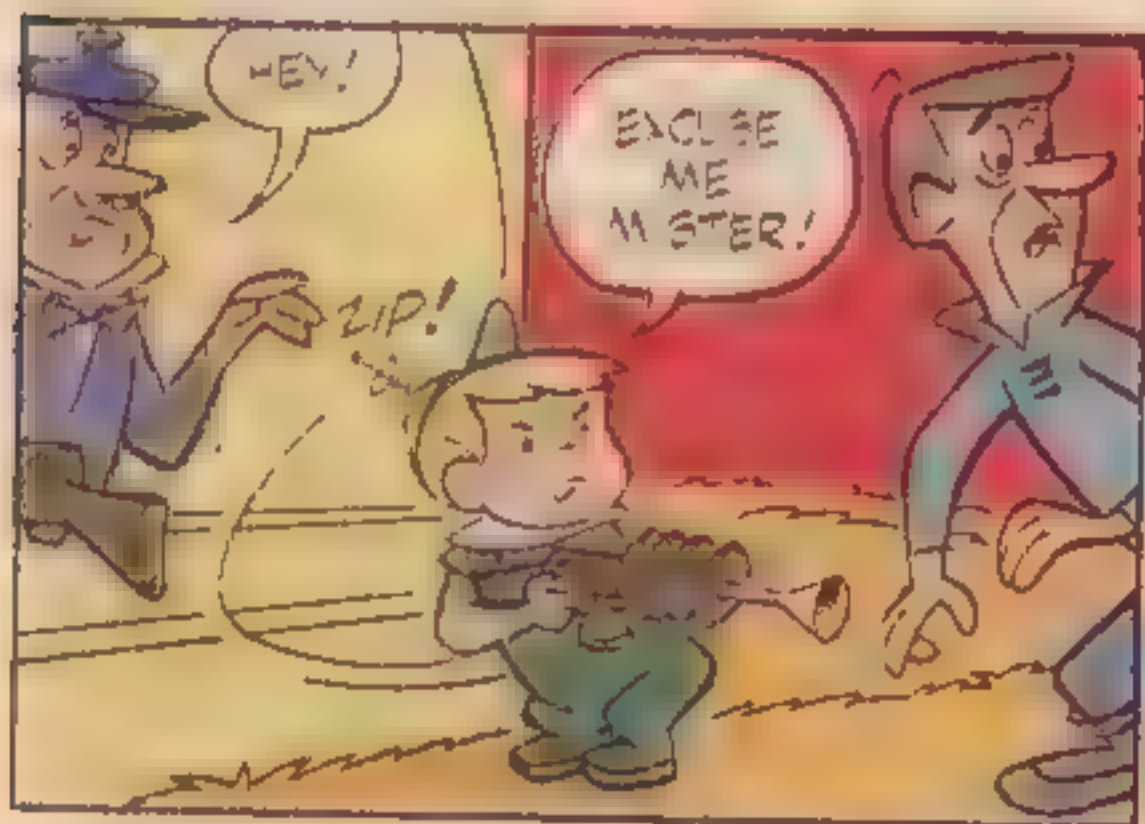
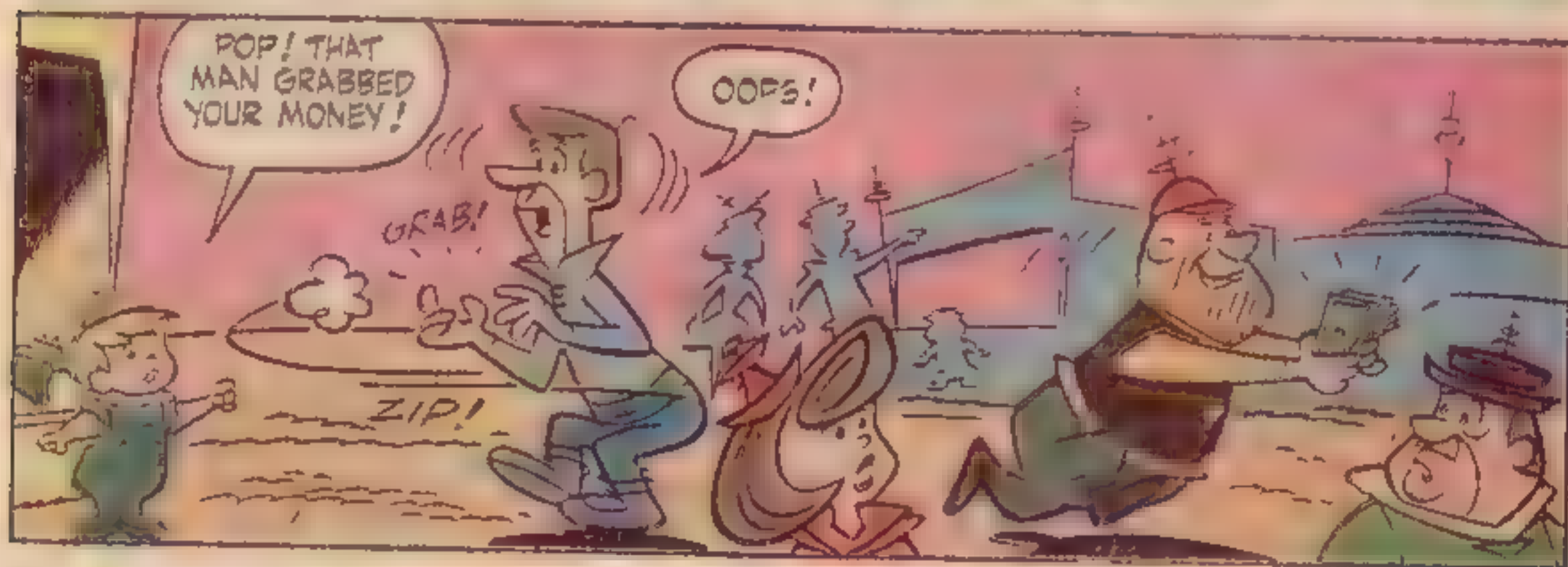
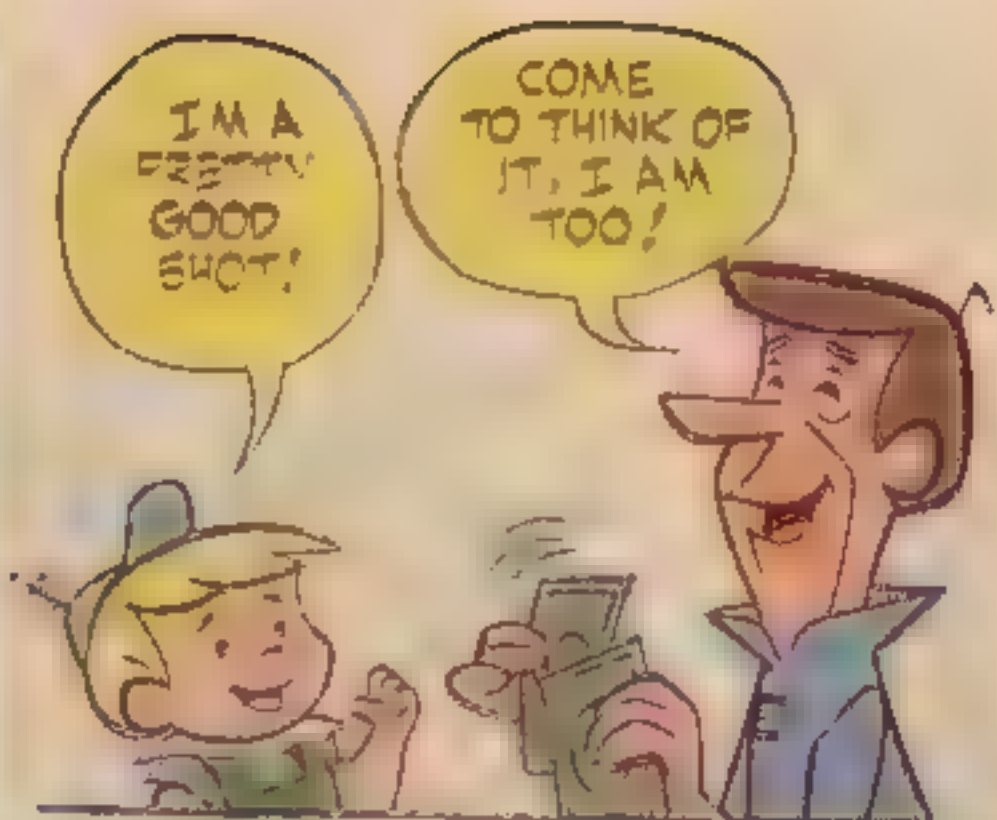


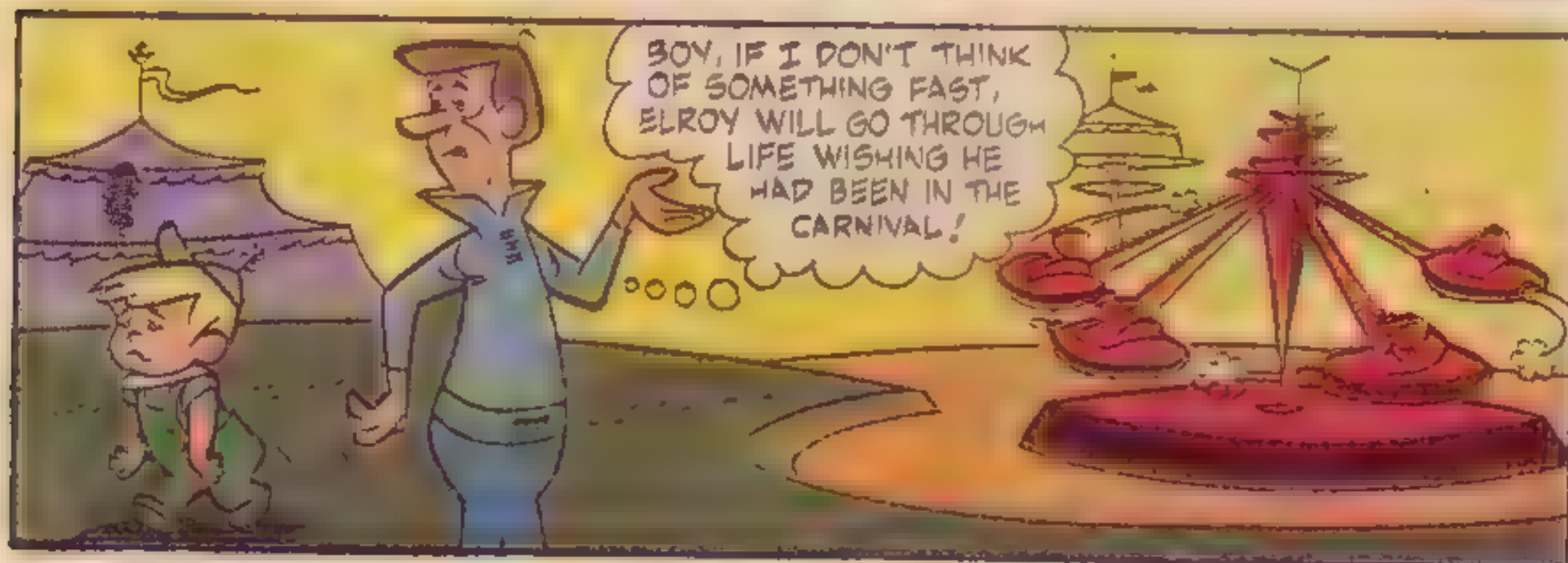
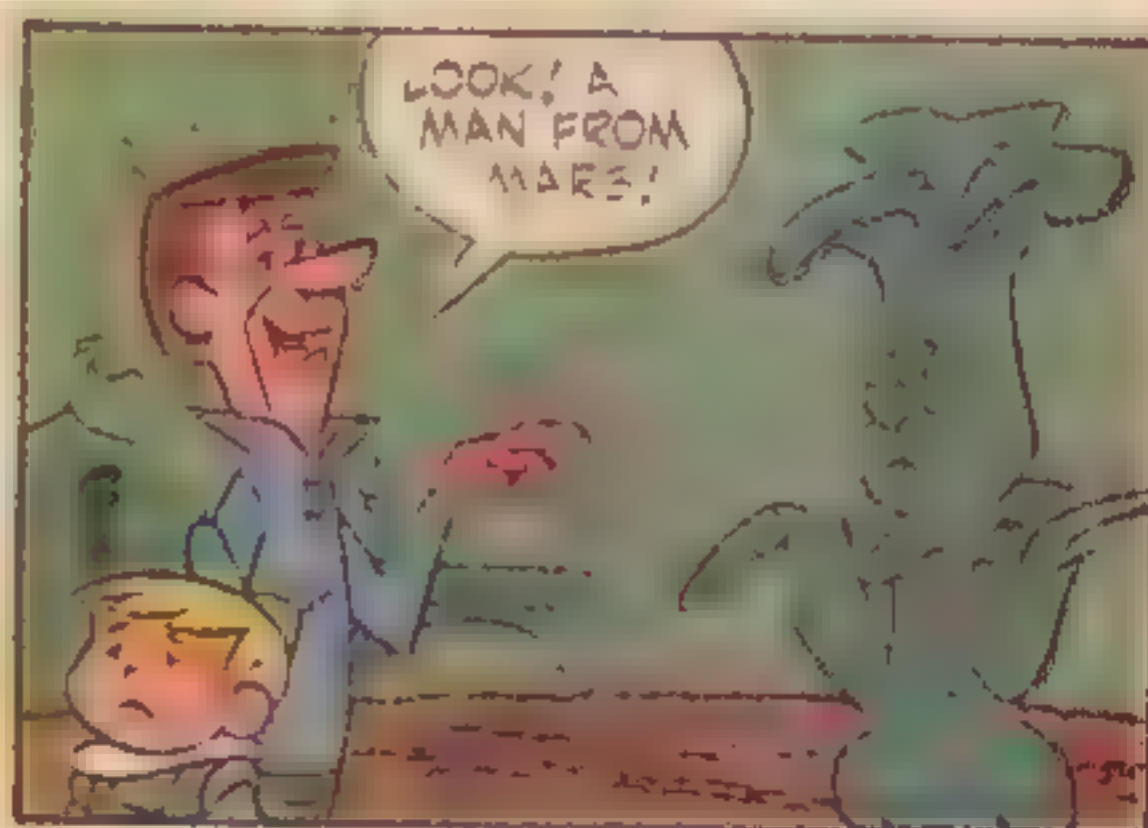
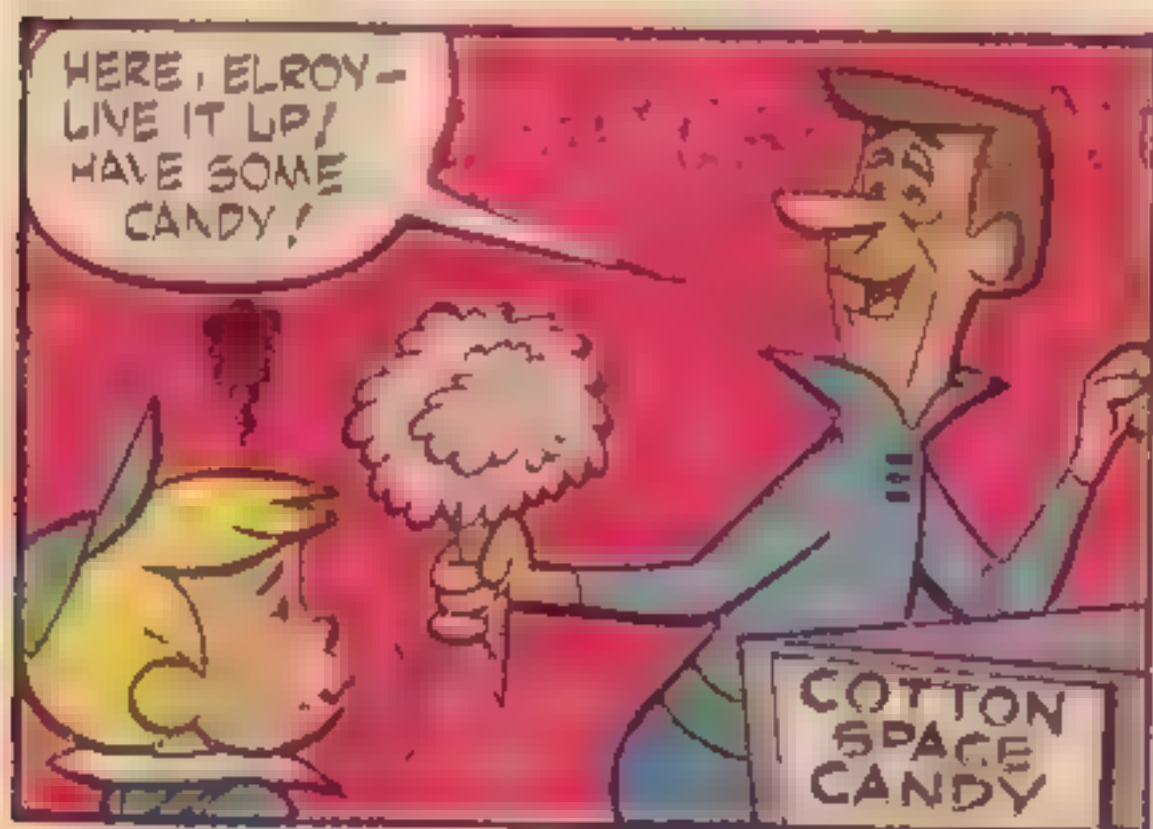
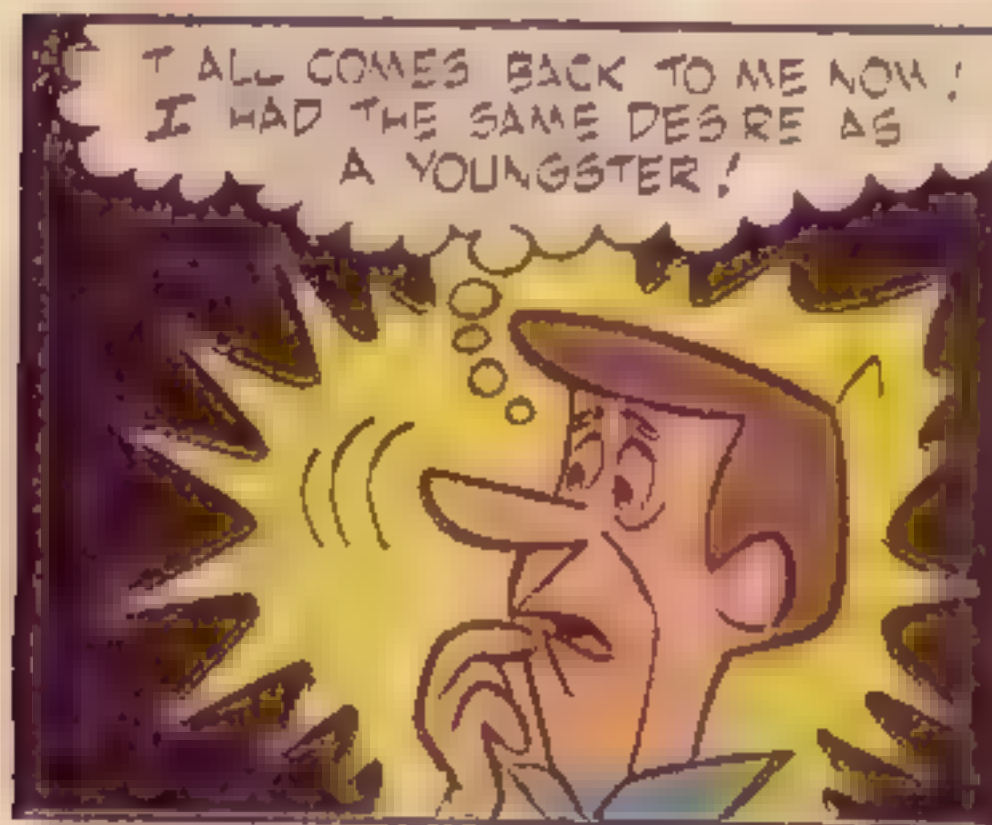
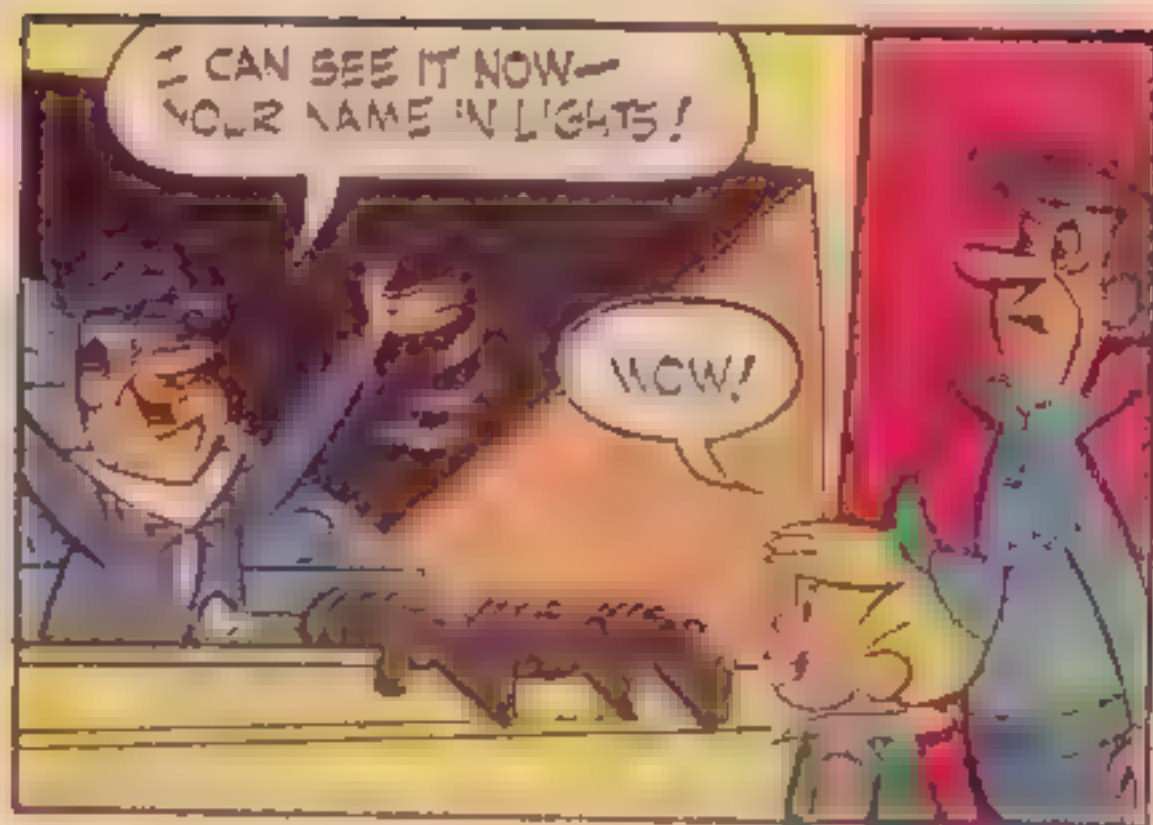
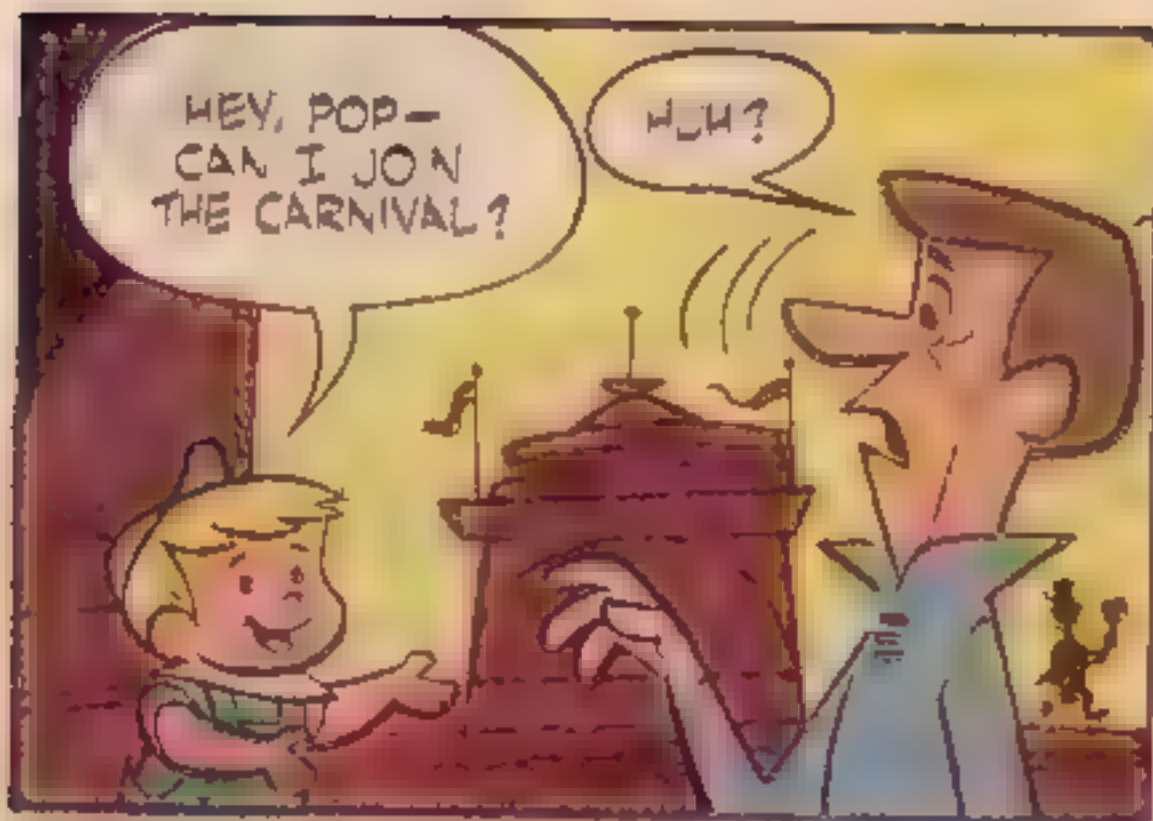


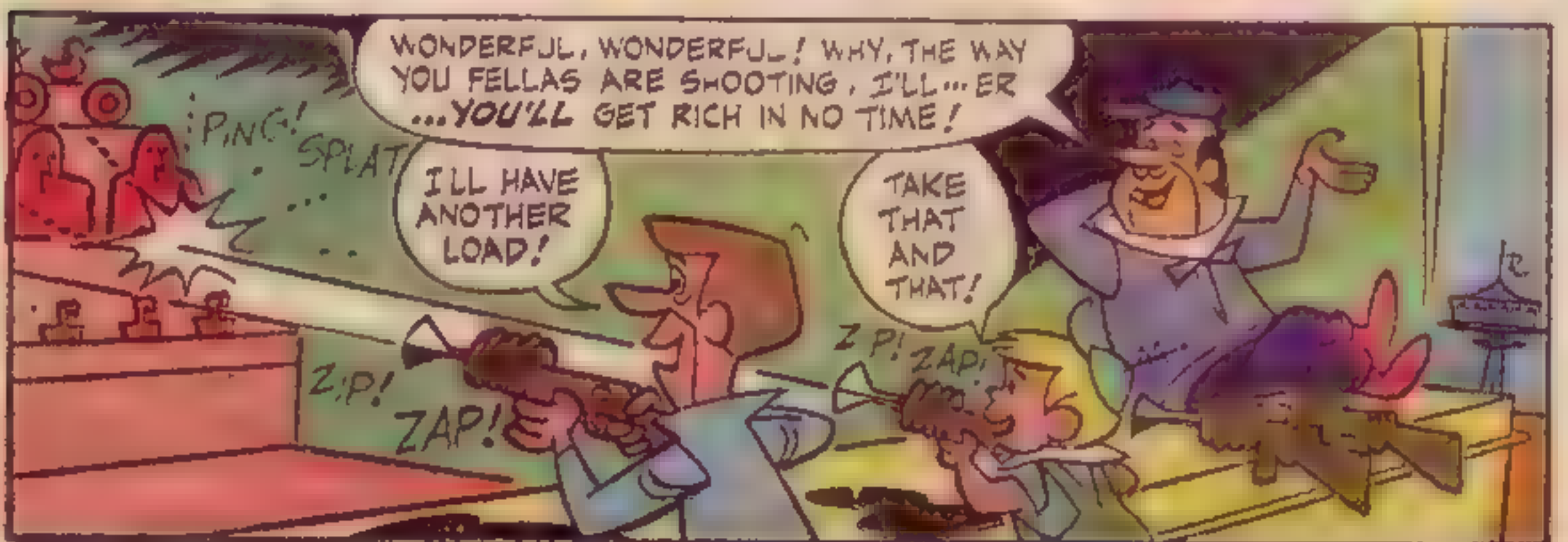
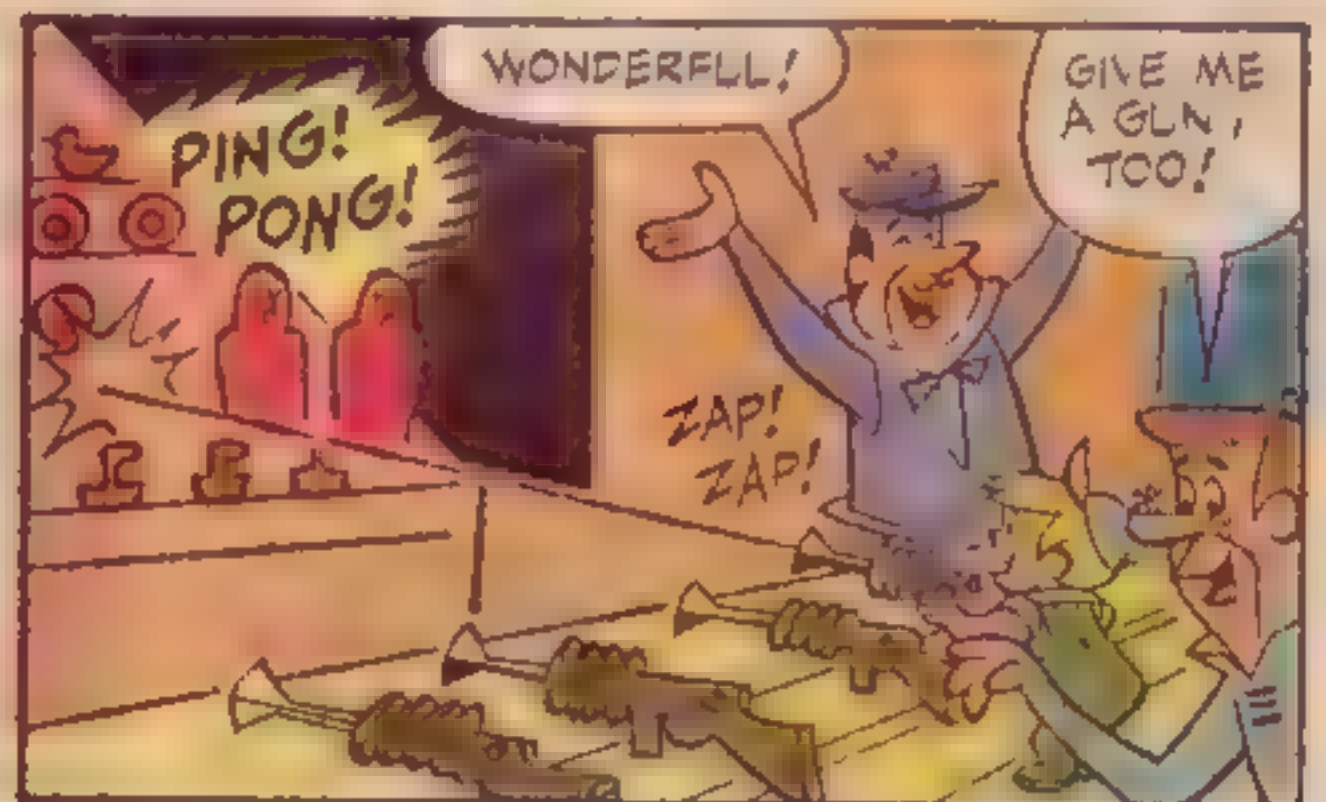
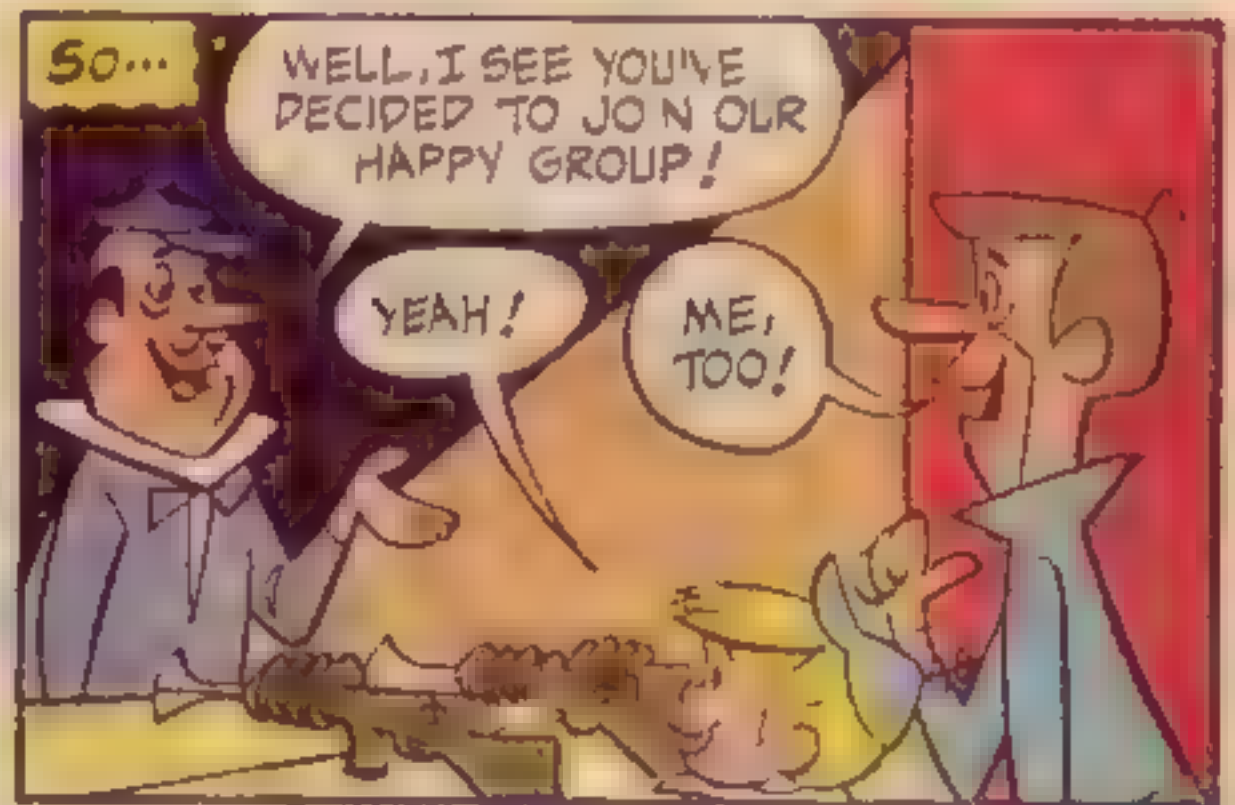
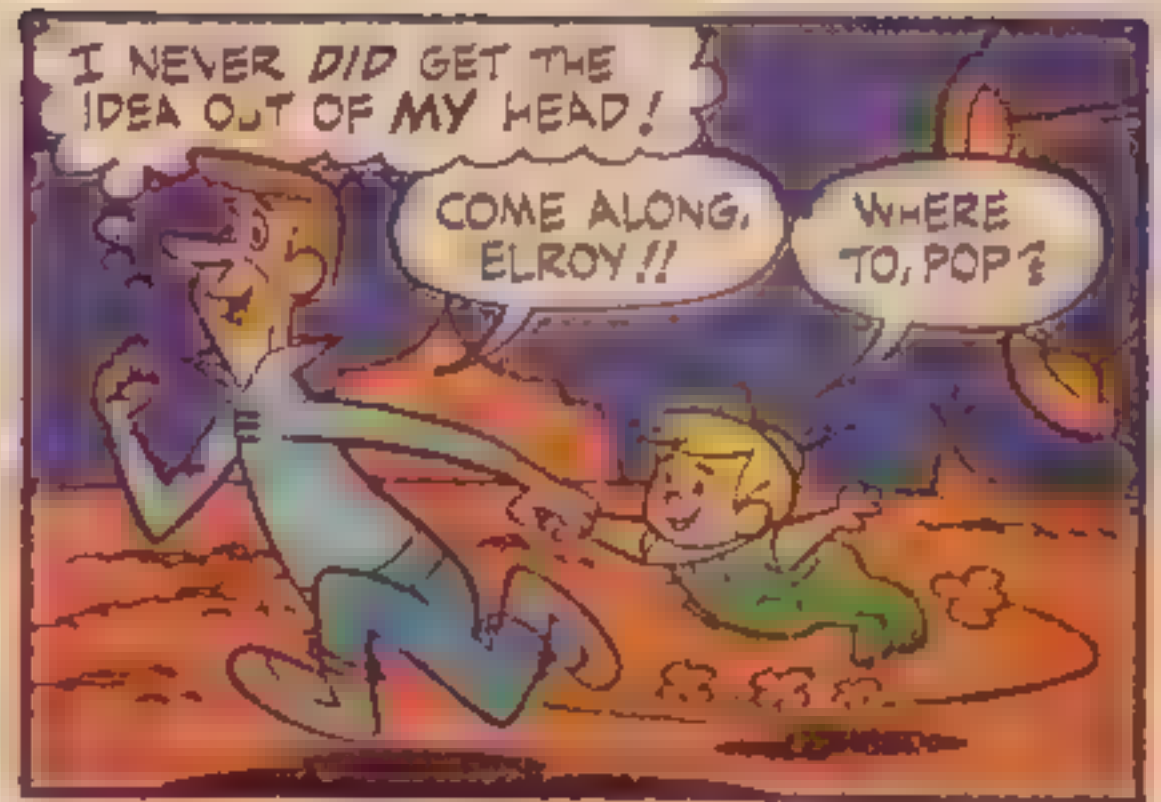
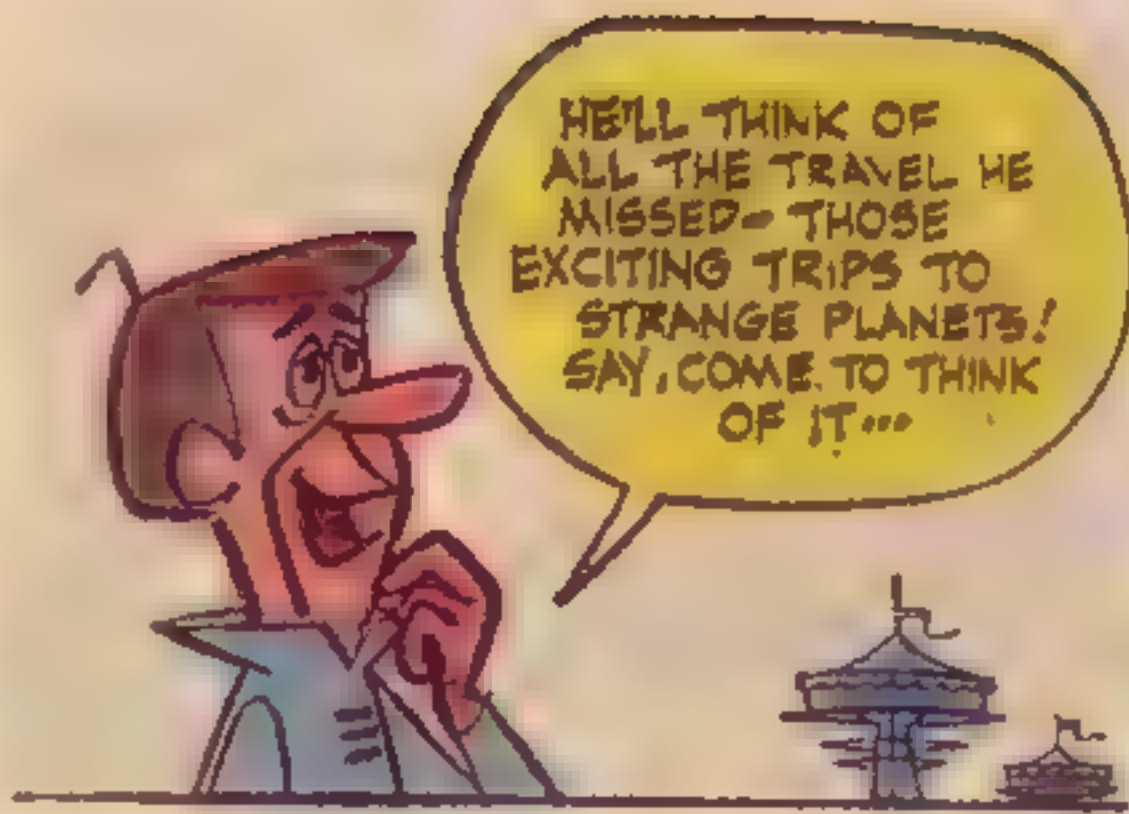


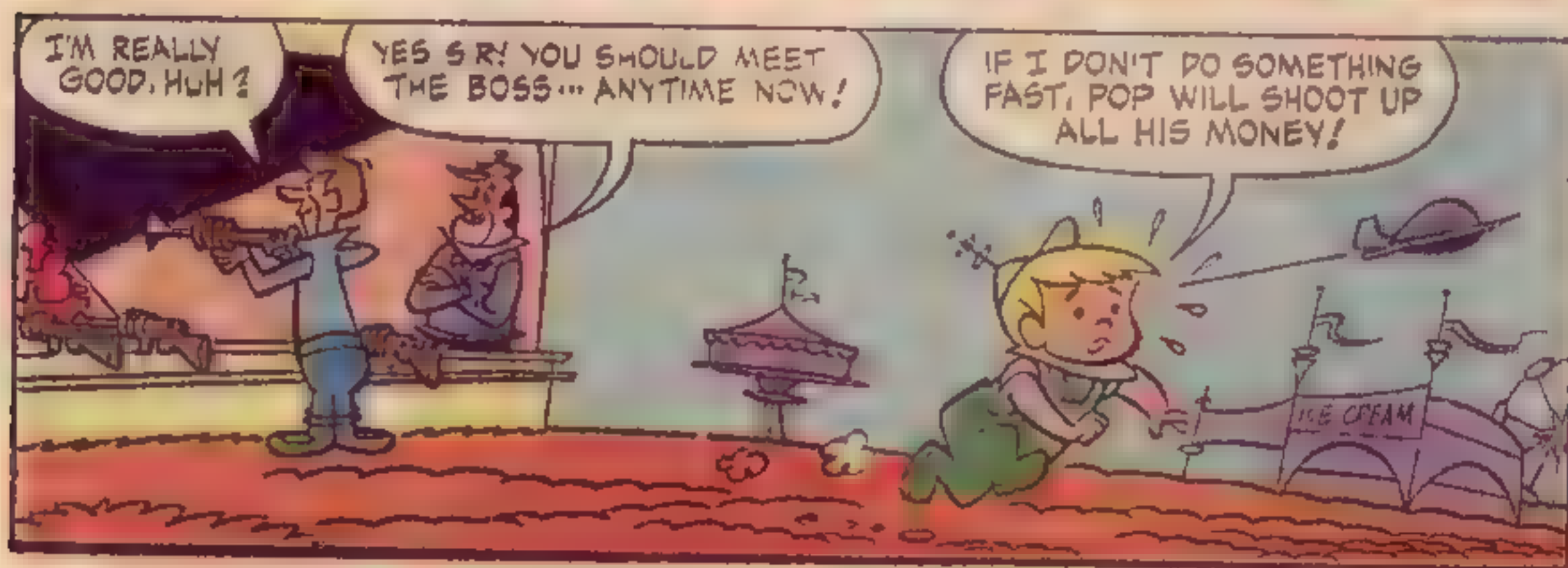
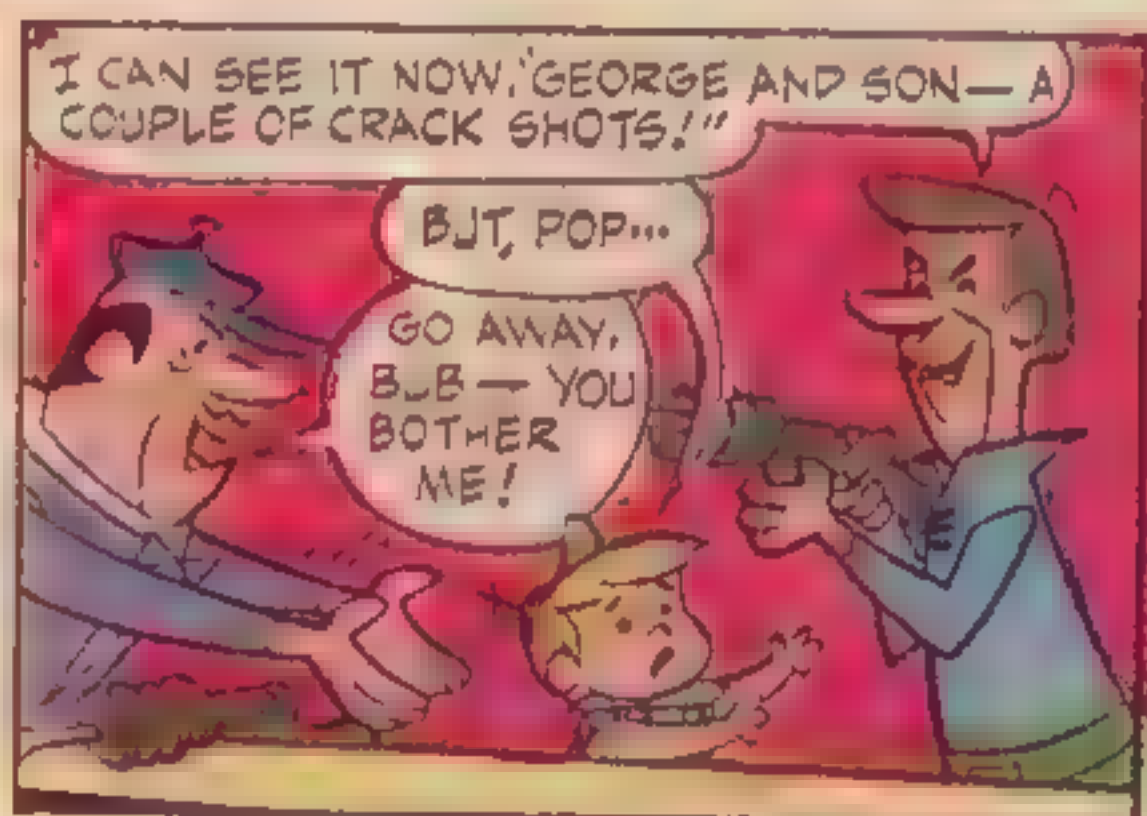
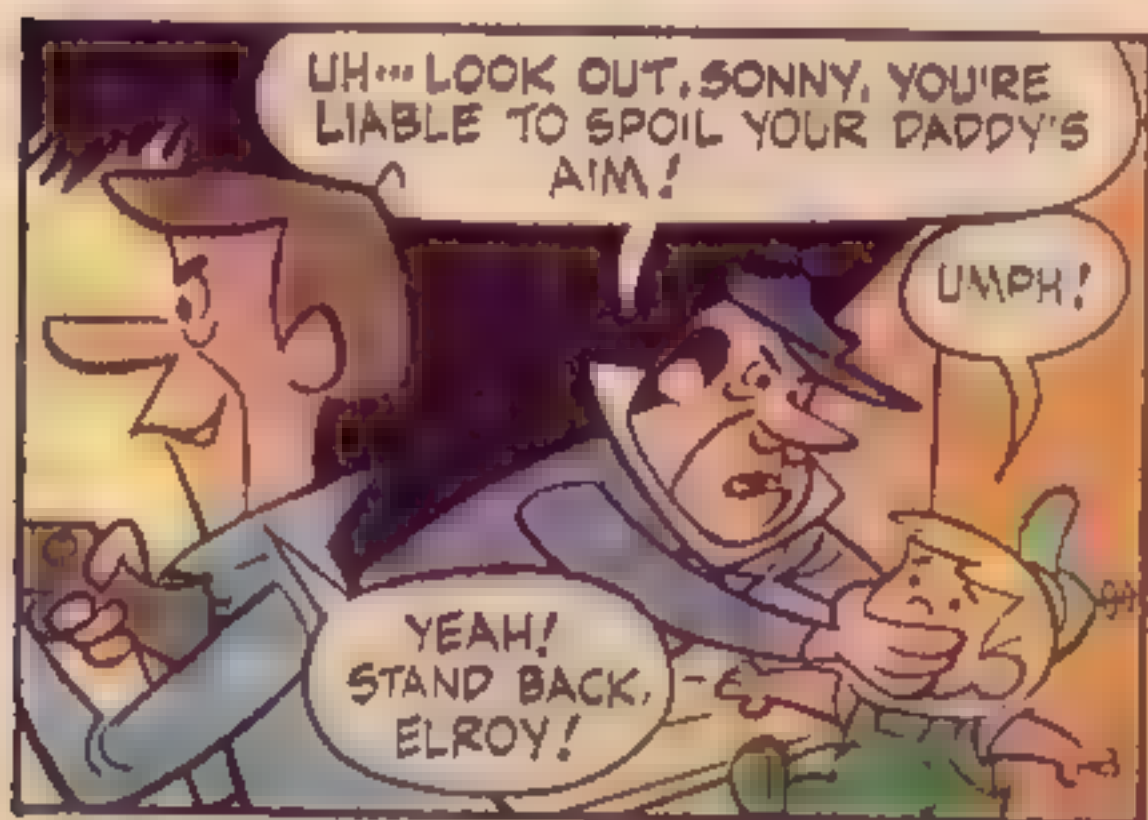
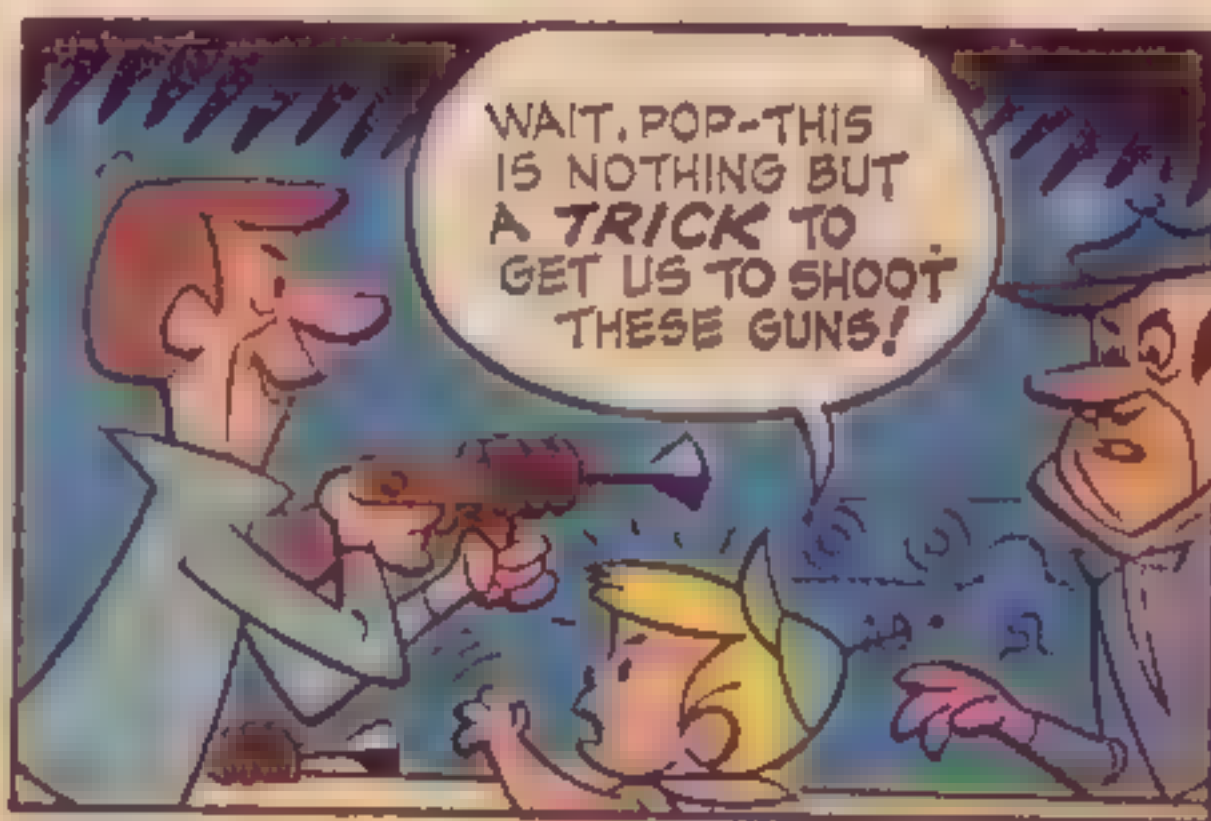
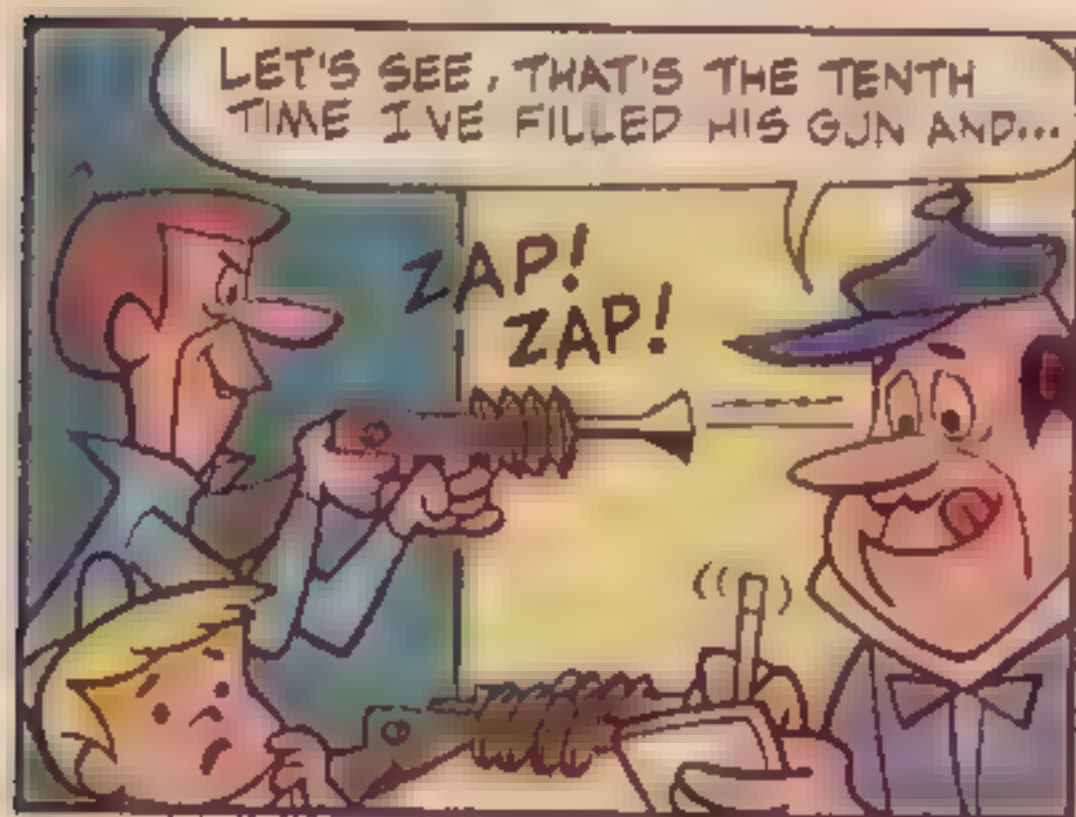
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the JETSONS *SPACE CARNIVAL*

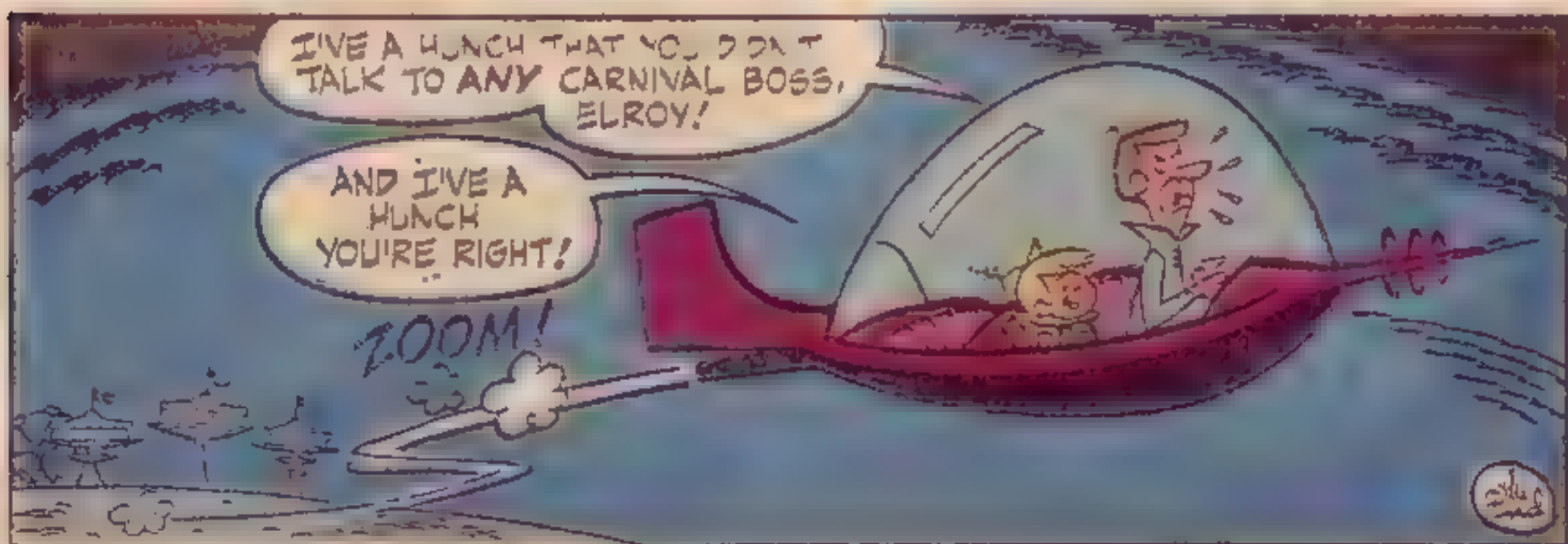
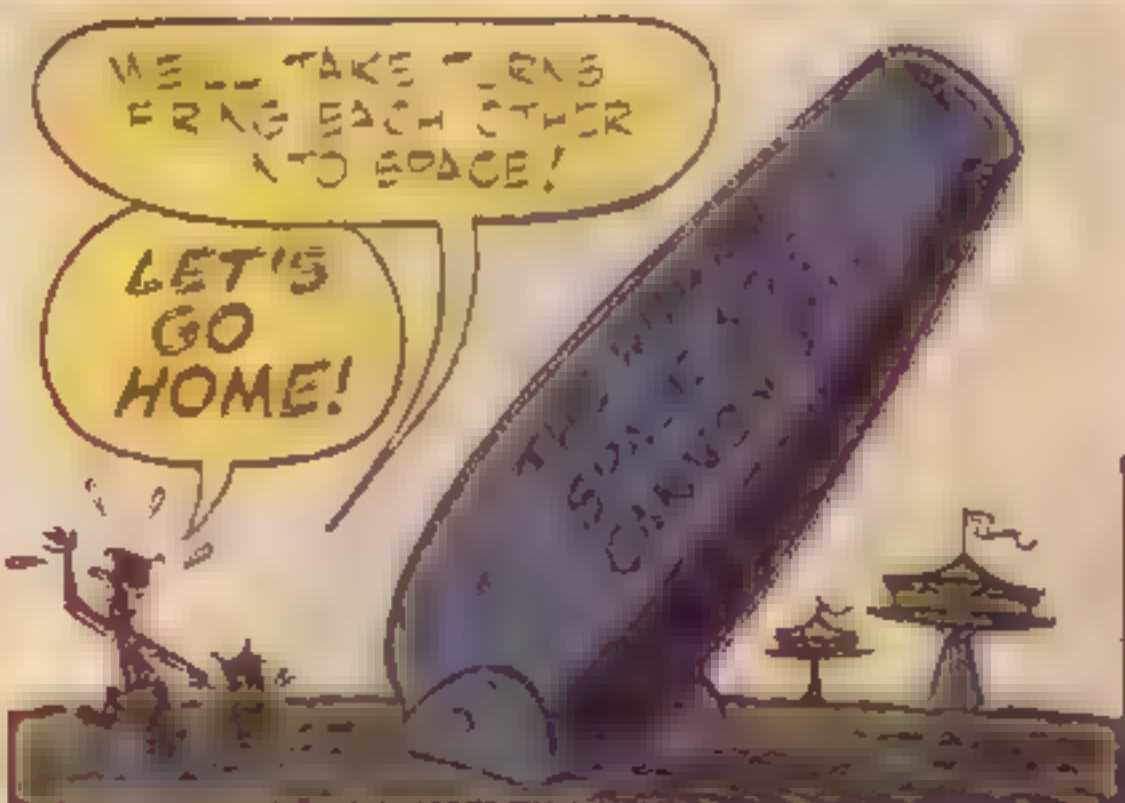
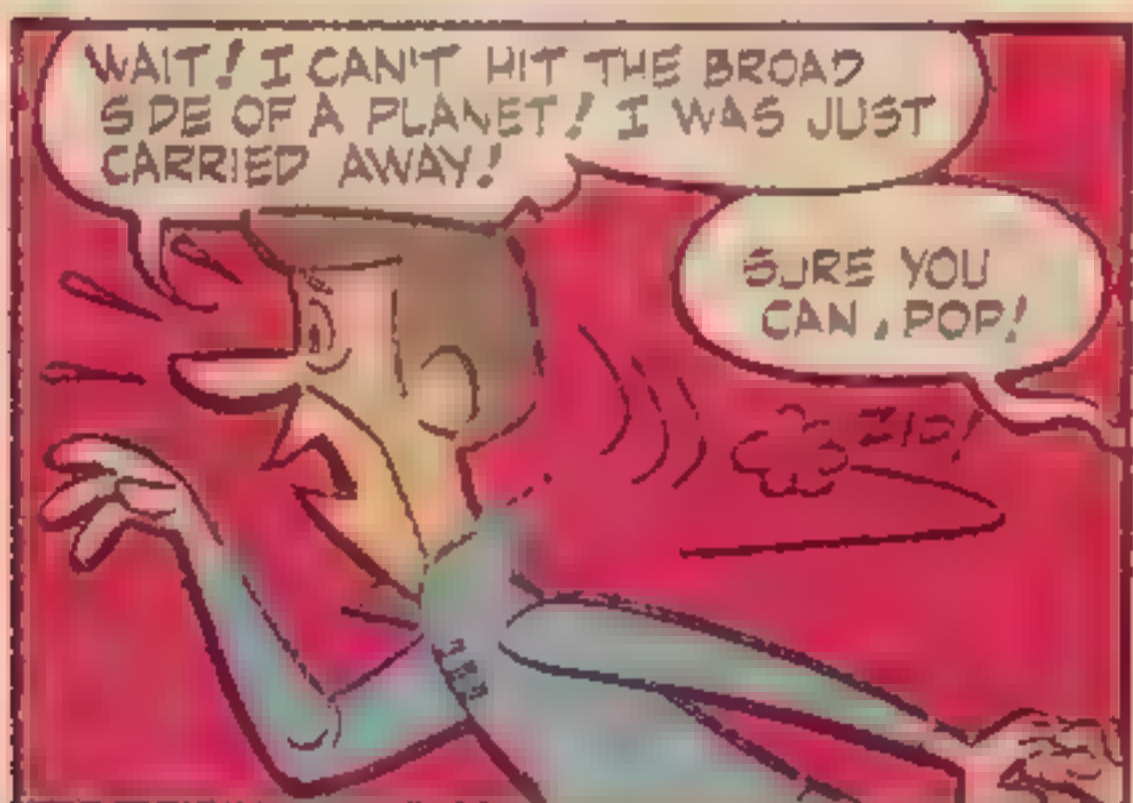
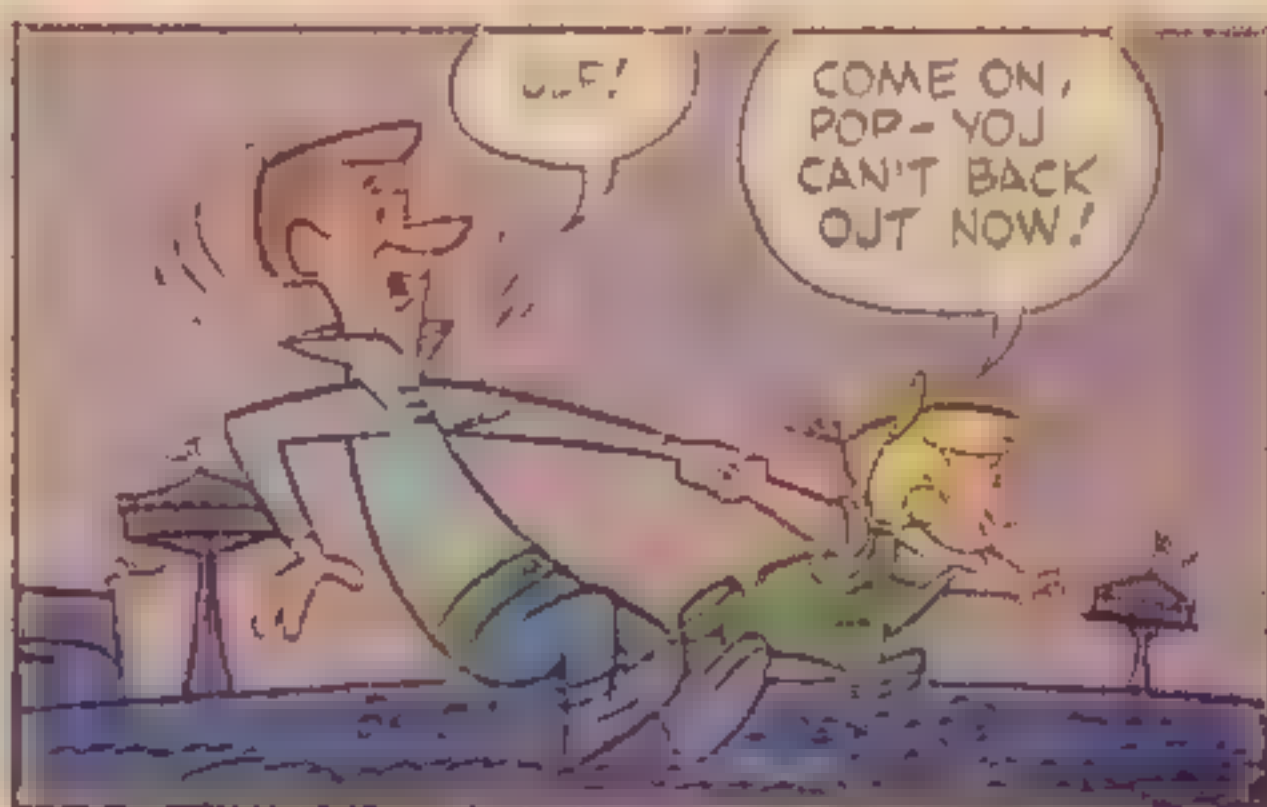
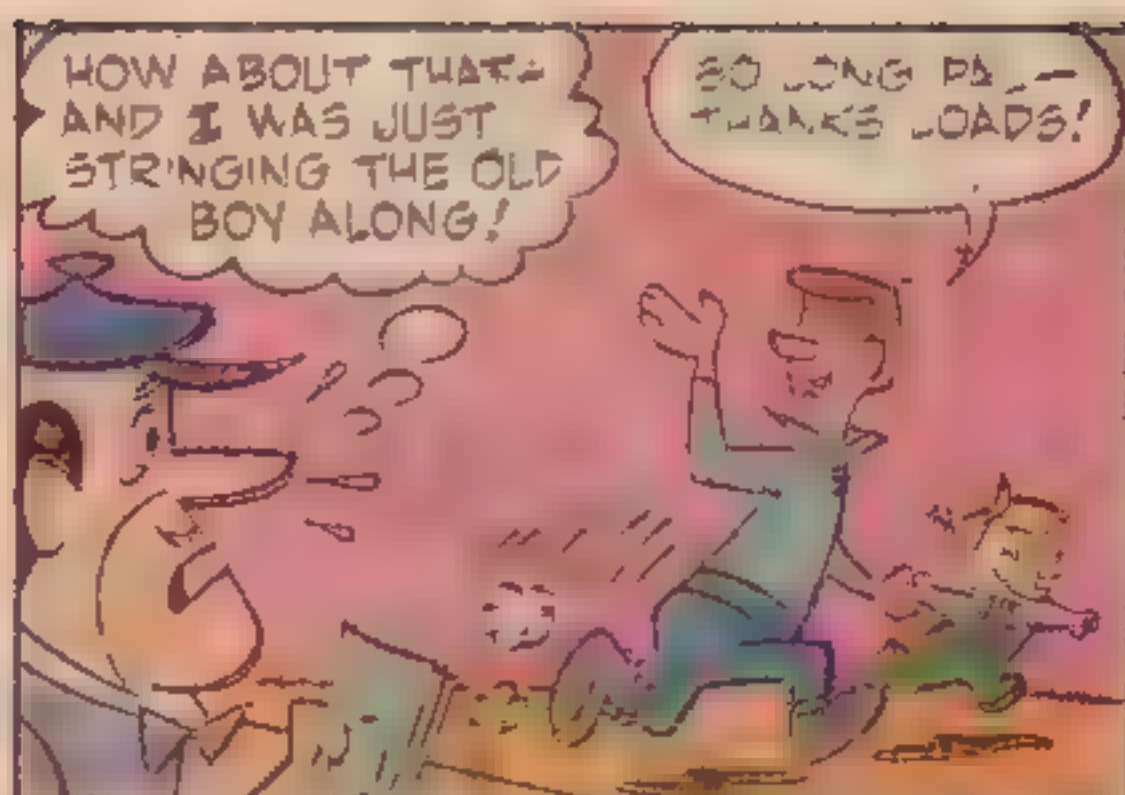














"Dahling," croaked Mrs. J. Evil Scientist to her horrendous husband, "don't you think it's time we took a trip to Europe? All our friends have gone, and we haven't been there for ages — Middle Ages, to be exact!"

"Yes, it would cheer me up to visit old torture chambers and such," agreed J. Evil. "Let's go and pick up a new car there!"

So the next night, bedecked in stylish black shrouds, Mr. and Mrs. J. Evil Scientist bid good-bye — excuse me, bad-bye — to Junior and left for the Continent.

Climbing aboard their two-seater broom in the middle of a raging thunderstorm, the two travellers flew to a lonely stretch of rocky coast. There they waited for clearer skies before taking off across the ocean for the shores of continental Europe.

Upon their arrival, J. Evil summoned a fiery dragon from the depths of a seaside cave, and he and Goonda continued their journey, landing soon afterwards in a promising-looking junkyard. There, dismissing their monstrous steed with a ghoulish shriek, J. Evil searched feverishly for a new car and soon found a suitable and ancient hearse to convey them all around the countries of Europe with ghostly creaks.

With grim glee, Mr. and Mrs. J. Evil Scientist visited the ruins of Pompeii and the sewers of Paris. They happily passed the hours reading gloomy epitaphs off mossy gravestones in the moonlight, and conversed

with assorted vampires, witches, werewolves and ghouls in their local habitats. With equal pleasure, Goonda and J. Evil hovered in the dark and musty corners of museums, admiring vicious medieval weapons and re-constructed torture chambers.

Then they began their nighttime tours of ancient castles. Gliding stealthily along shadowy battlements, down drafty corridors, and across cavernous halls, J. Evil and his wife thrilled to every creak and clank. But stopping to chat with some friendly ghosts, they were soon grievously informed how much things had changed since the Middle Ages.

"Gone are the dens of fierce lions. Gone are the chains and guillotines. Gone are the vicious watchdogs!" wailed one ghost.

"Everything's so modernized," moaned another spectral voice. "Castles are turned into hotels, nowadays," he shuddered, "with swimming pools and golf courses!"

"And what's worse," whimpered a third ghost, "the sound of laughter echoes through the hallways and courtyards. It's hard to find a decent place to live!"

"How dreadful!" sympathized Goonda. "We really must do something for you."

So Goonda and J. Evil embarked on a new quest. For nights on end they drove their hearse all over Europe searching for a remote medieval castle, untouched by the revolting influences of the twentieth century. At last, led on by gruesome instincts, they found the dank ruins of an ancient fortress atop a rockbound cliff, overlooking a murky lake. Here was a dwelling place for all the ghosts of Europe who wanted a good, old-fashioned home! Here they could roam contentedly up and down broken stairways of slimy rock, flit across the stagnant moat for picnics in the gloomy forest, and rest with silent skeletons in the damp, dirty corners of a black dungeon.

"You've made life worth living — if you will pardon the expression," shrieked one old ghost. "How can we ever thank you?"

"Just reserve us a space in the dungeon," requested Goonda, "so we can bring Junior here for a holiday." Then turning to J. Evil with a satisfied grimace, she said, "This trip to Europe has been a wonderful success, dear. Just look at the perfectly lovely summer home we've found!"

Hanna-Barbara

TOUCHE' and DUM DUM GETTING THE FACTS

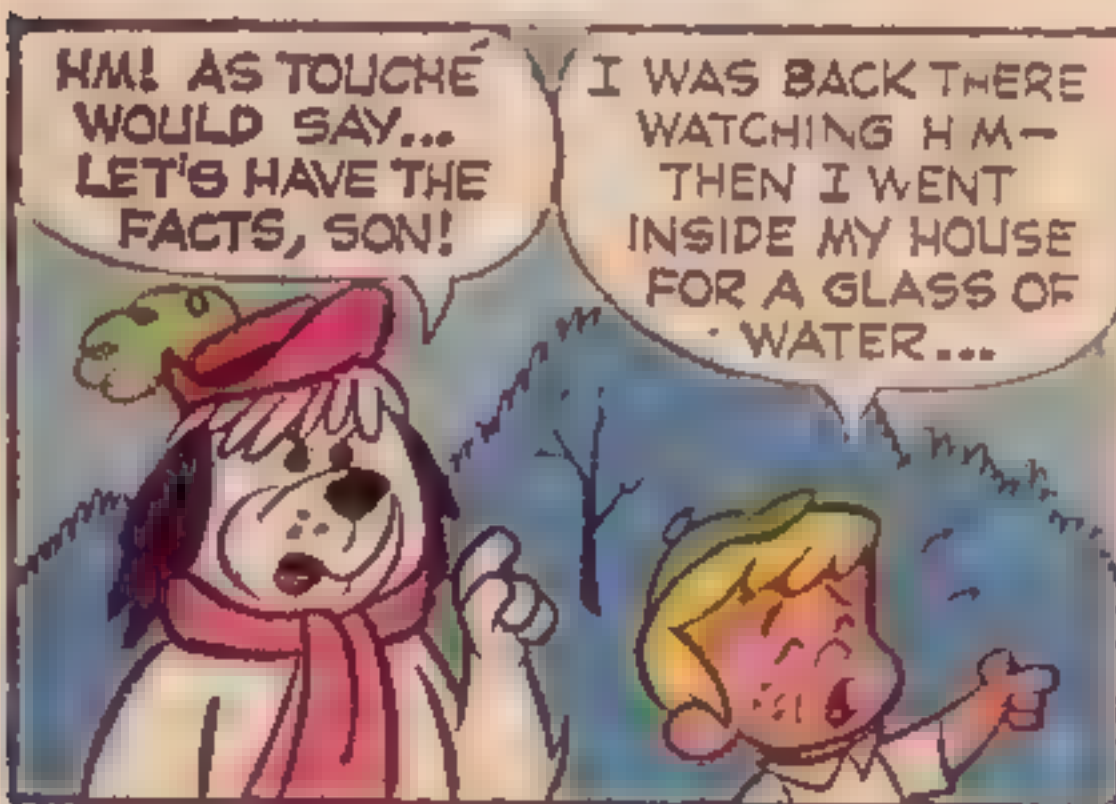
HMM!
WHAT'S
THE
MATTER,
LITTLE
BOY?

BOO HOO!
I CAN'T FIND
MY MECHANICAL
MAN! BOO HOO!



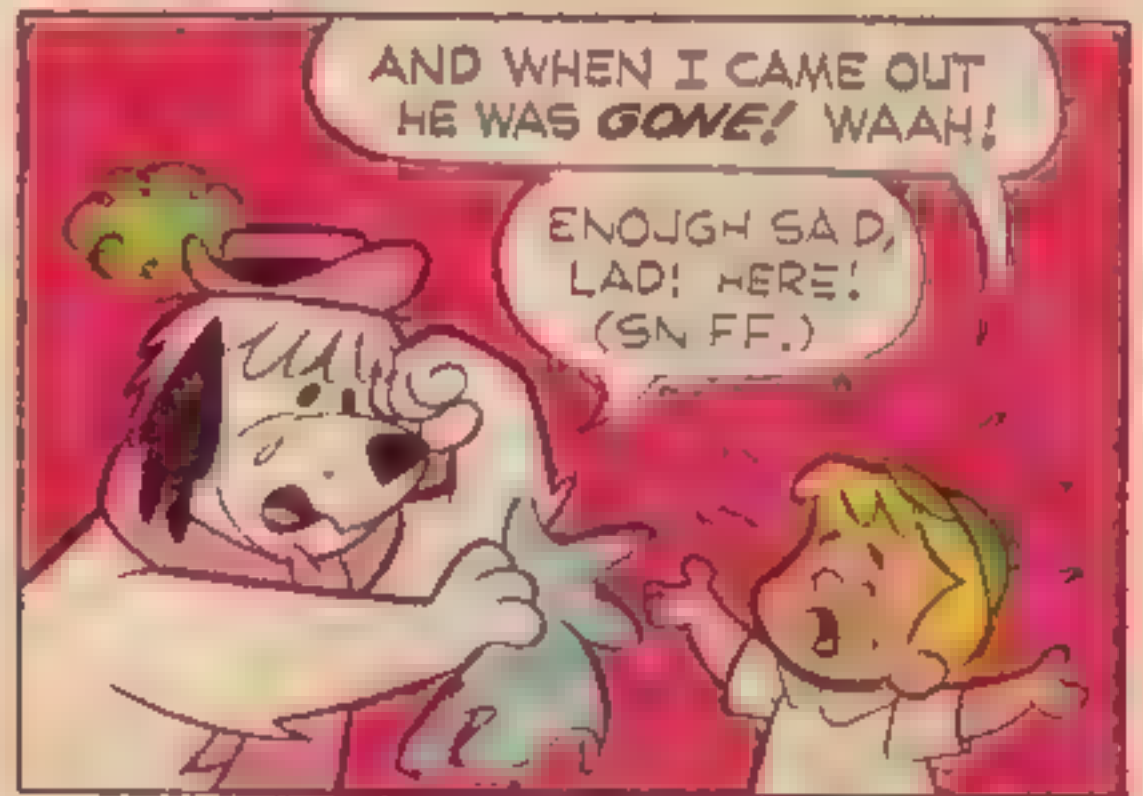
HMM! AS TOUCHE'
WOULD SAY...
LET'S HAVE THE
FACTS, SON!

I WAS BACK THERE
WATCHING H M—
THEN I WENT
INSIDE MY HOUSE
FOR A GLASS OF
WATER...



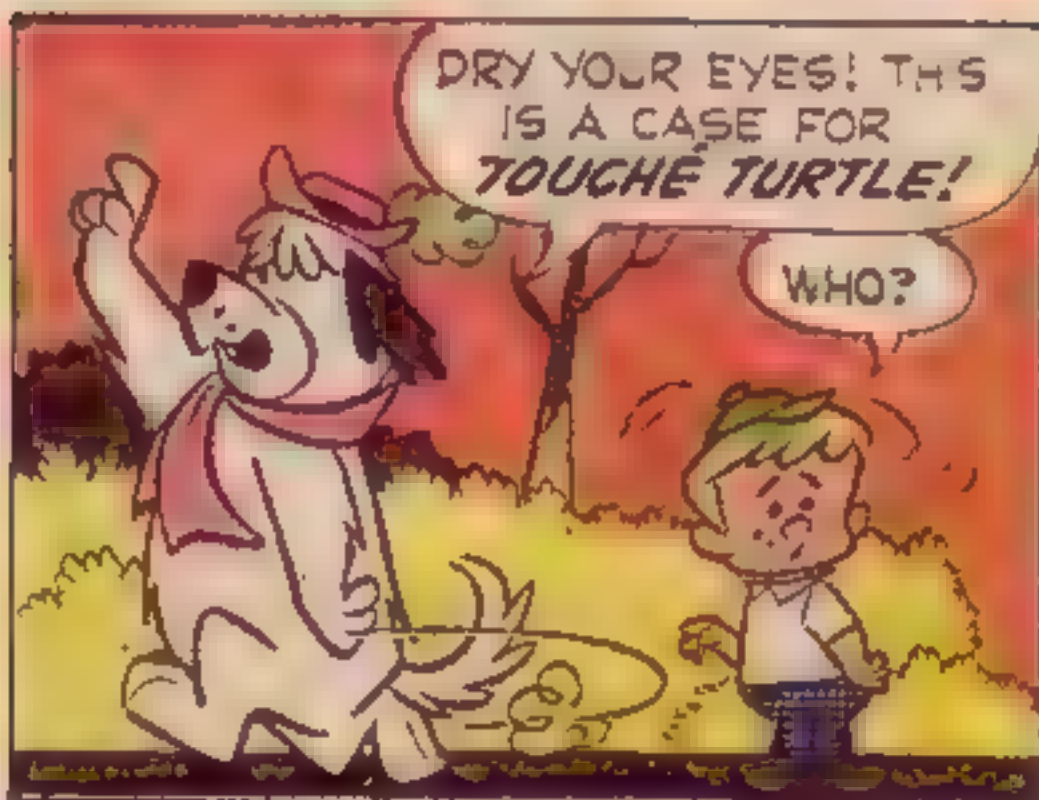
AND WHEN I CAME OUT
HE WAS **GONE!** WAAH!

ENOUGH SAD,
LAD! HERE!
(SN FF.)



DRY YOUR EYES! THIS
IS A CASE FOR
TOUCHE' TURTLE!

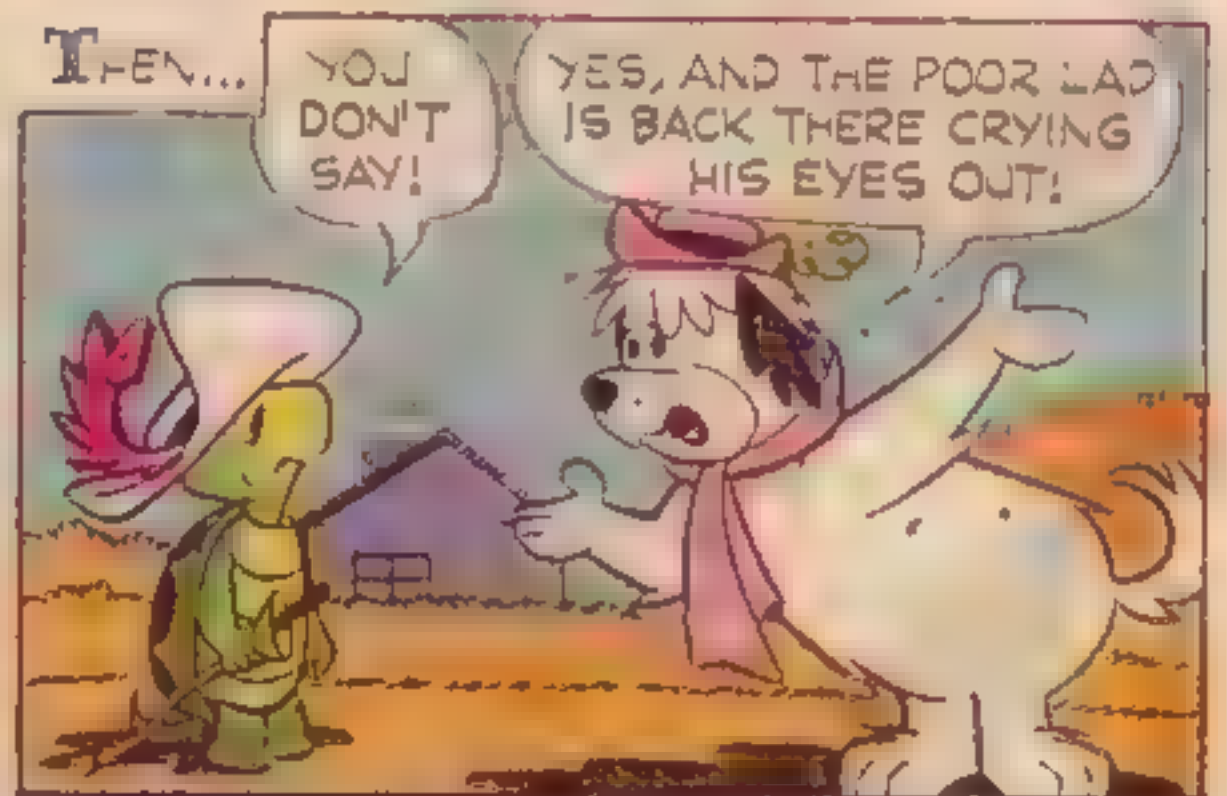
WHO?

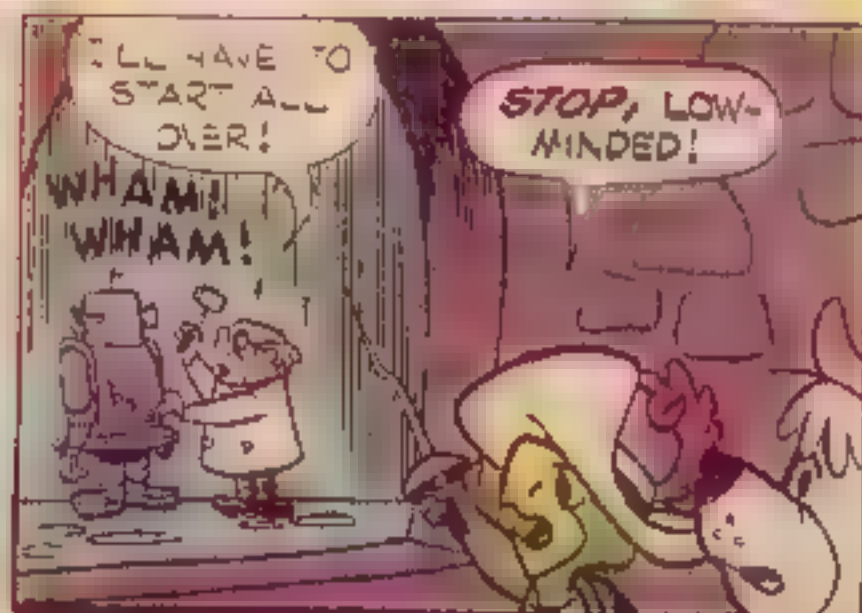
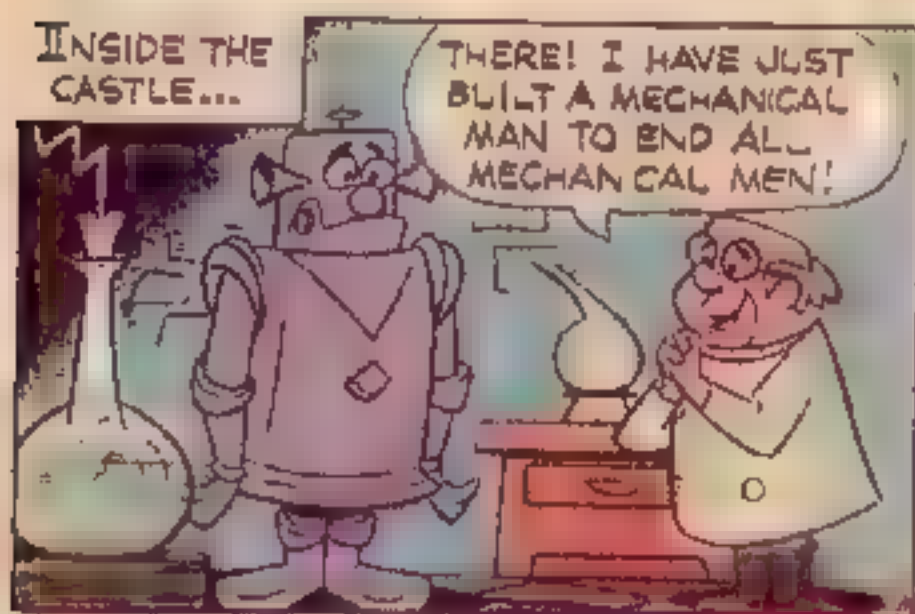
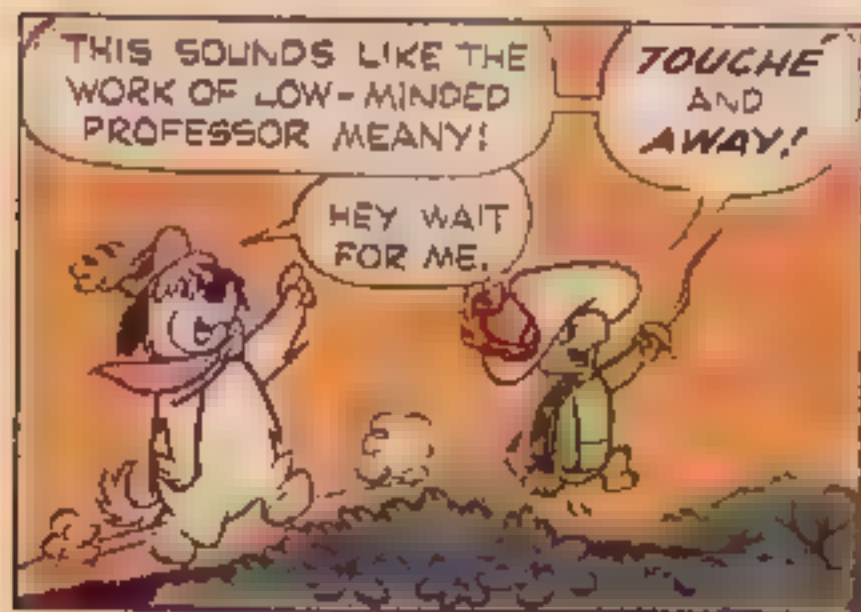
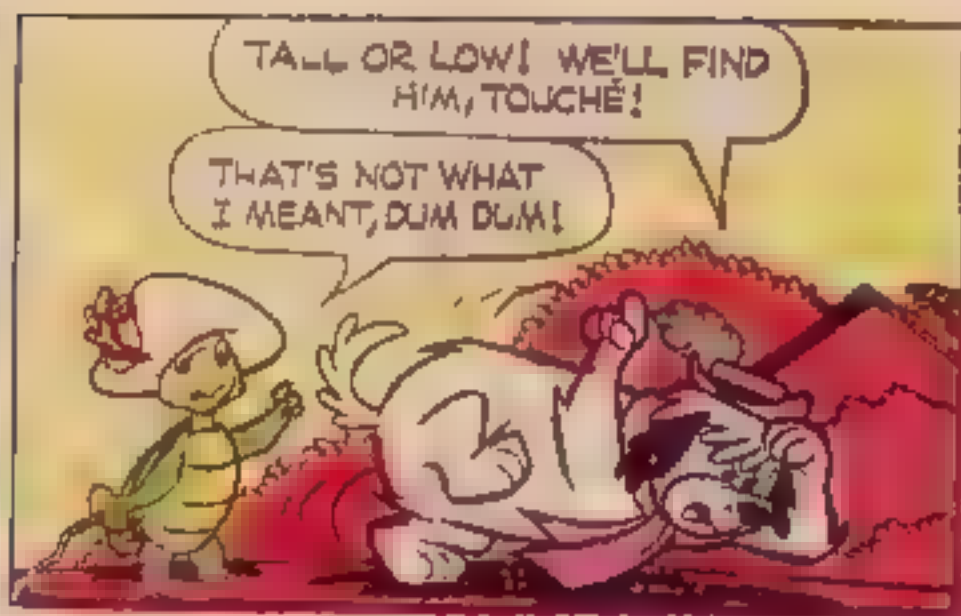
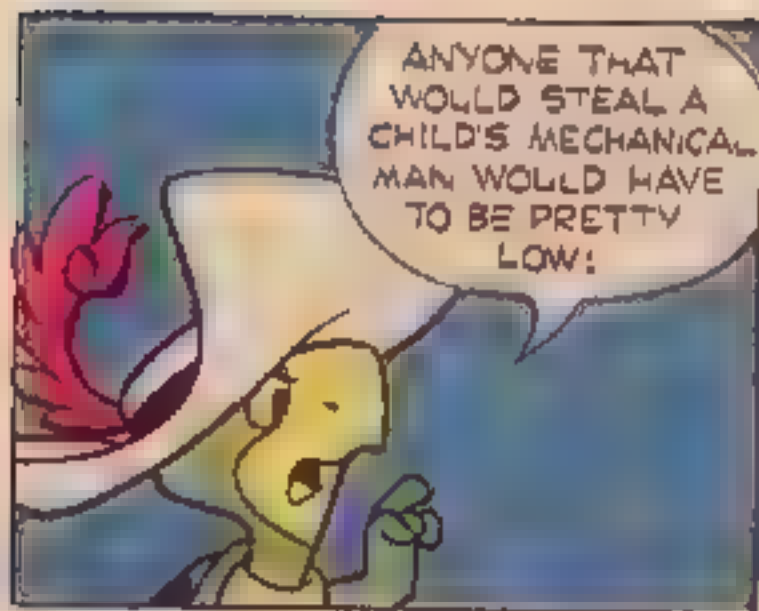


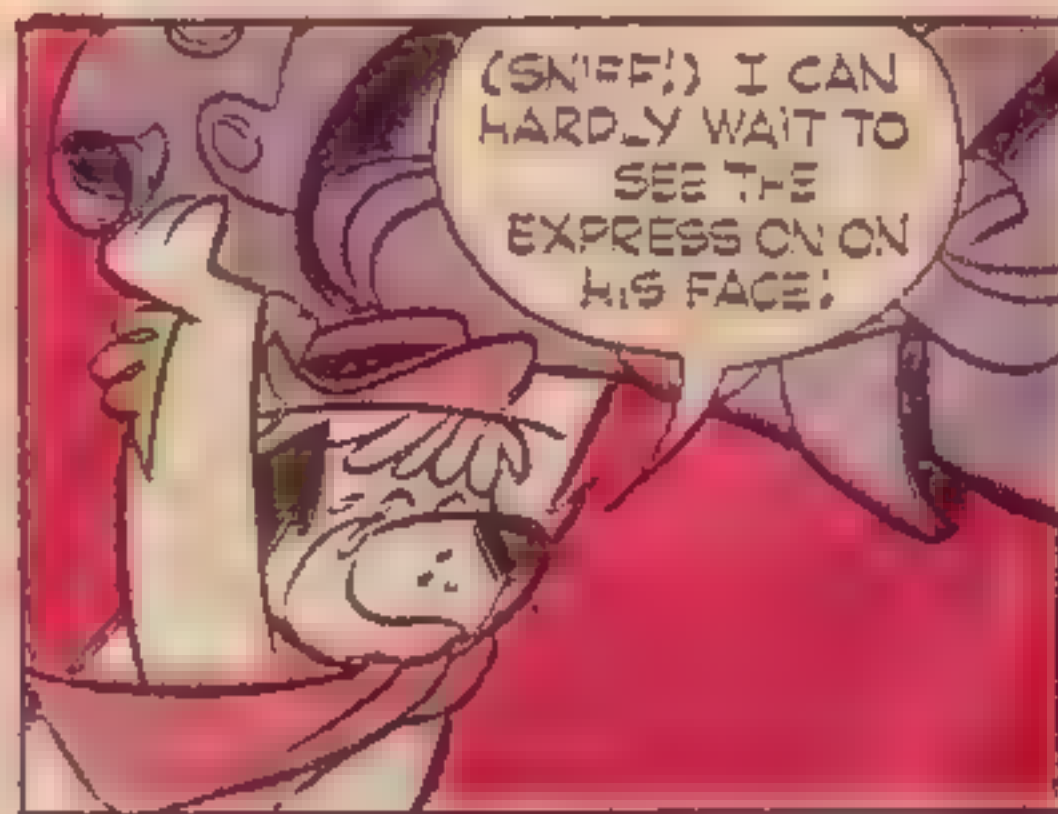
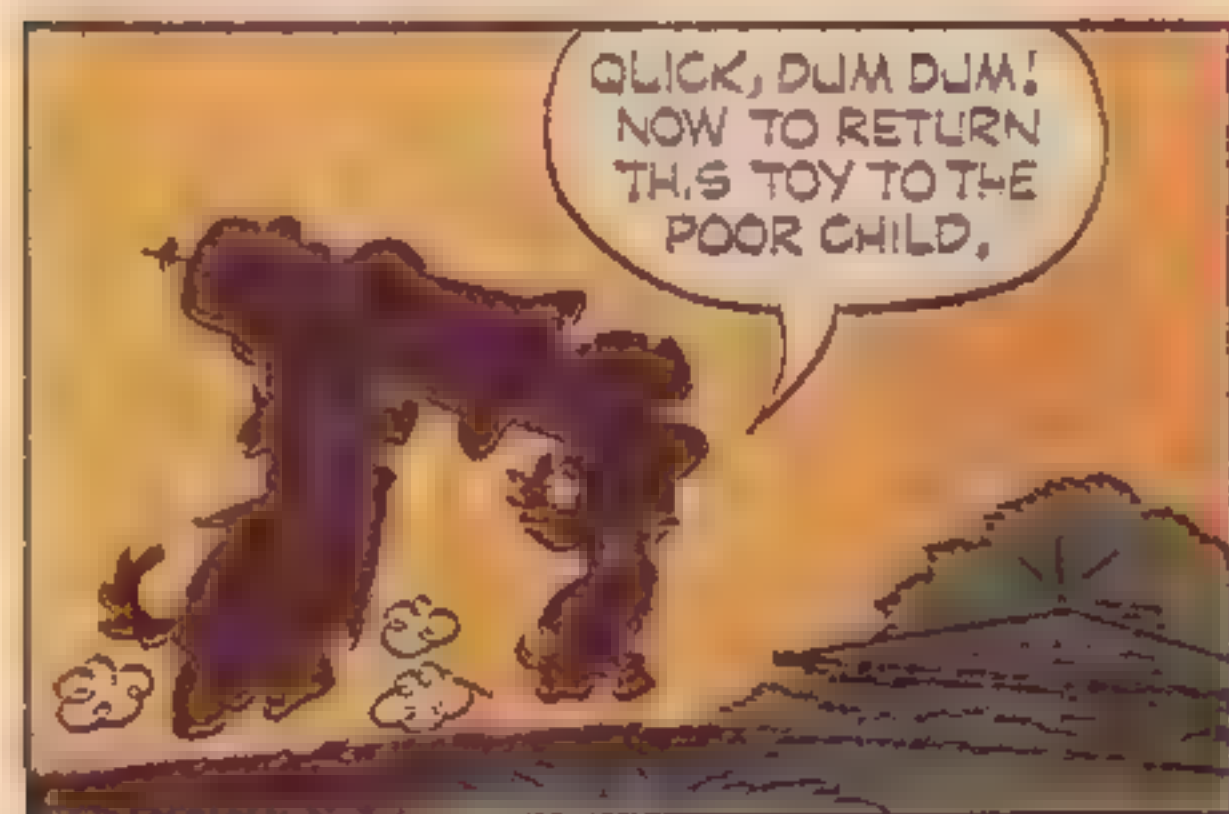
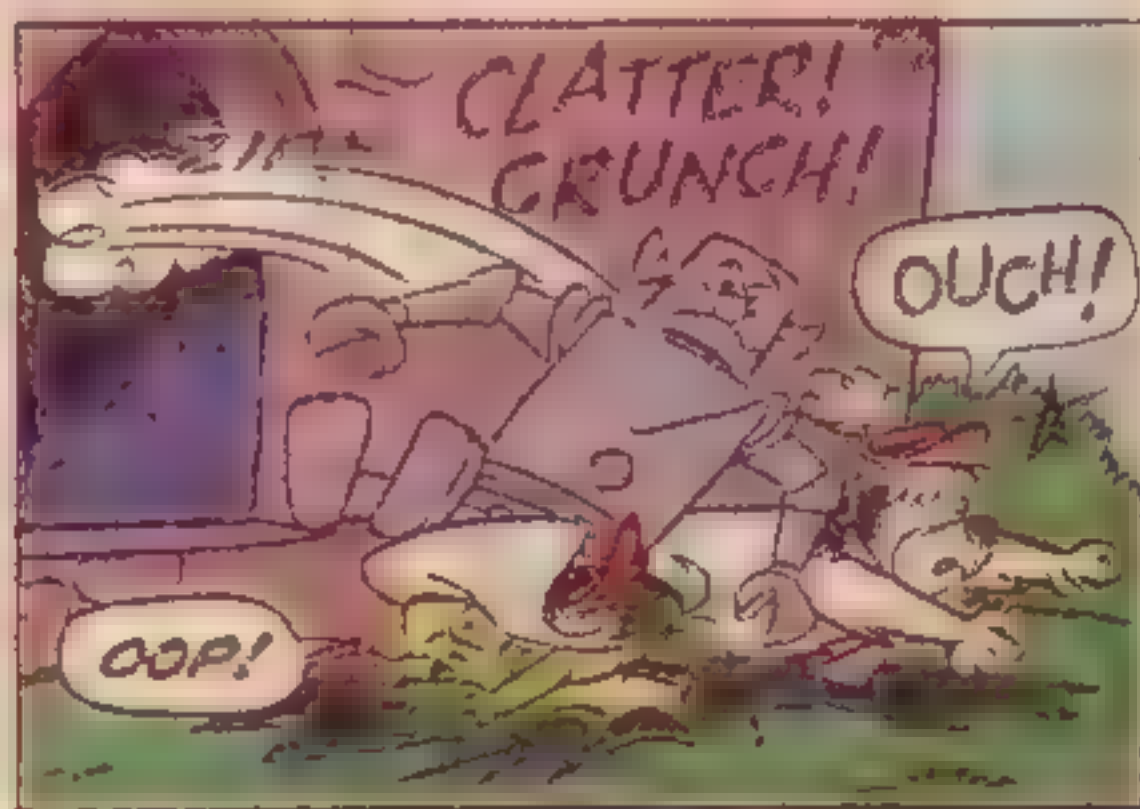
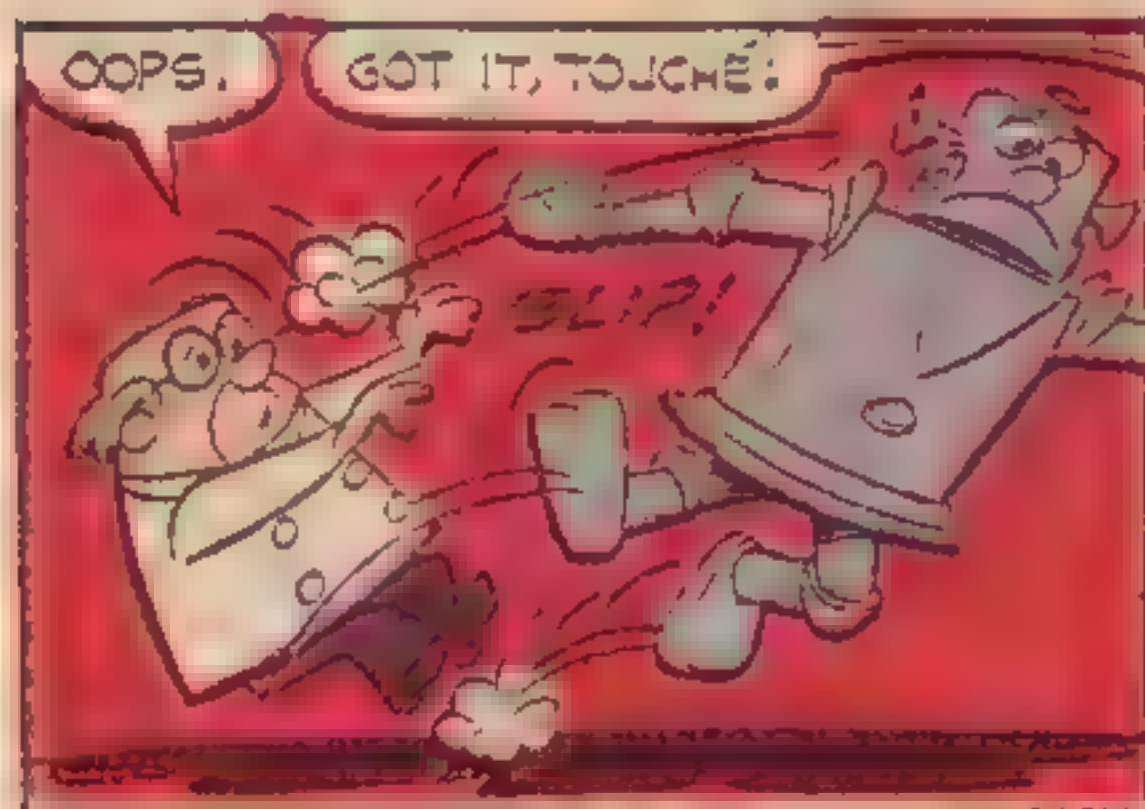
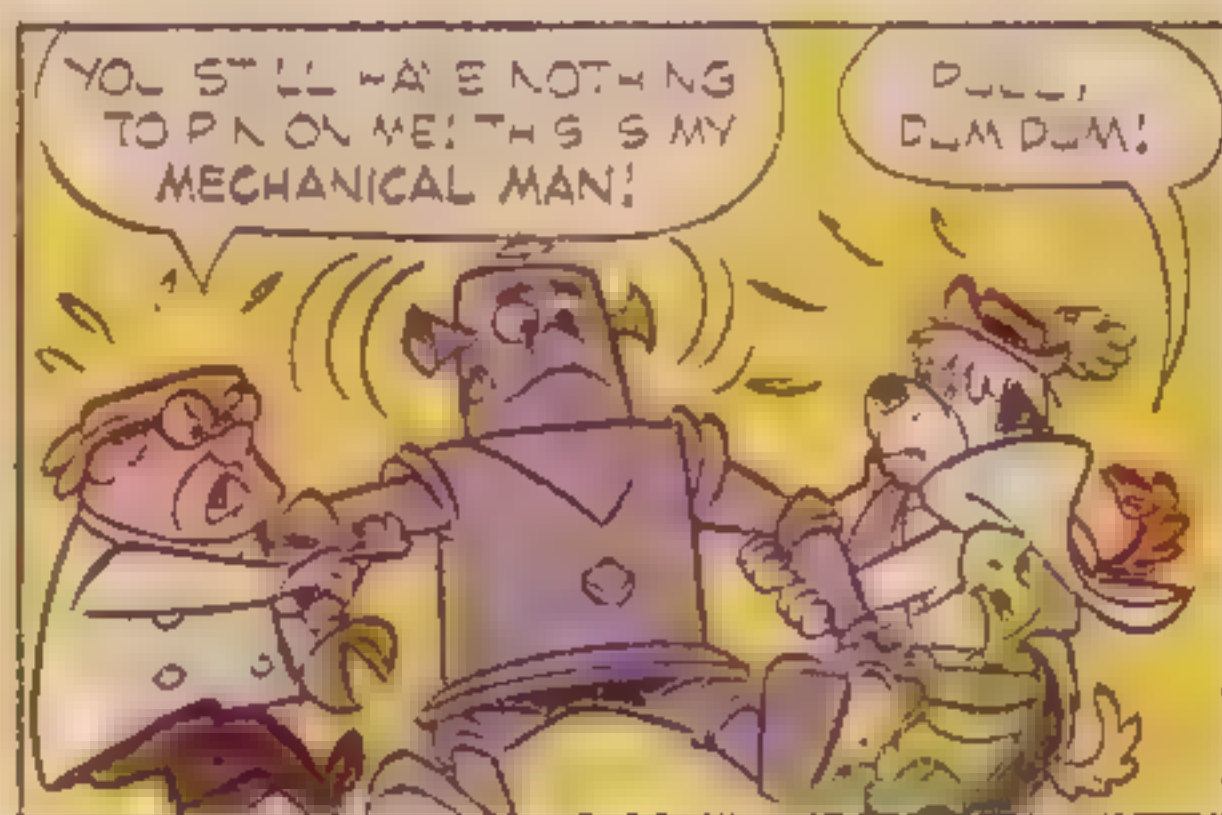
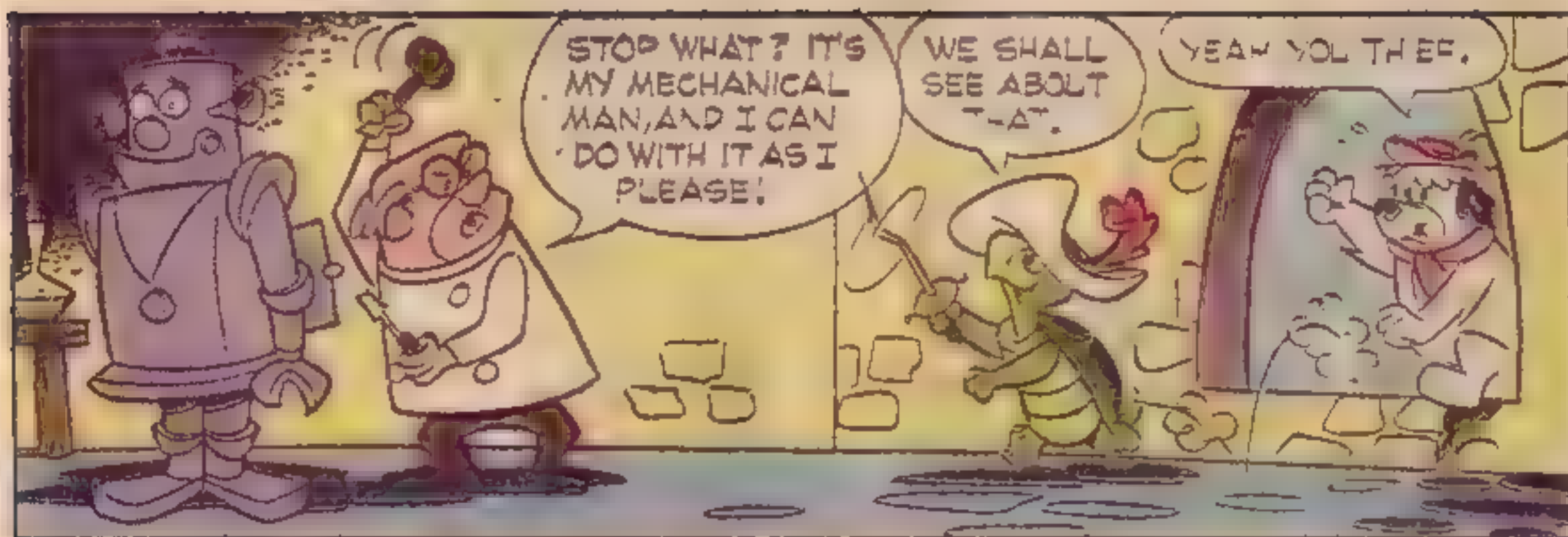
THEN...

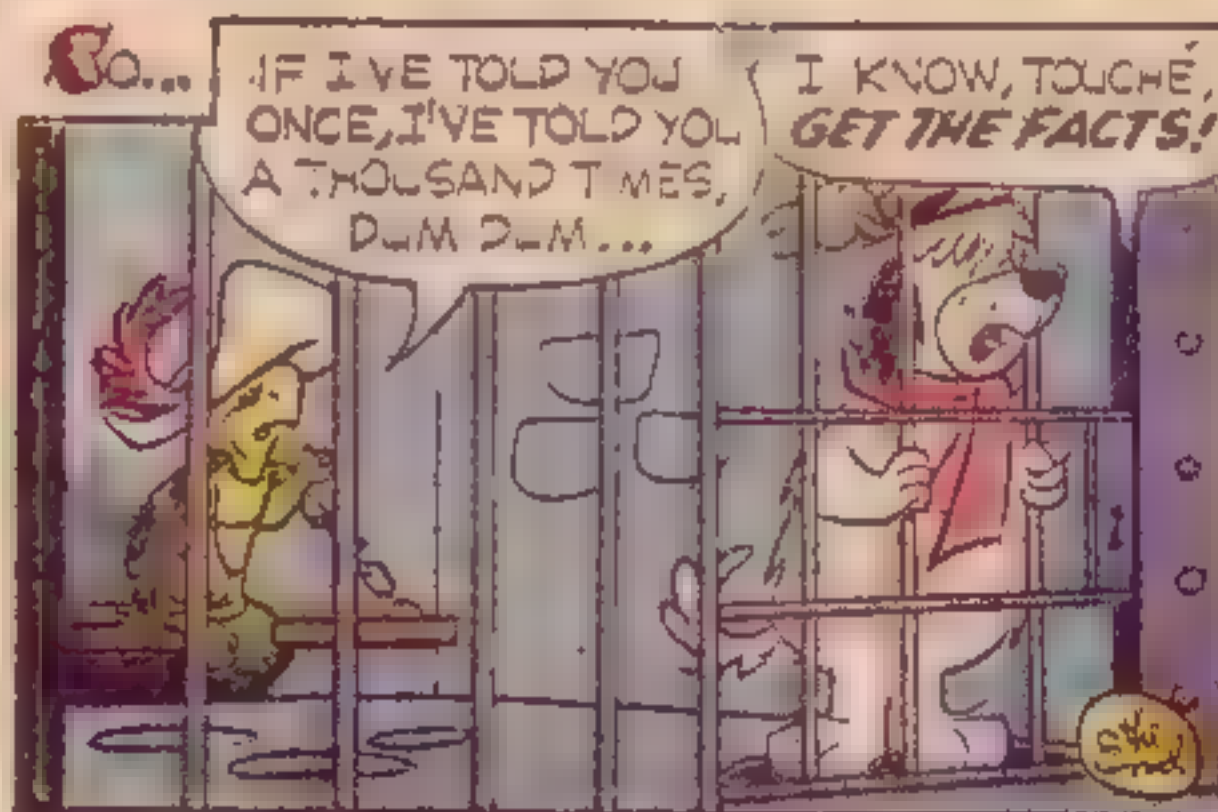
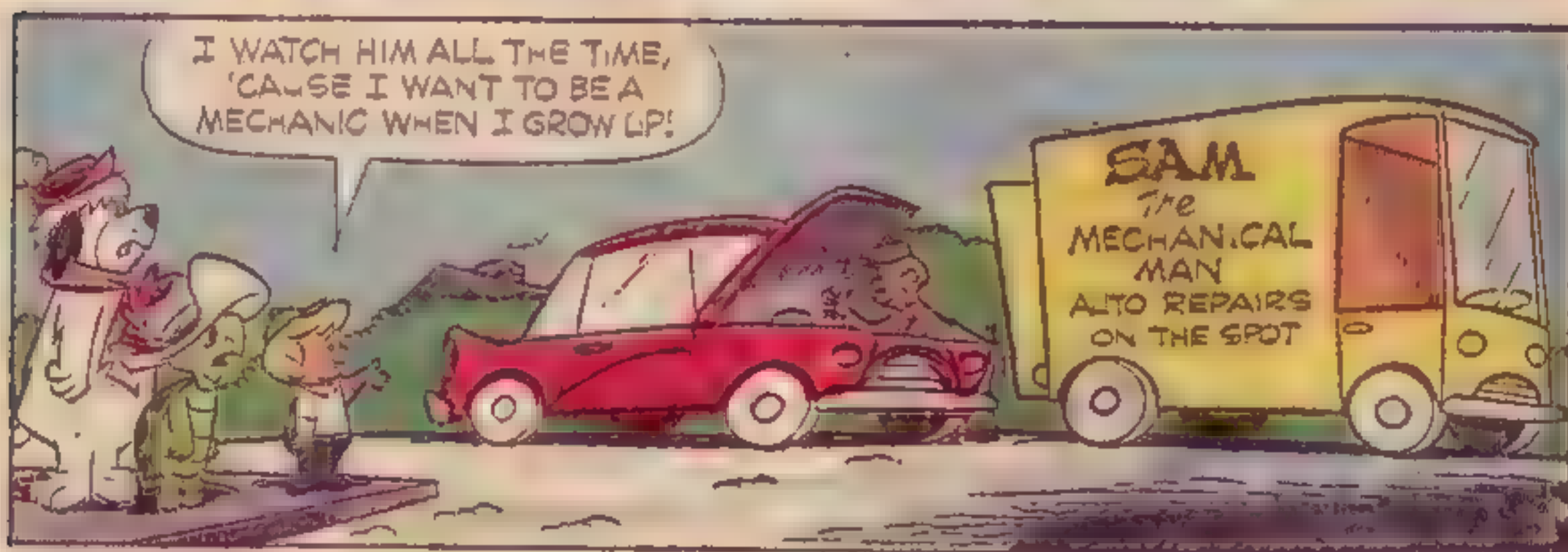
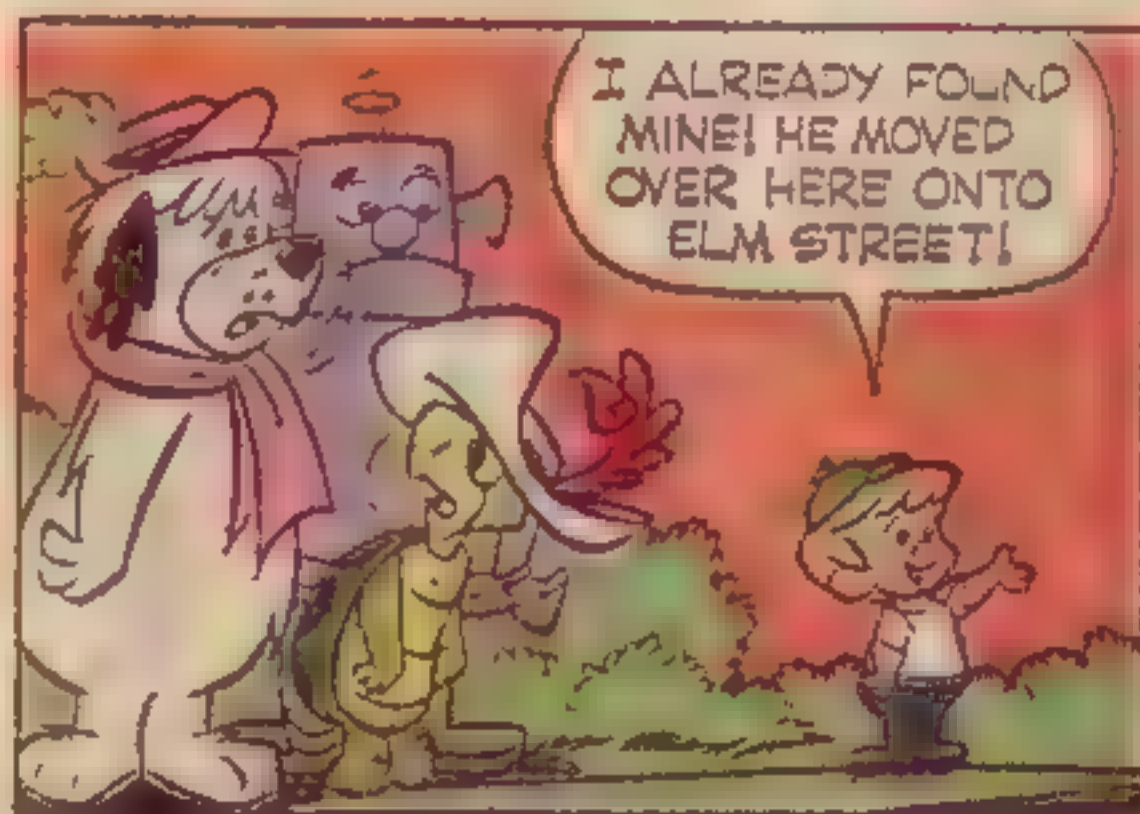
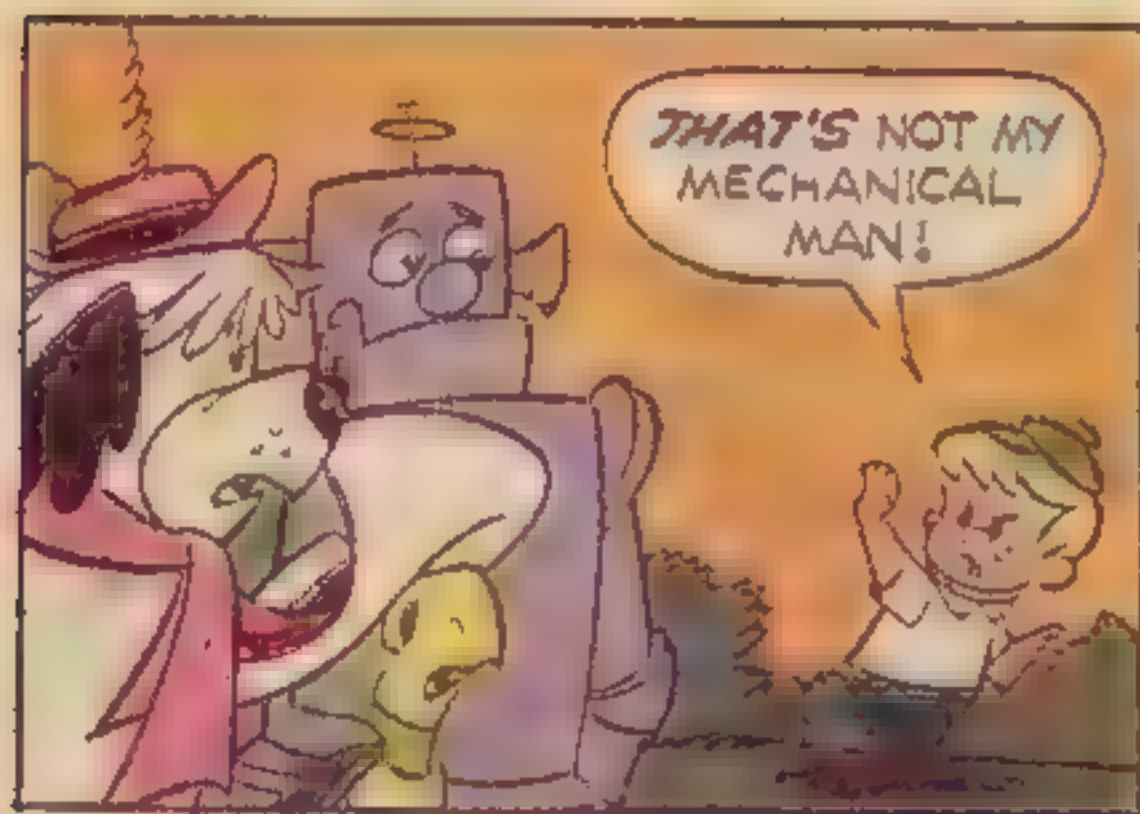
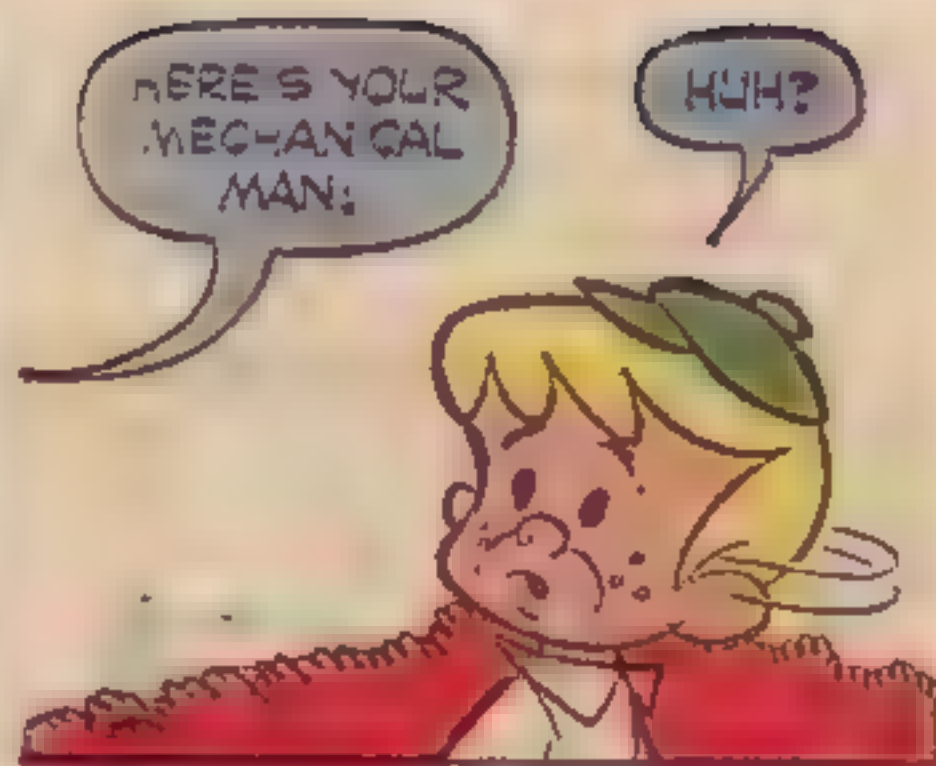
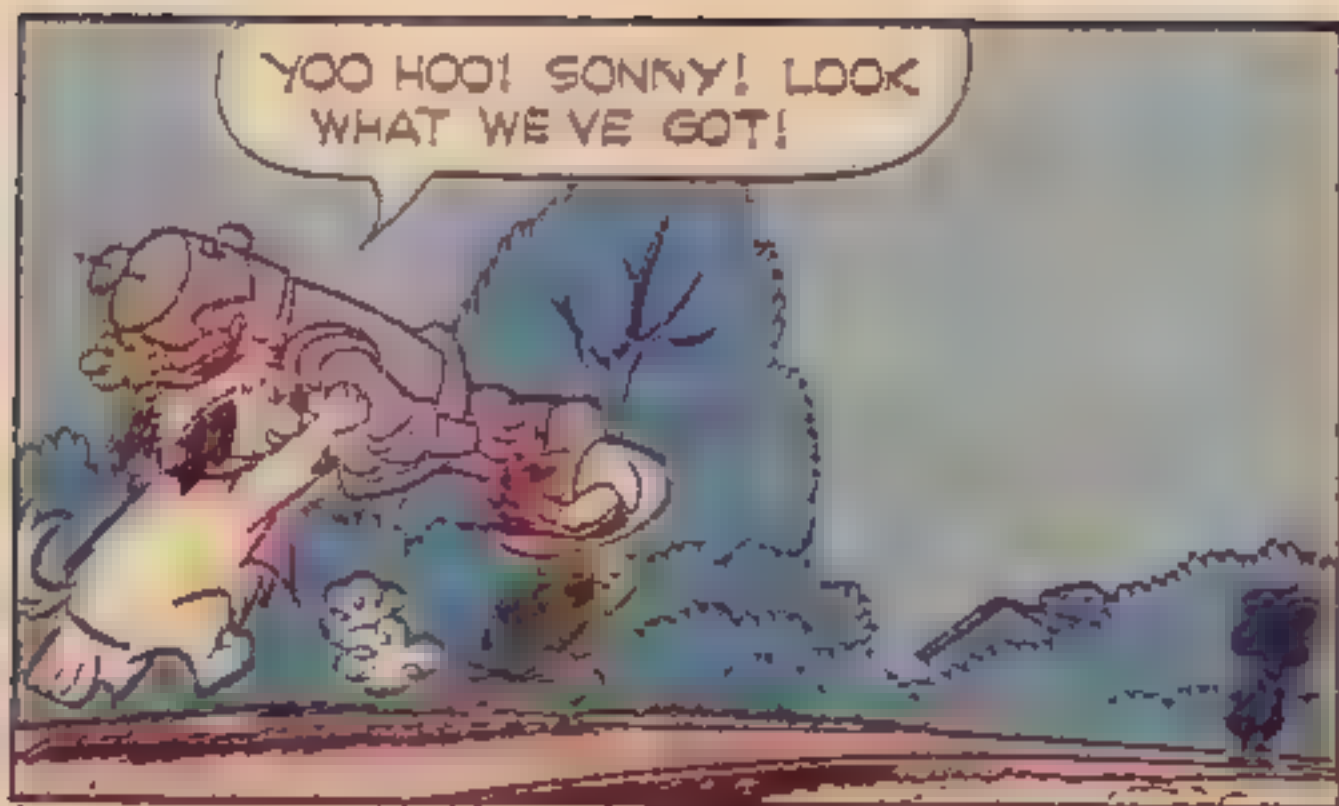
YOU
DON'T
SAY!

YES, AND THE POOR LAD
IS BACK THERE CRYING
HIS EYES OUT!

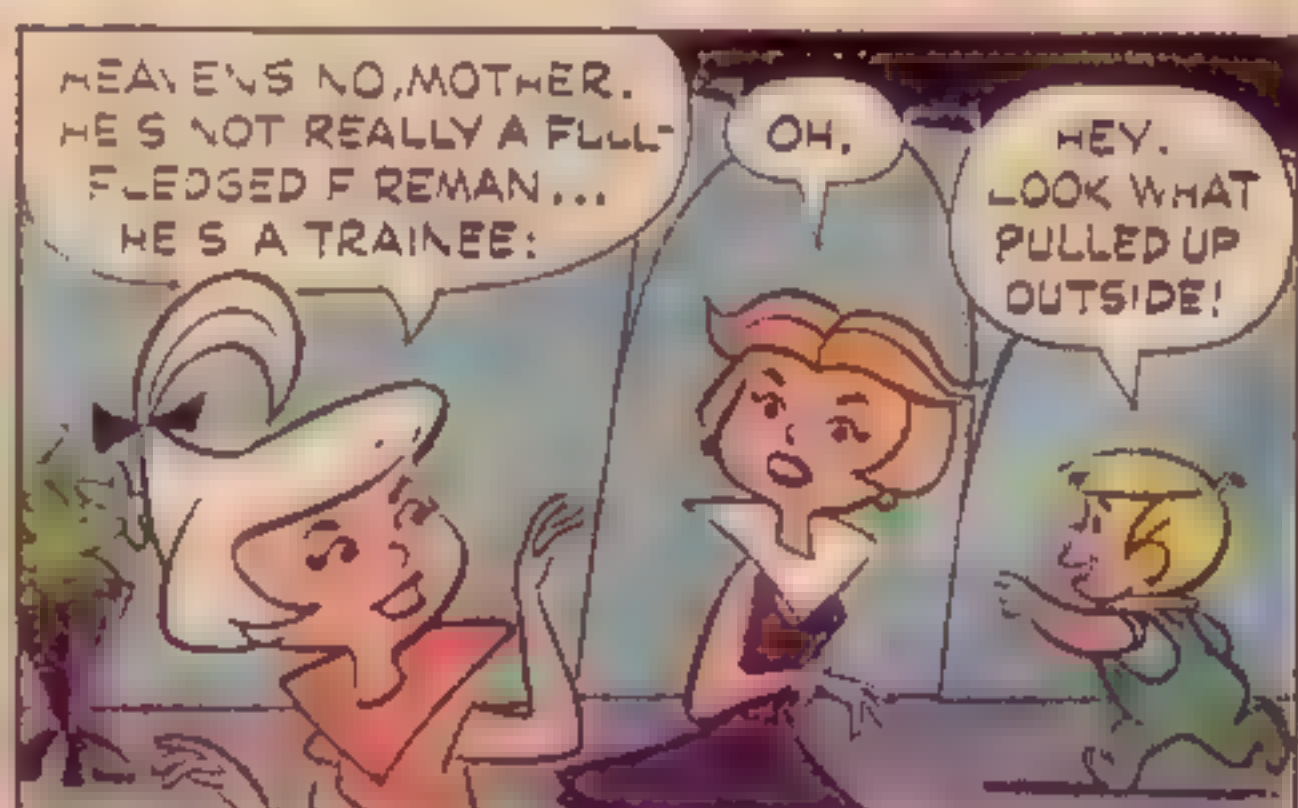
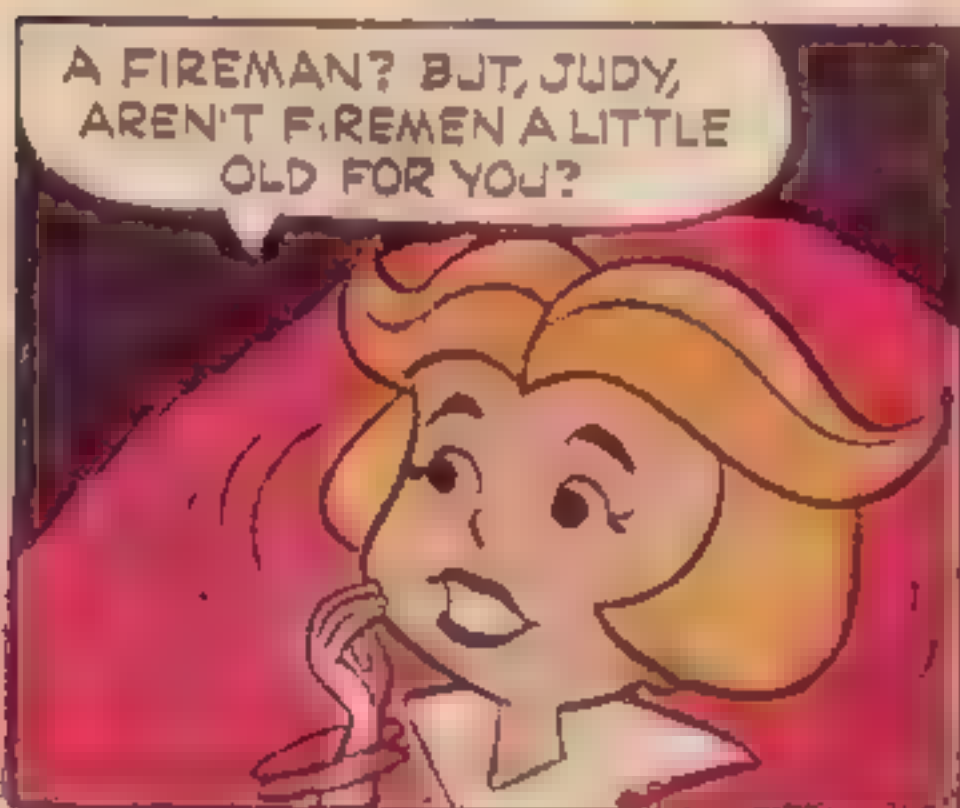
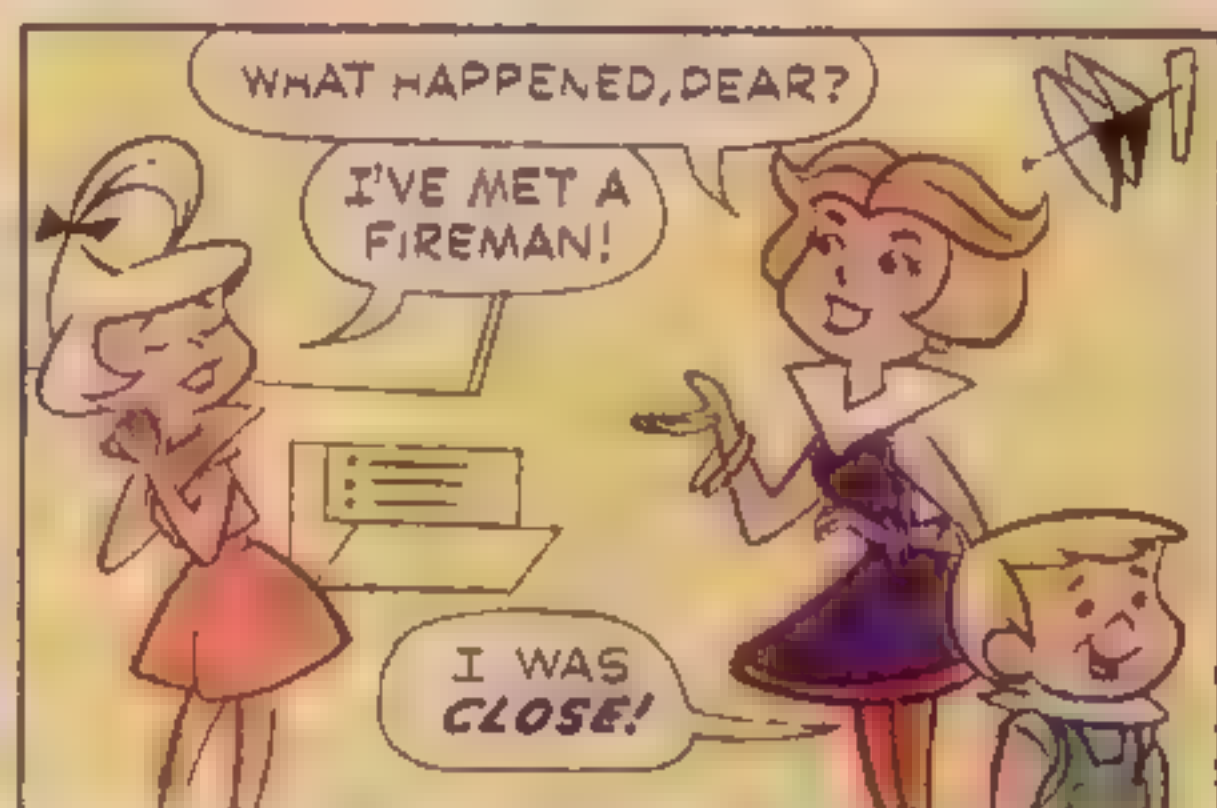
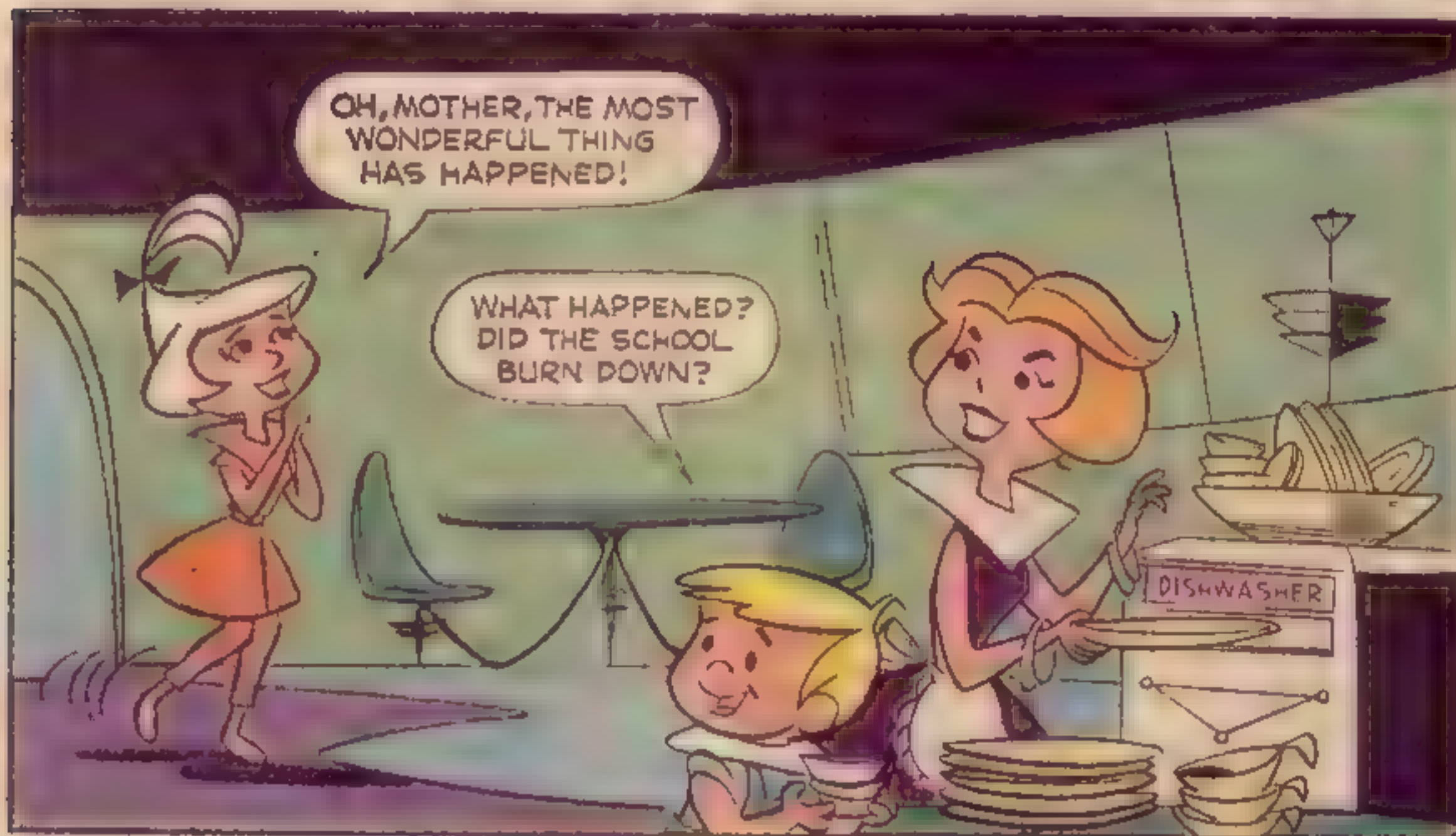


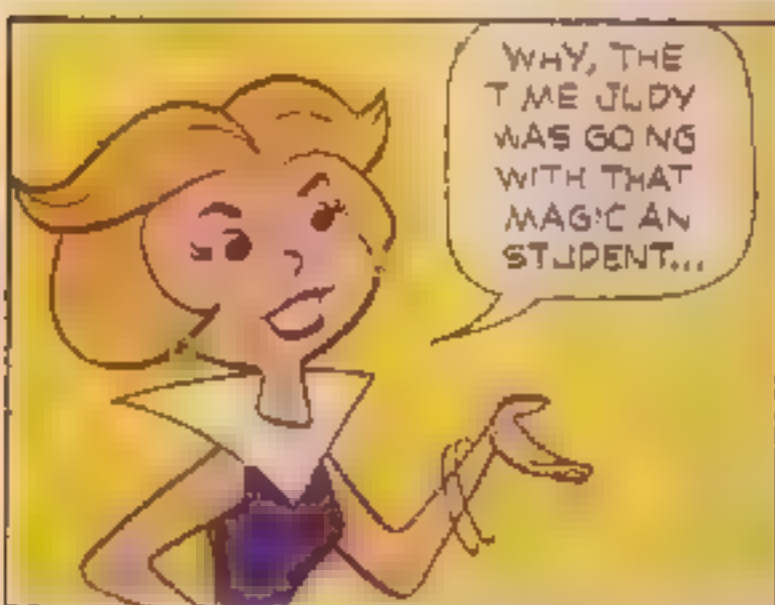
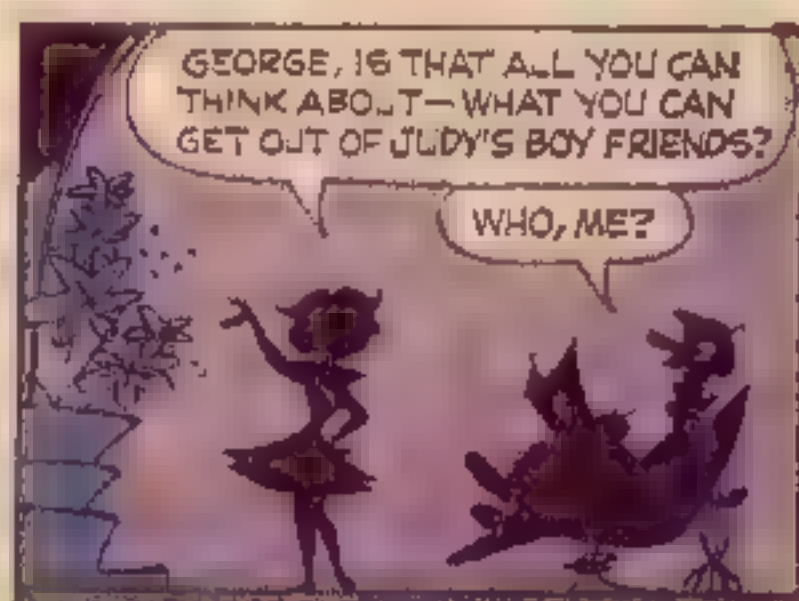
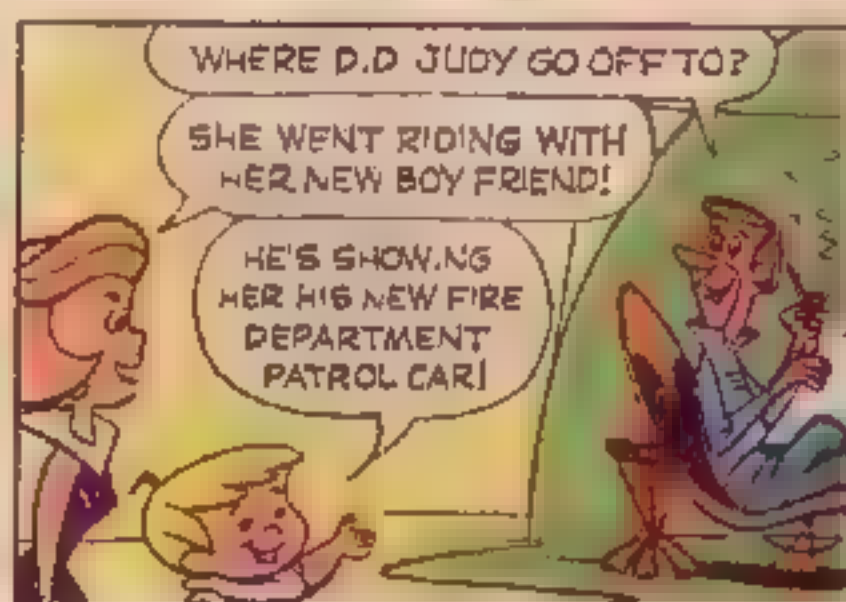
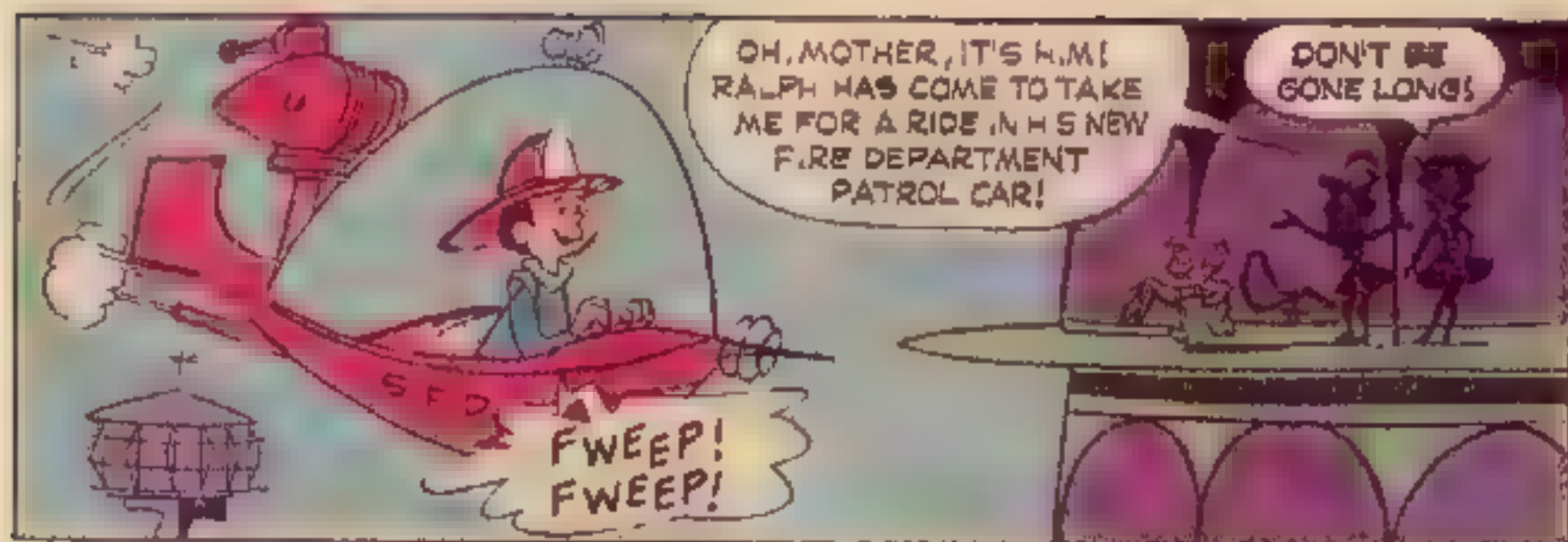


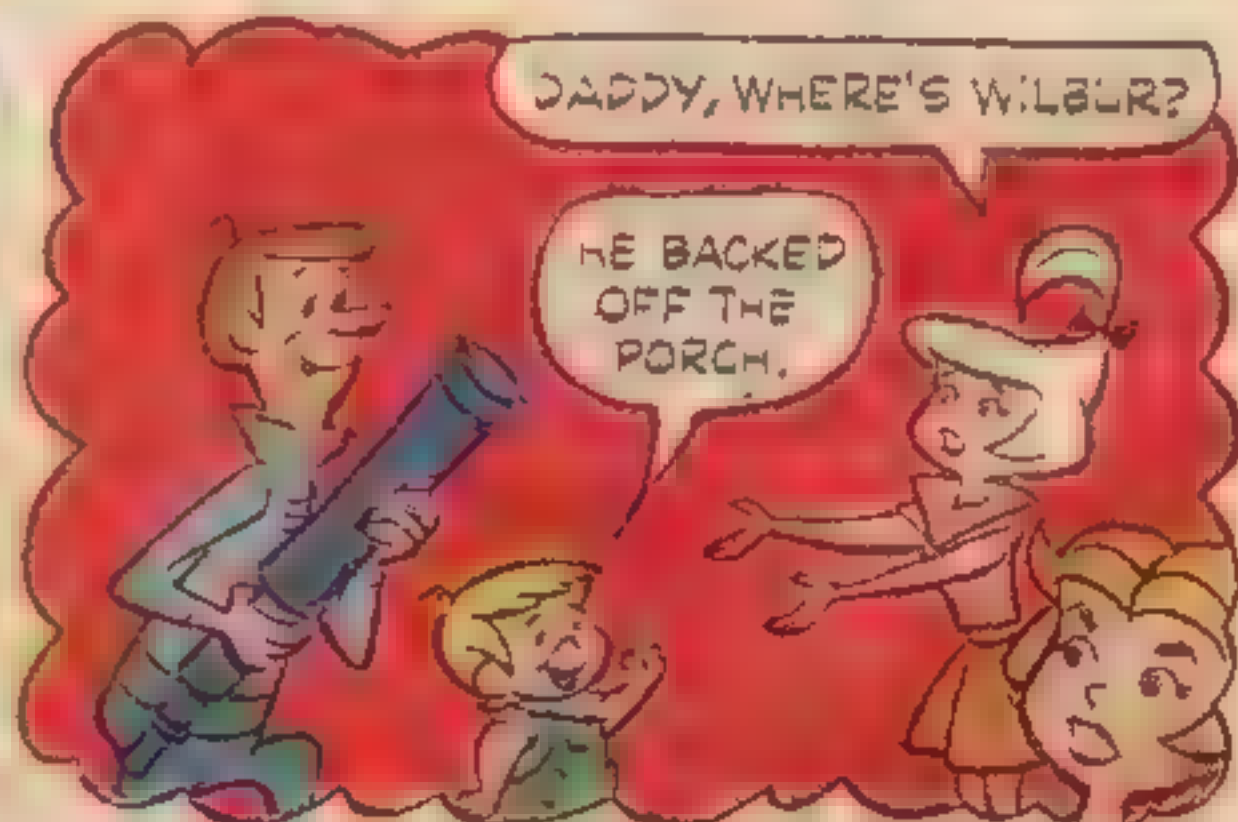
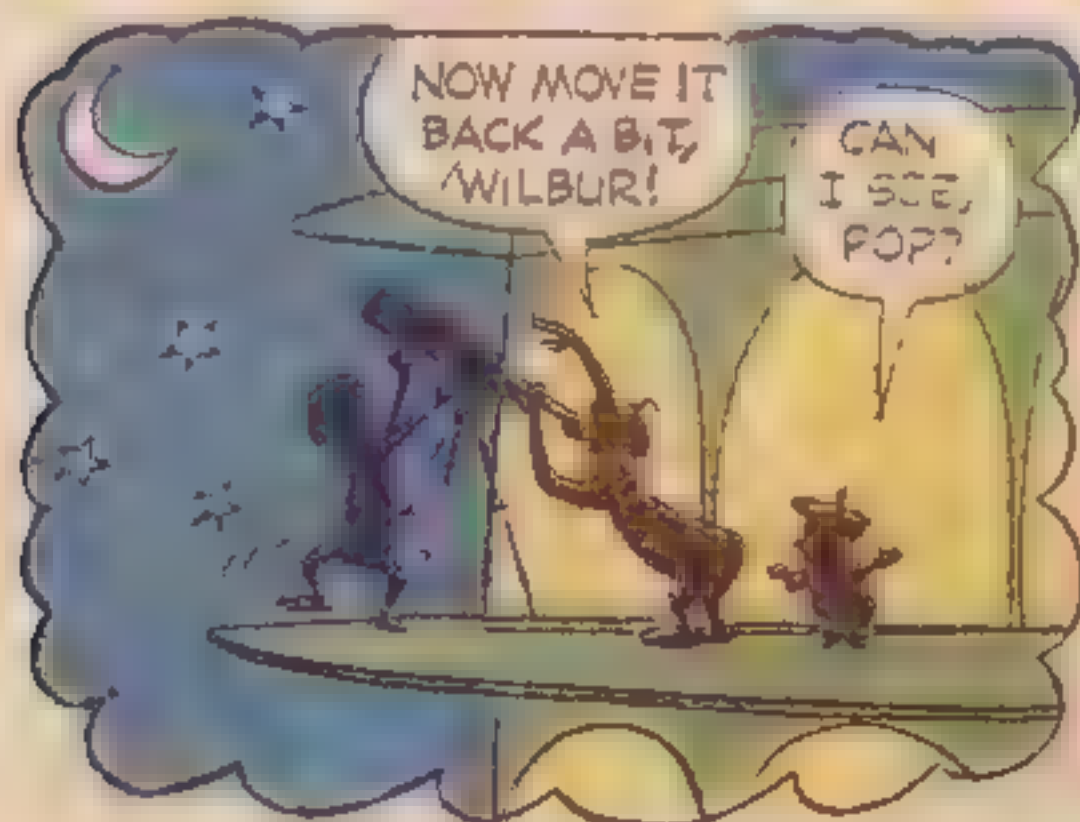
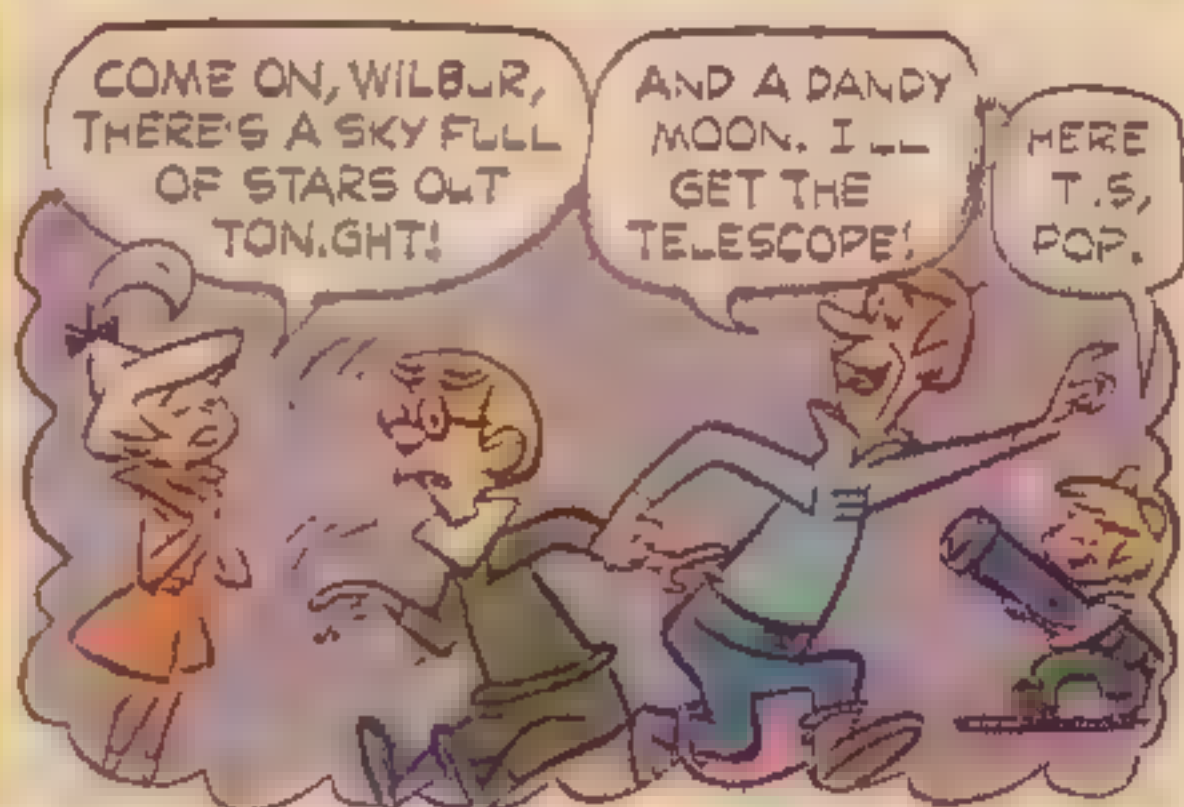
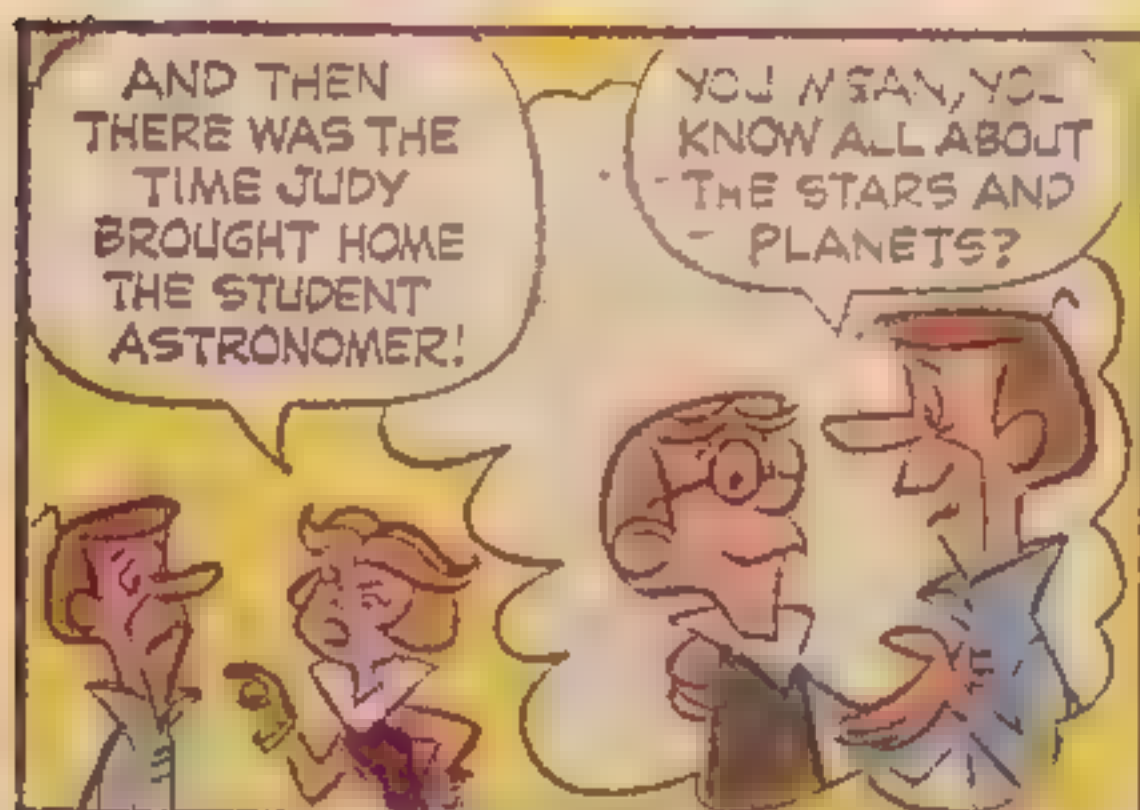
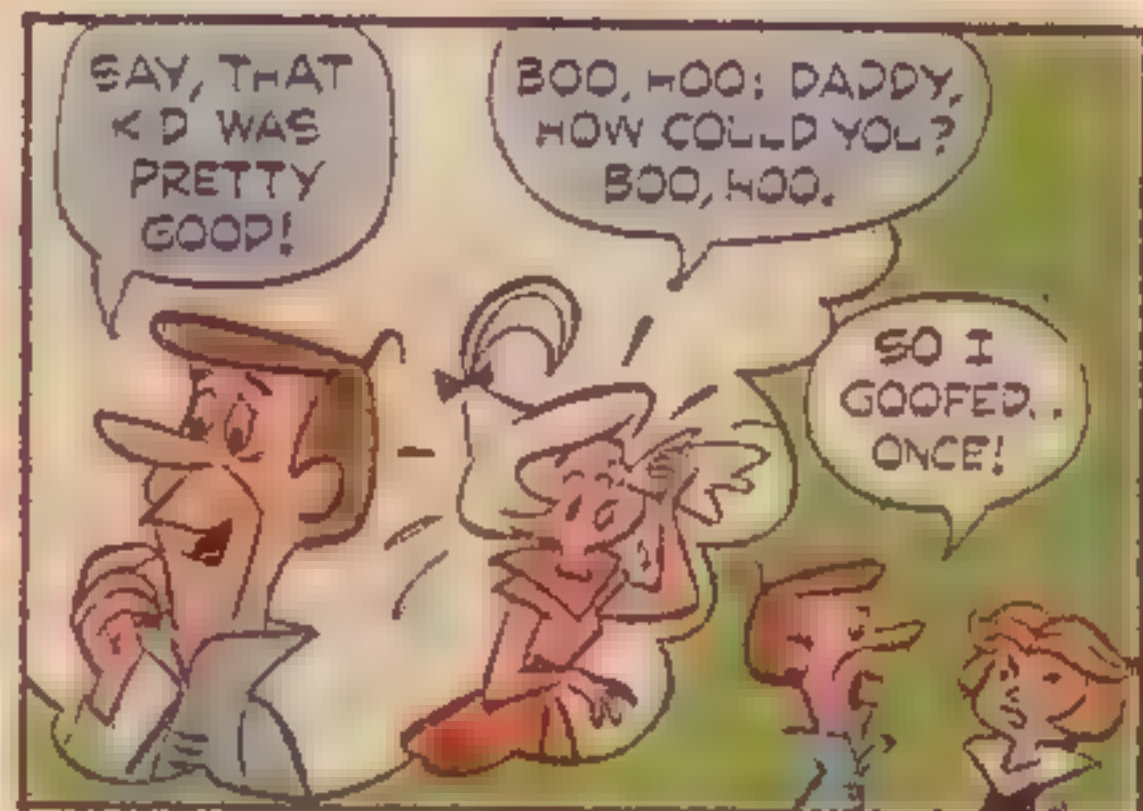
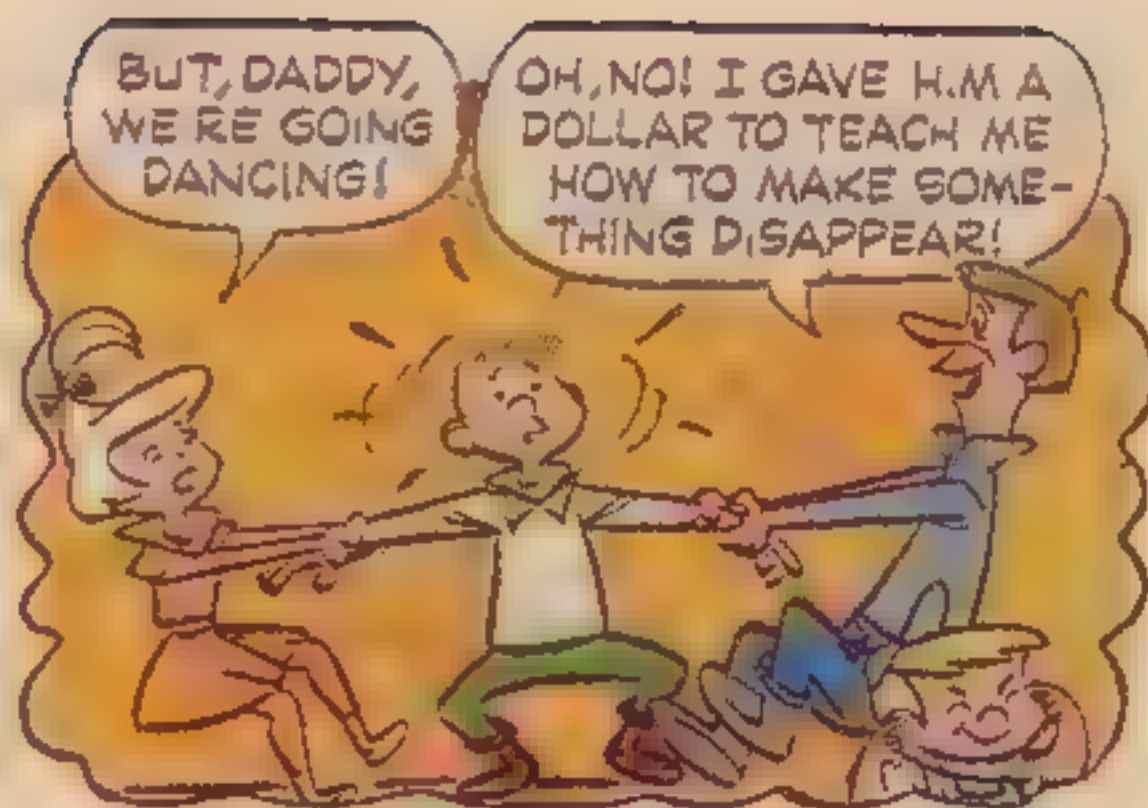
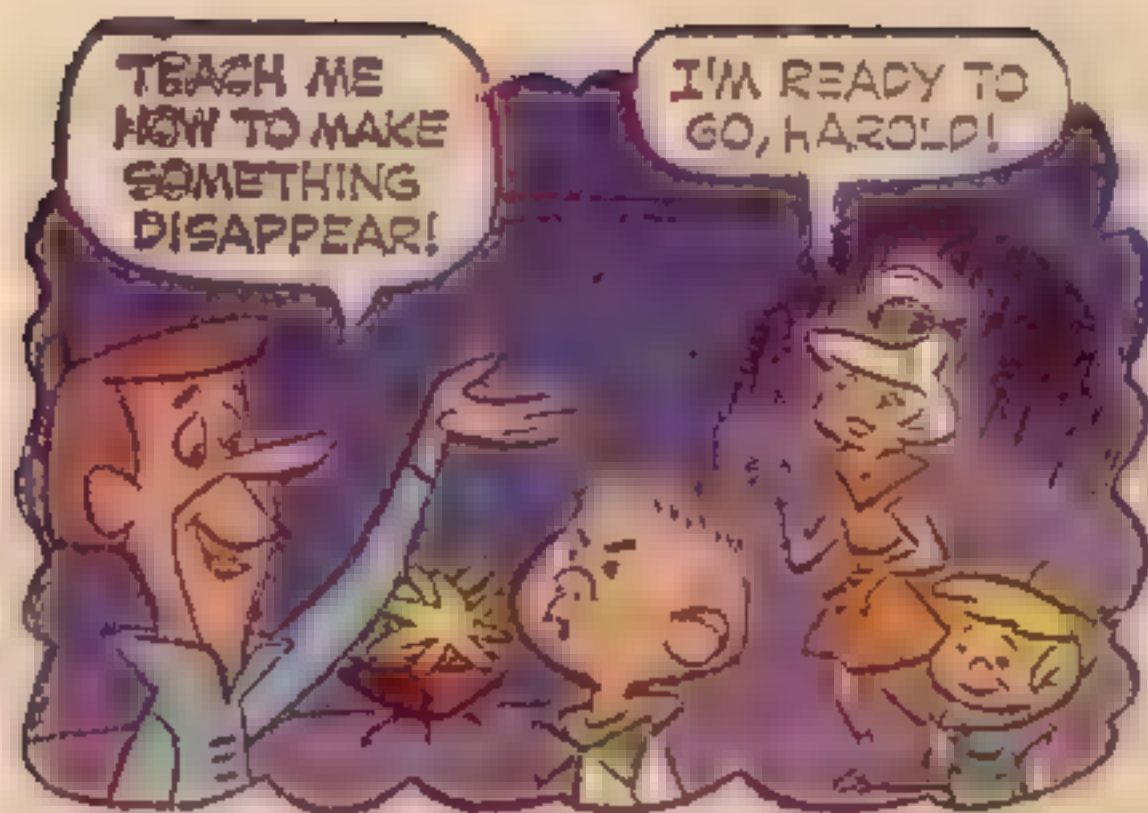


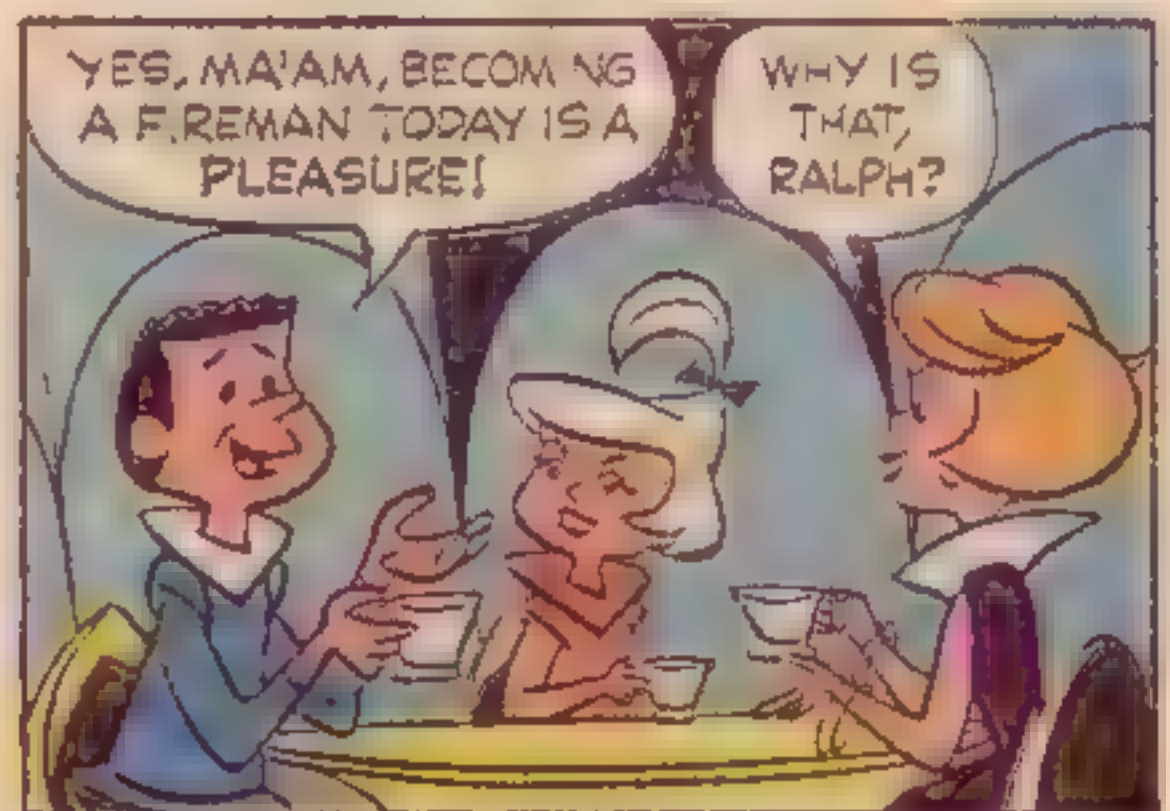
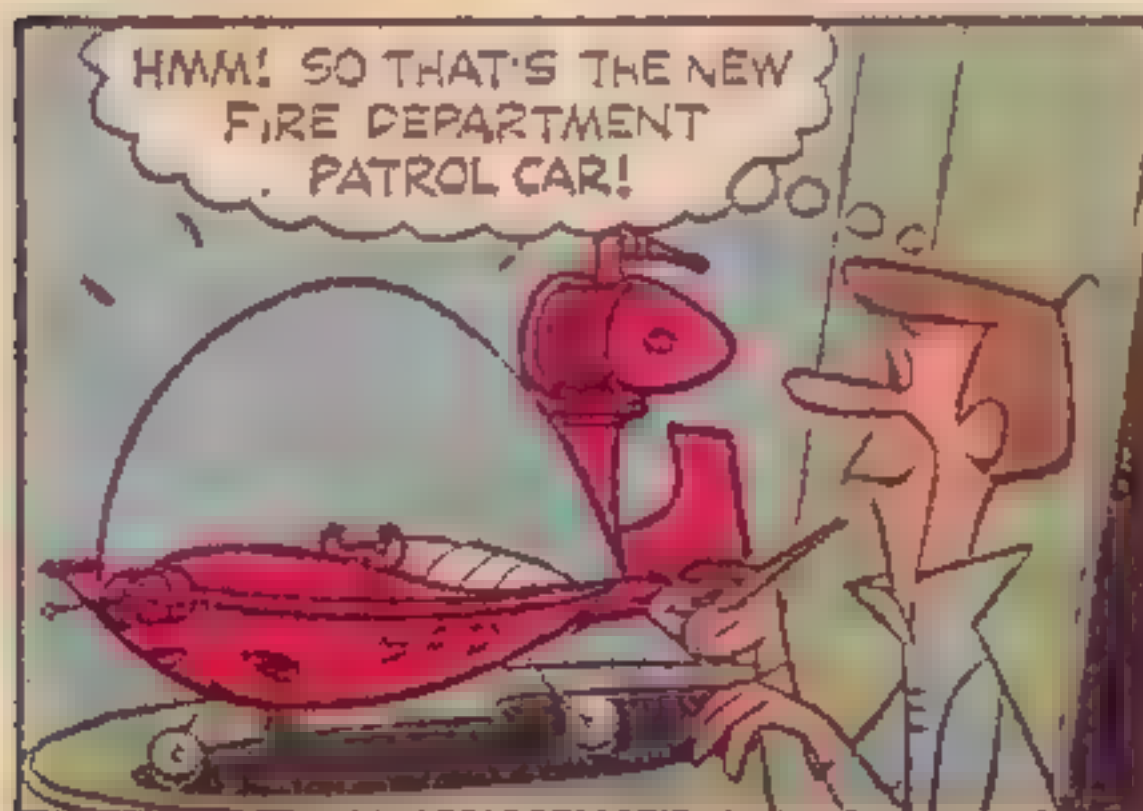
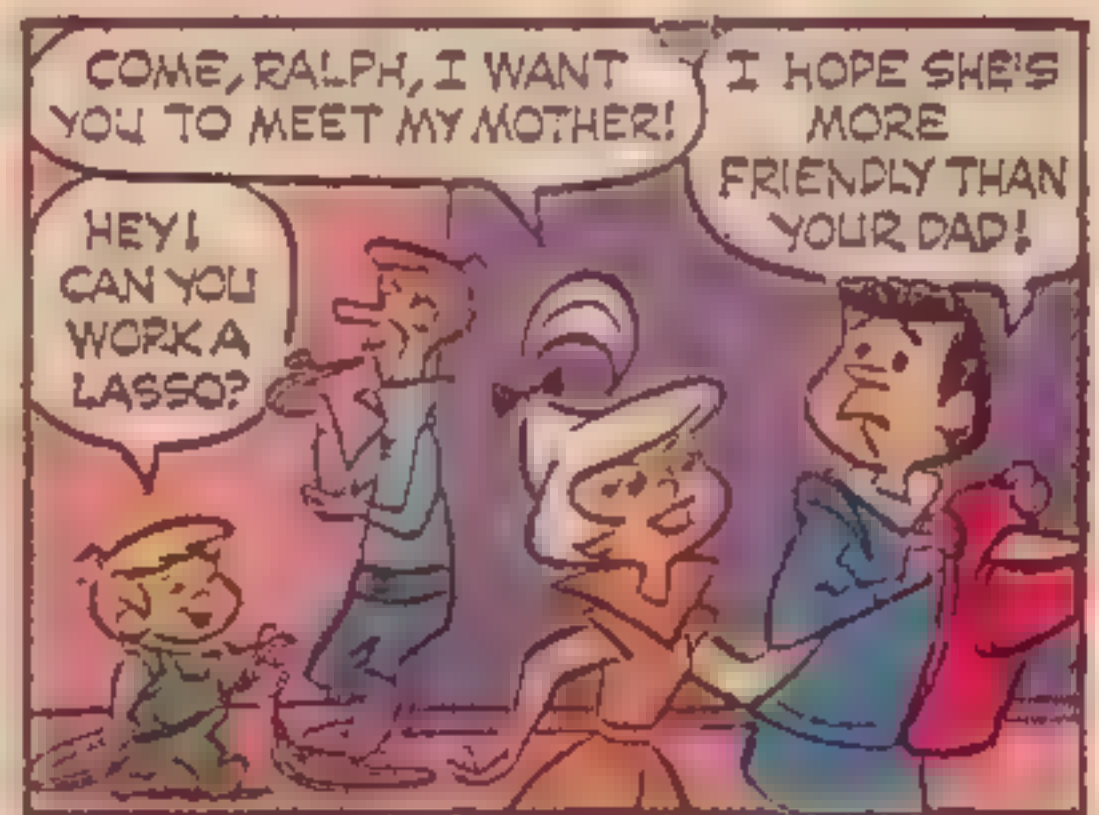
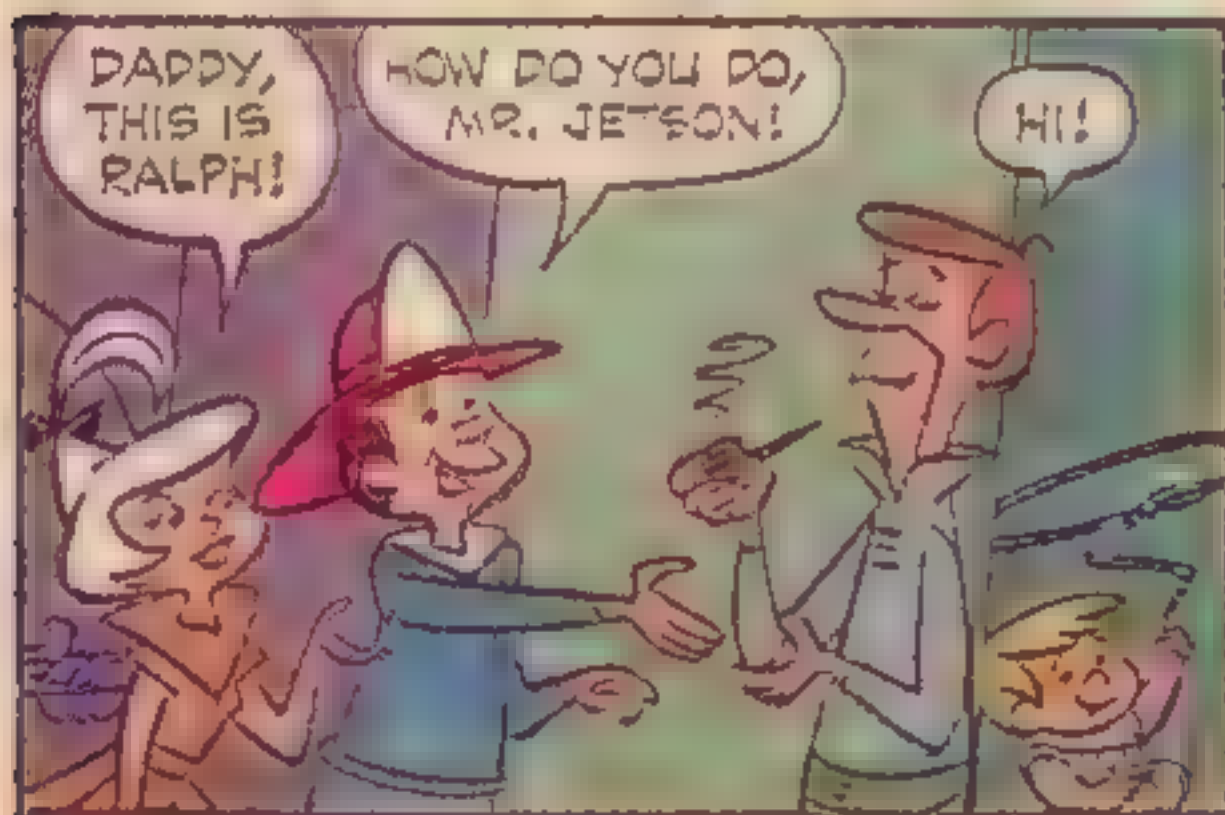
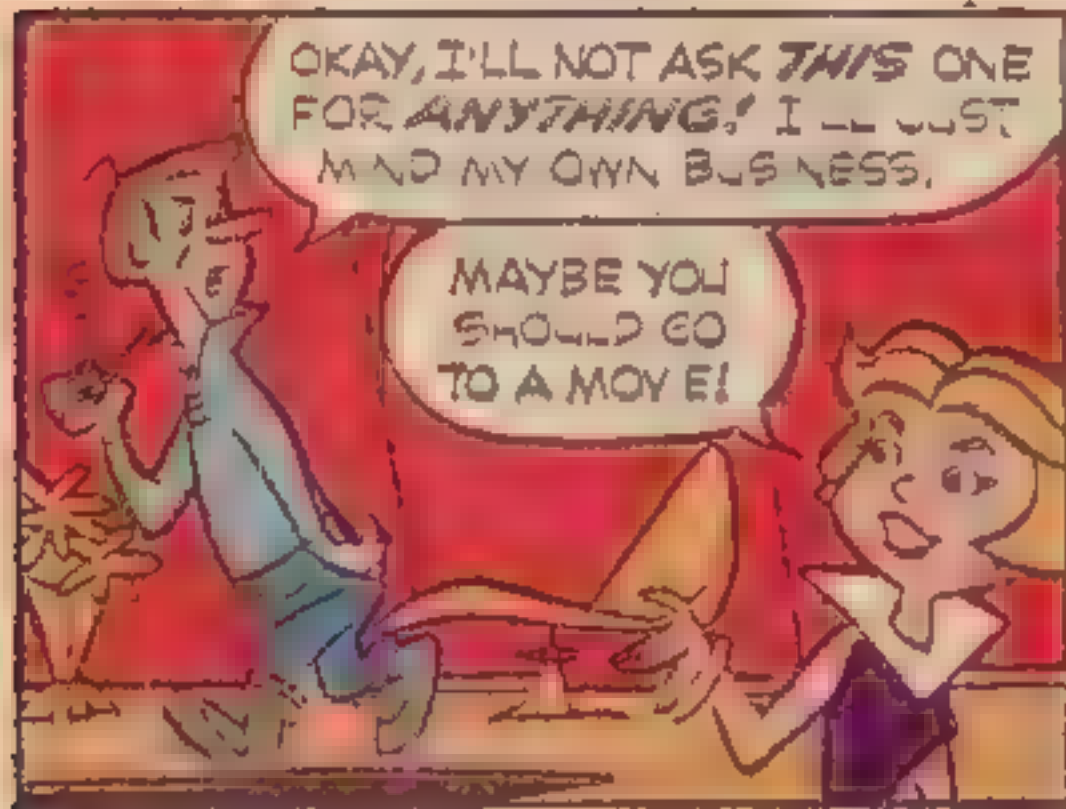
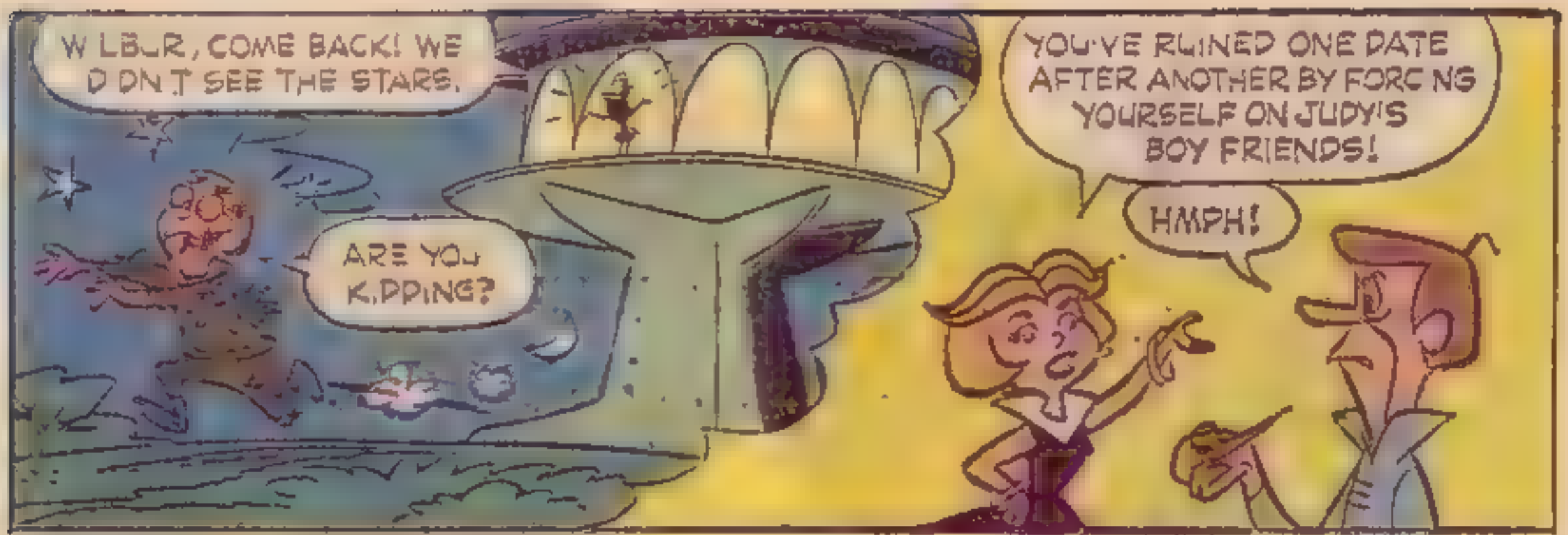


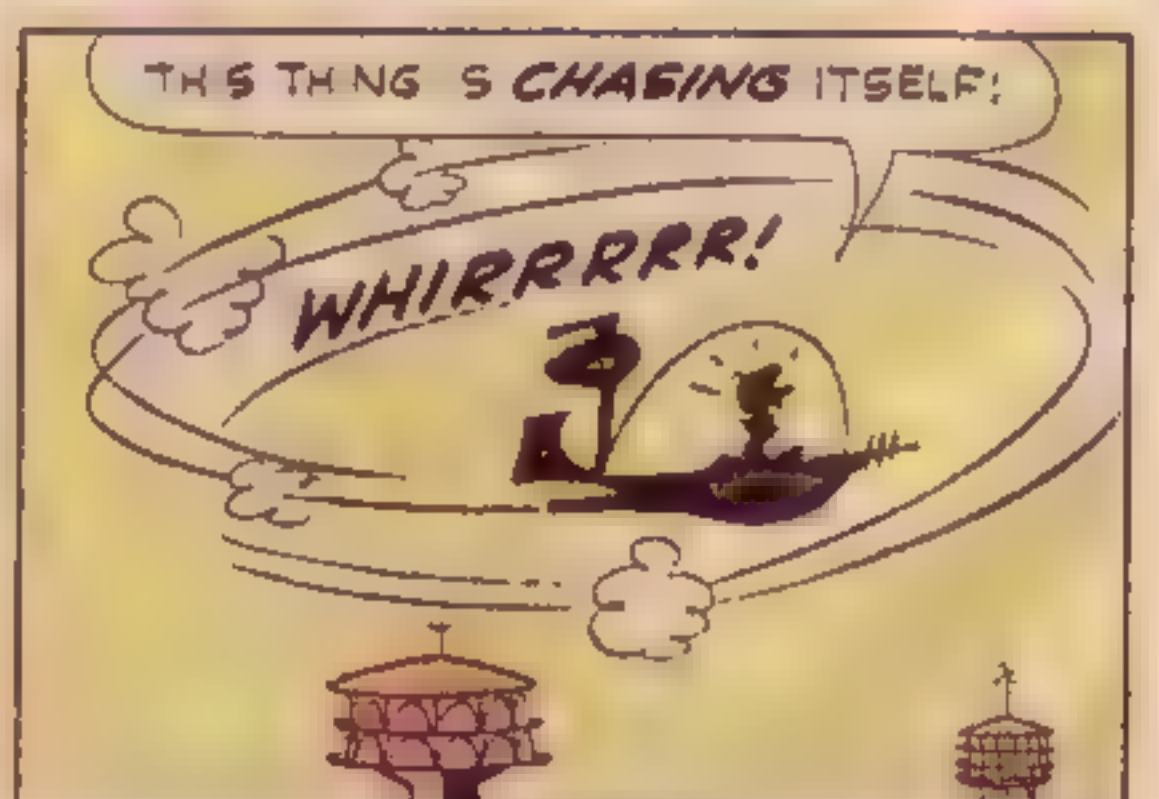
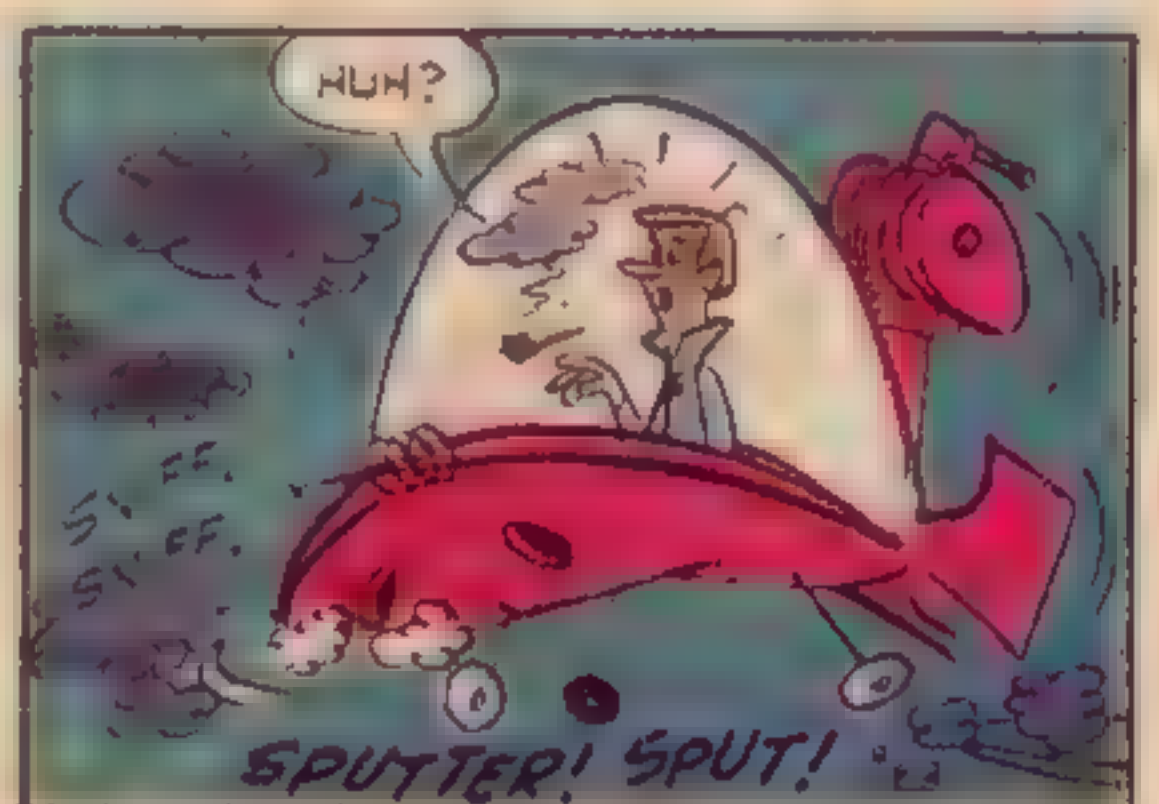
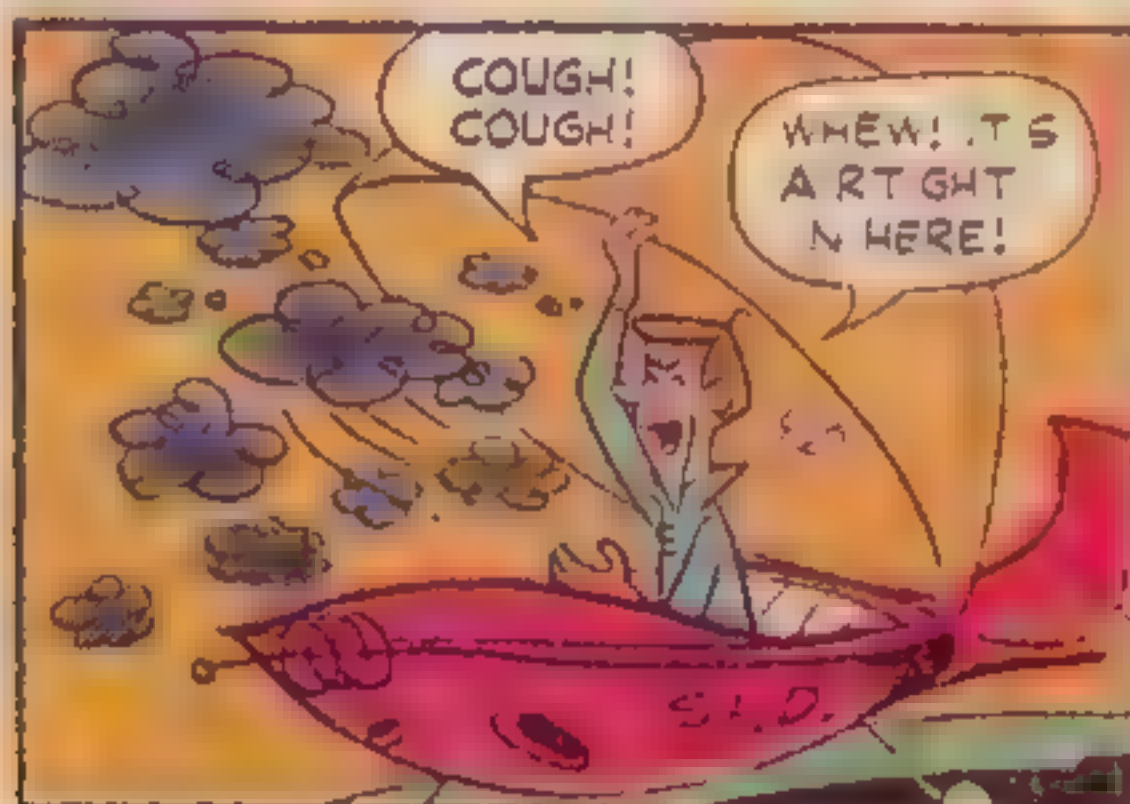
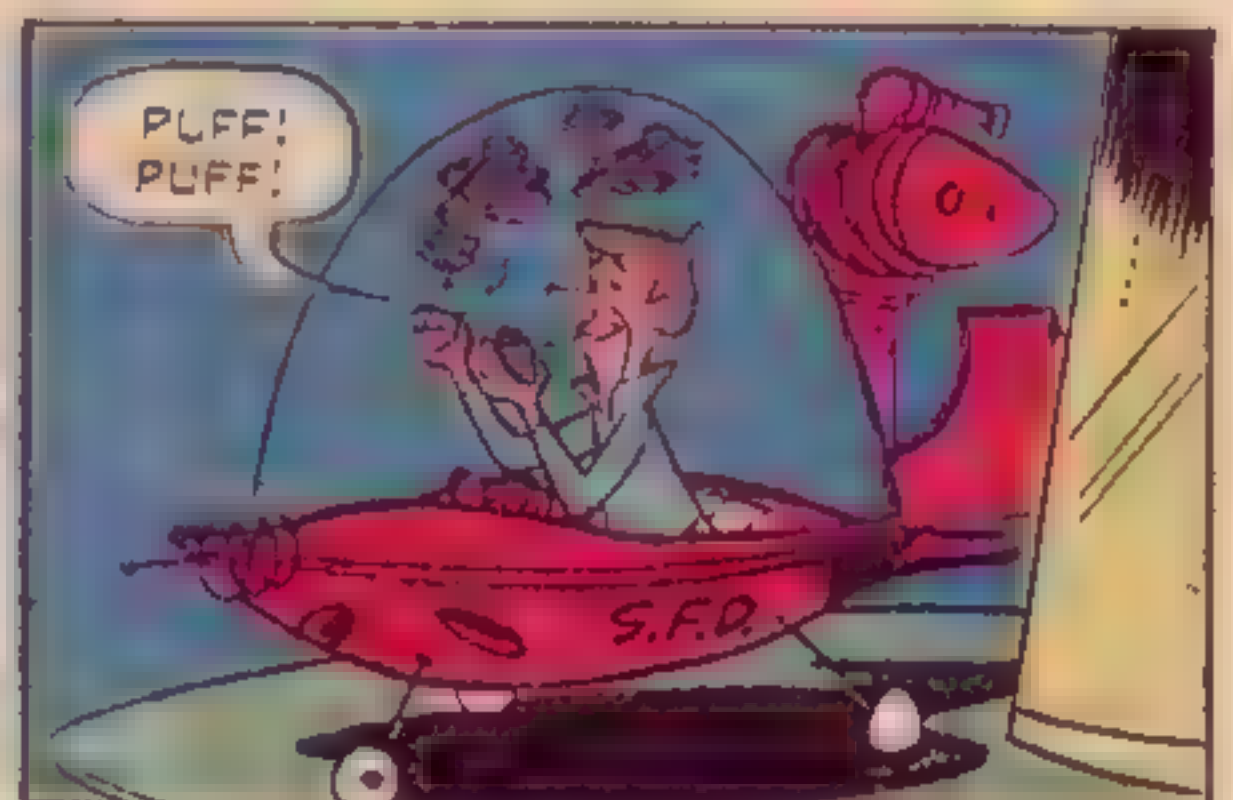
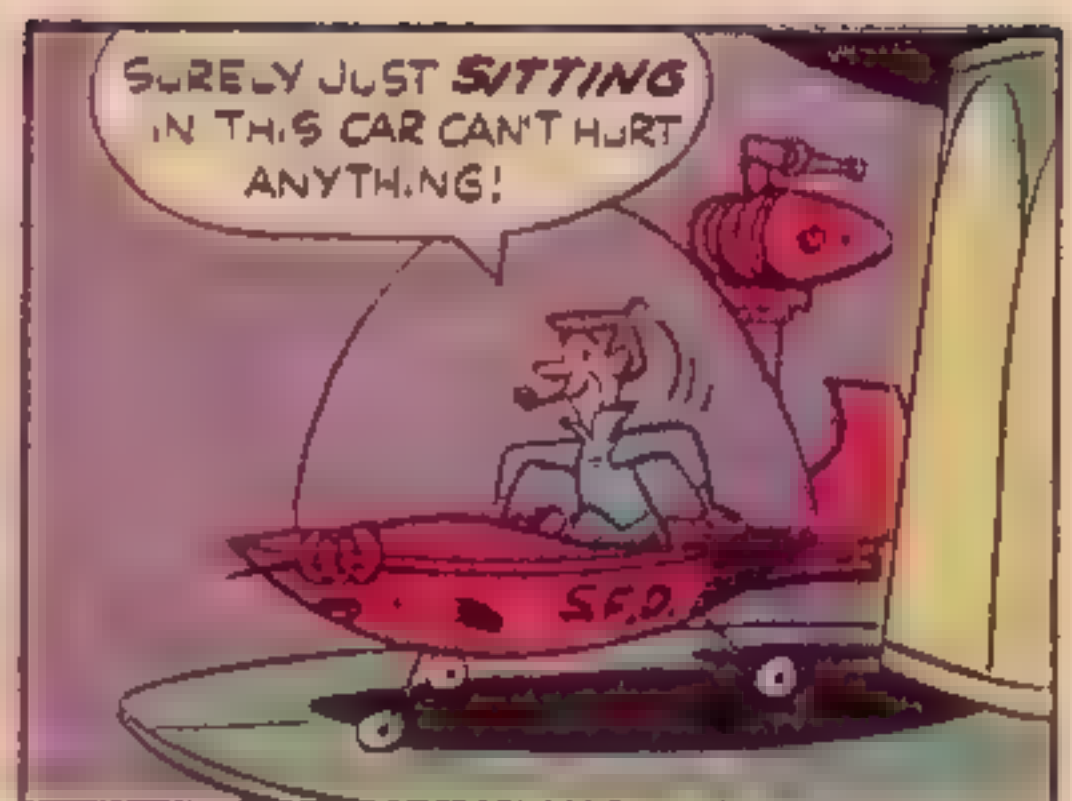
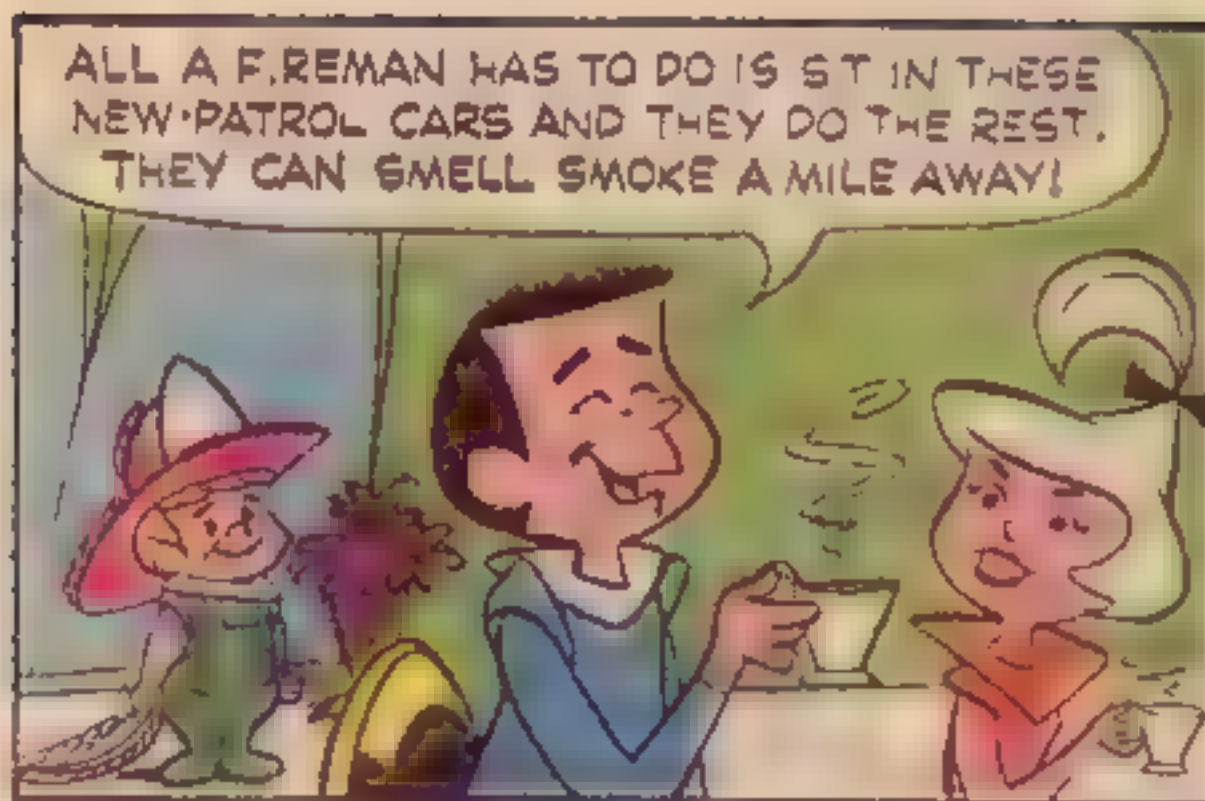
THE PARENT PROBLEM

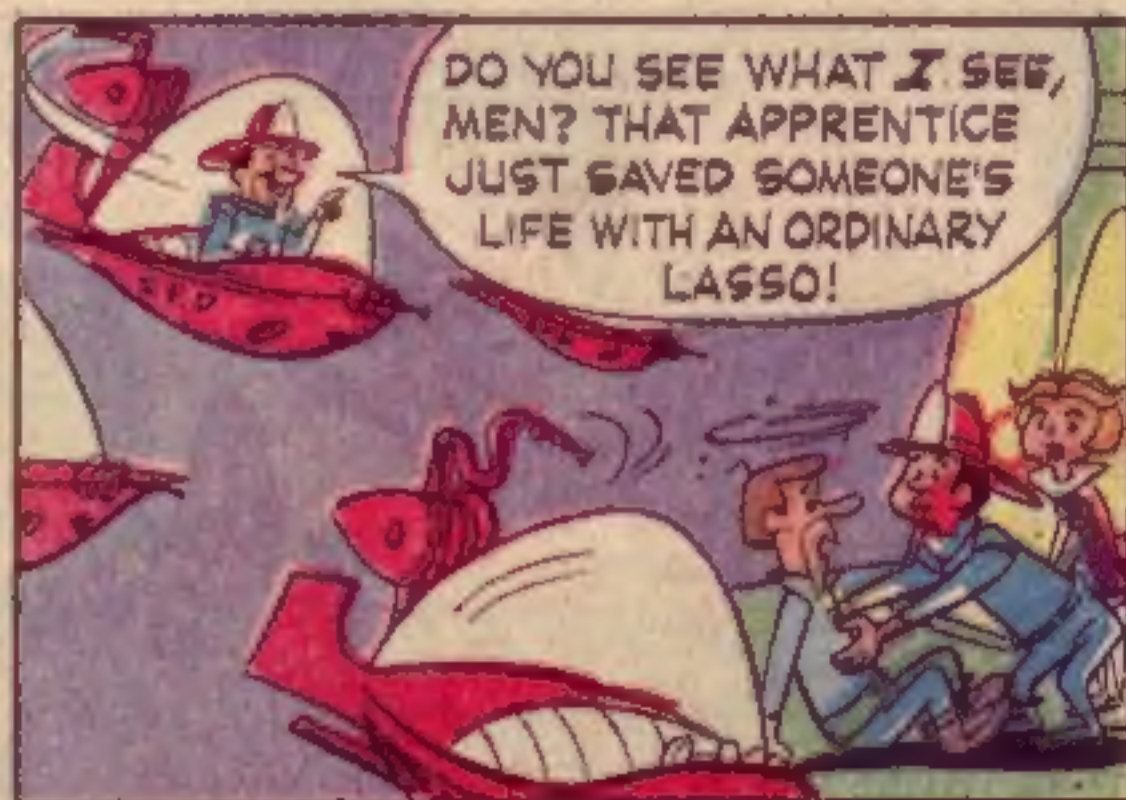
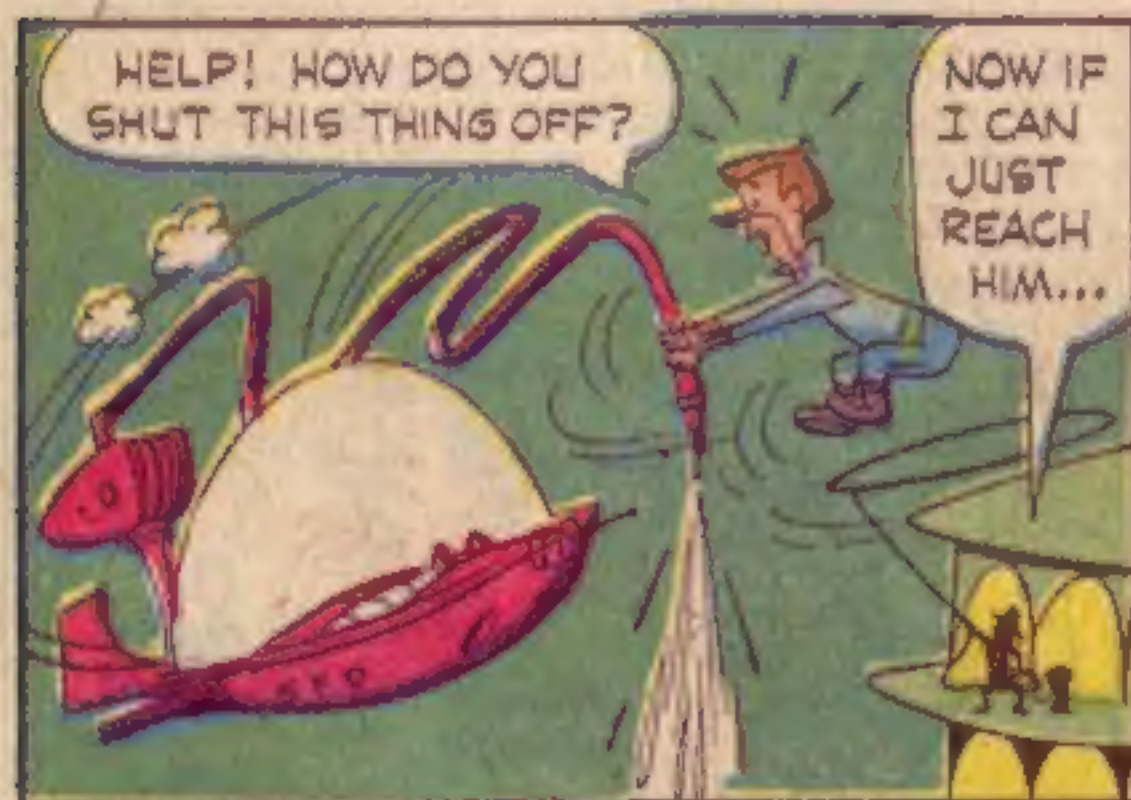
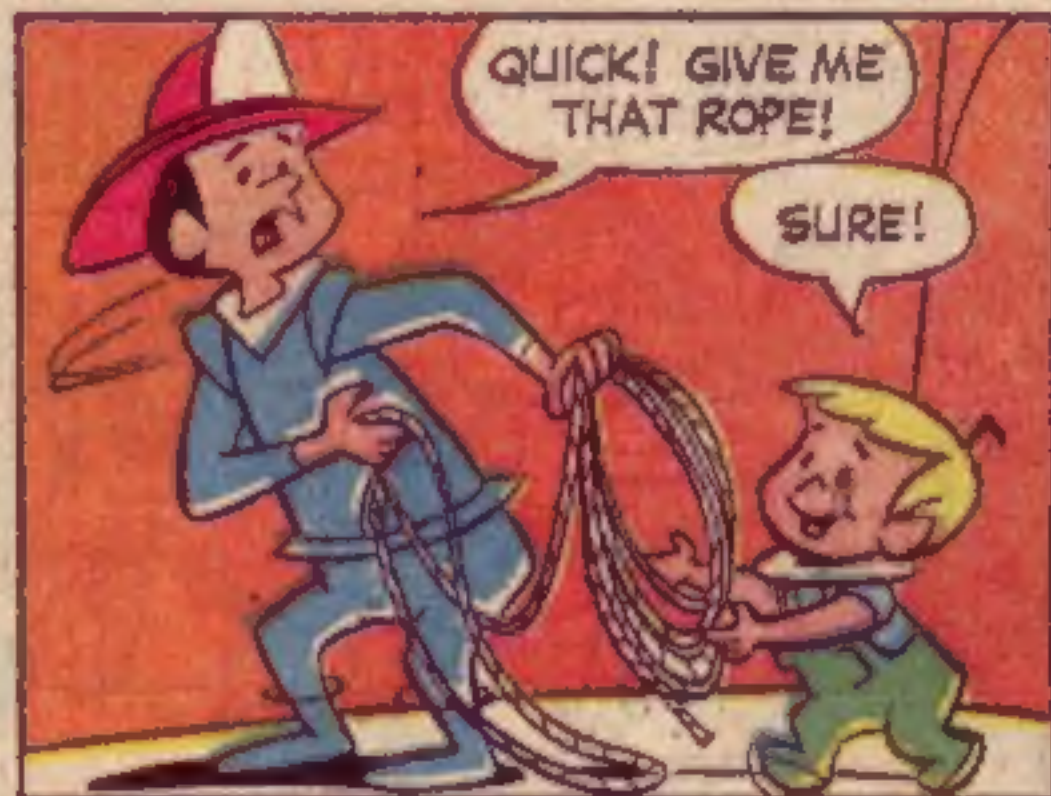


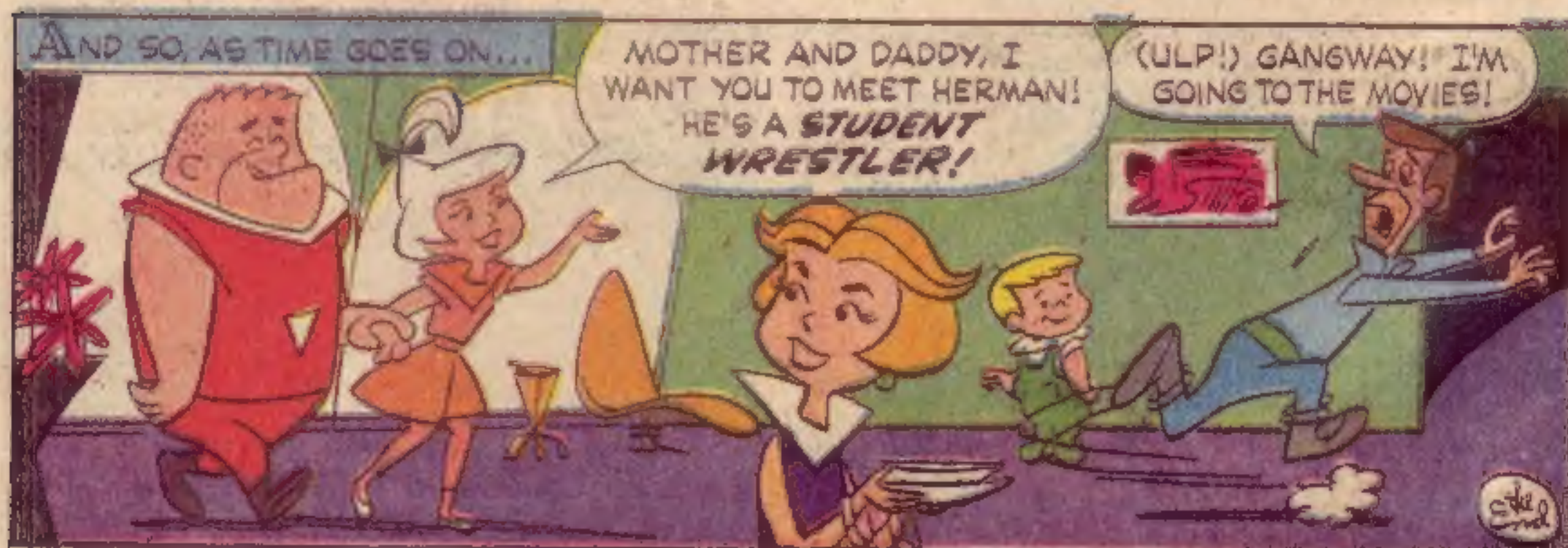
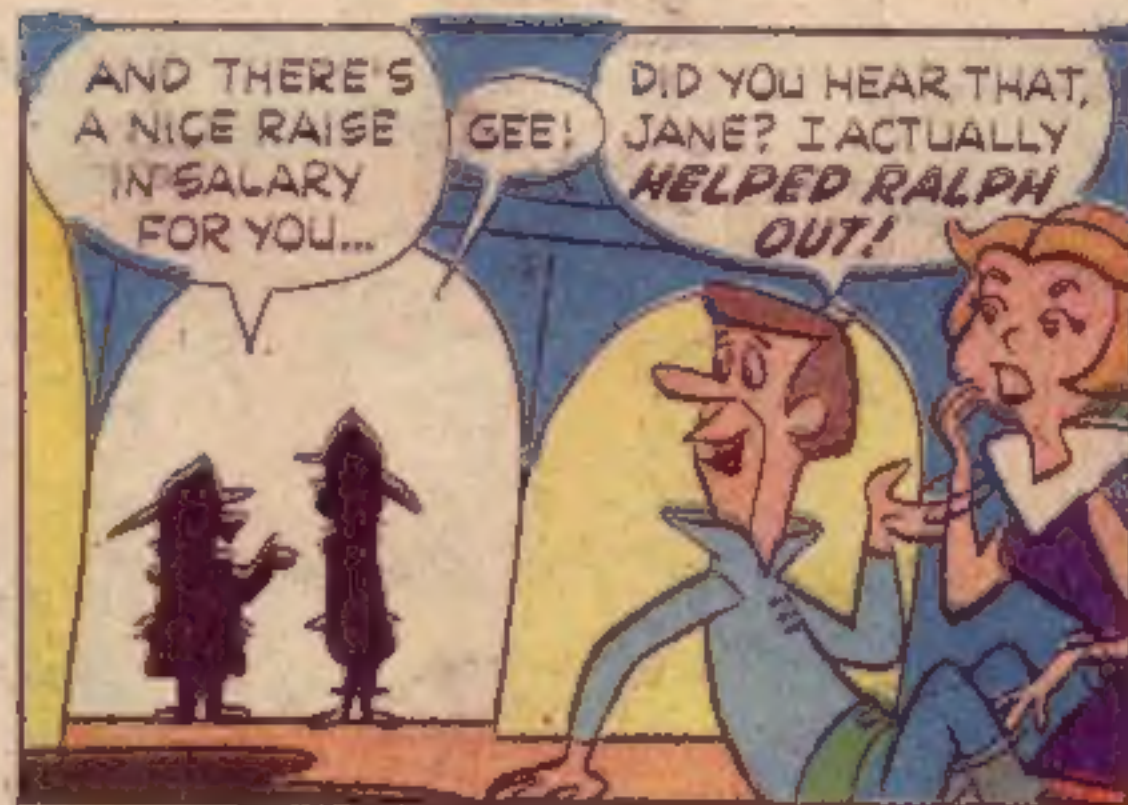




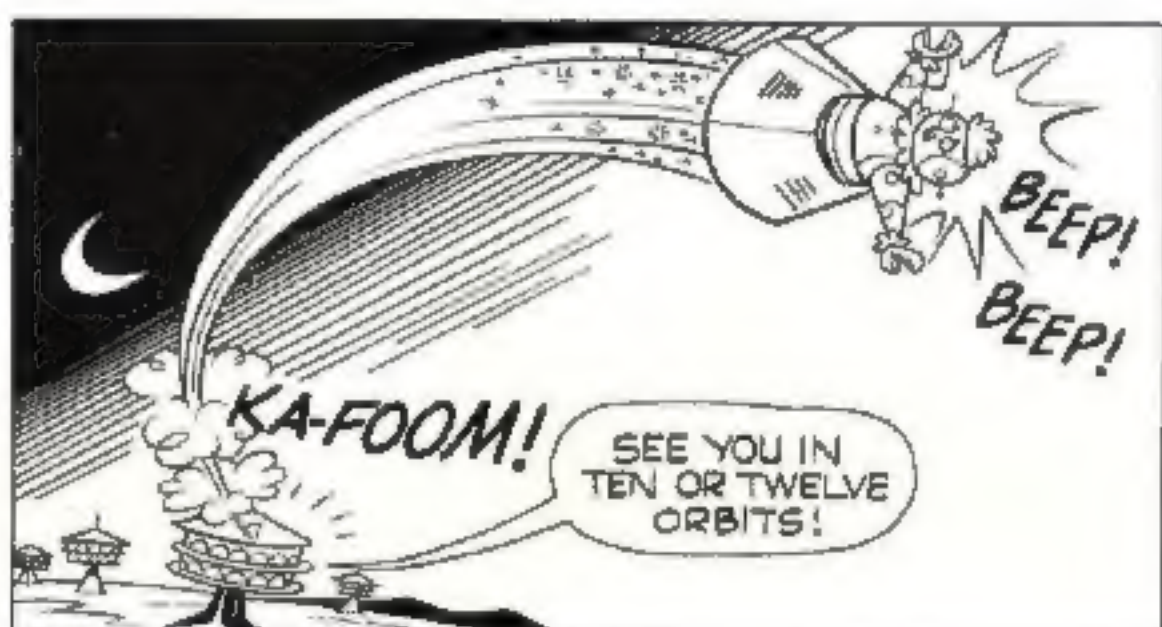








The *J*ETSONS



**GOLD
KEY**

**GOLD
KEY
COMIC
PIX**

SET NUMBER 2

**TOP
CAT**



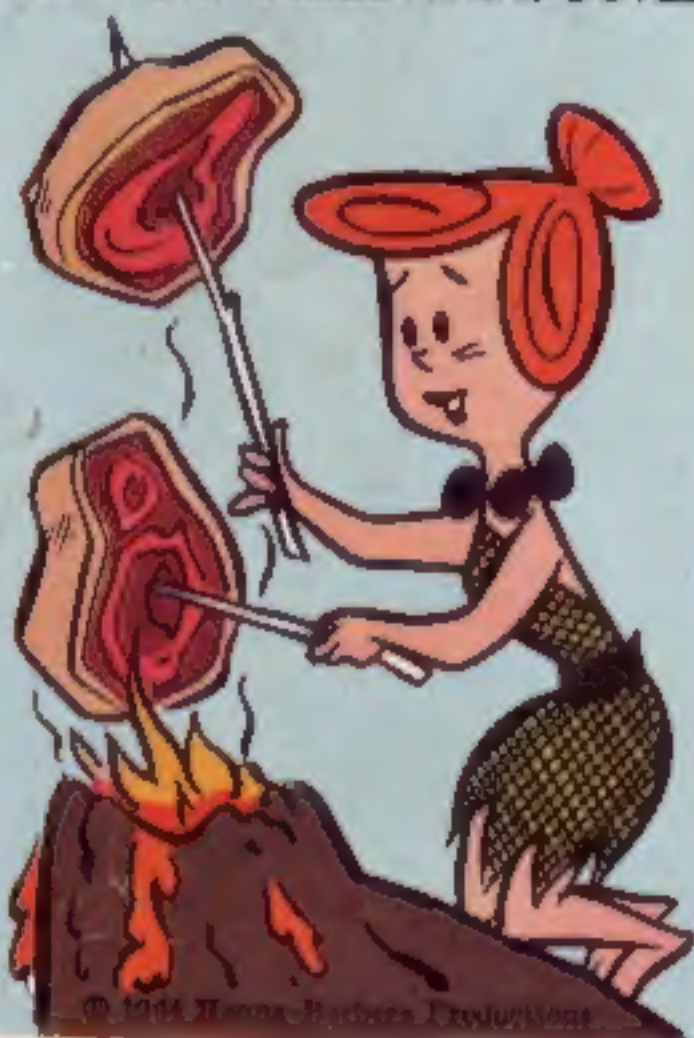
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**HUCKLEBERRY
HOUND**



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WILMA FLINTSTONE



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**YOGI
BEAR**



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**CAVE
KIDS**



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GEORGE JETSON



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**PEBBLES
FLINTSTONE**



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**FRED
FLINTSTONE**



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